MILES MORALES

AHMED
ALLEN
FOCHE
CURIEL

EMPIRE OF THE SPIDER

MARVEL

MILES MORALES

EMPIRE OF THE SPIDER

Previously

Miles' life as SPIDER-MAN is a constant battle. Super villains, school work, balancing a personal life with his responsibilities as a hero, son, and brother — but every time he falls, Miles rises stronger than before.

Miles and his clone, Shift, battled their way through the ASSESSOR's hideout, beating back the Space Stone-powered QUANTUM along the way. After seemingly shutting down the Assessor for good, Miles came across what appeared to be extradimensional monitors and discovered a shocking possibility — there's a chance his UNCLE AARON is alive and lost somewhere in an alternate reality.

Miles and Shift's hunt through the SPIDER-VERSE had led them face-to-face with one of Miles' deadliest foes — ULTIMATUM! But where are they exactly, and what does Ultimatum know about Aaron's disappearance?

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MILES MORALES
EMPIRE OF THE SPIDER

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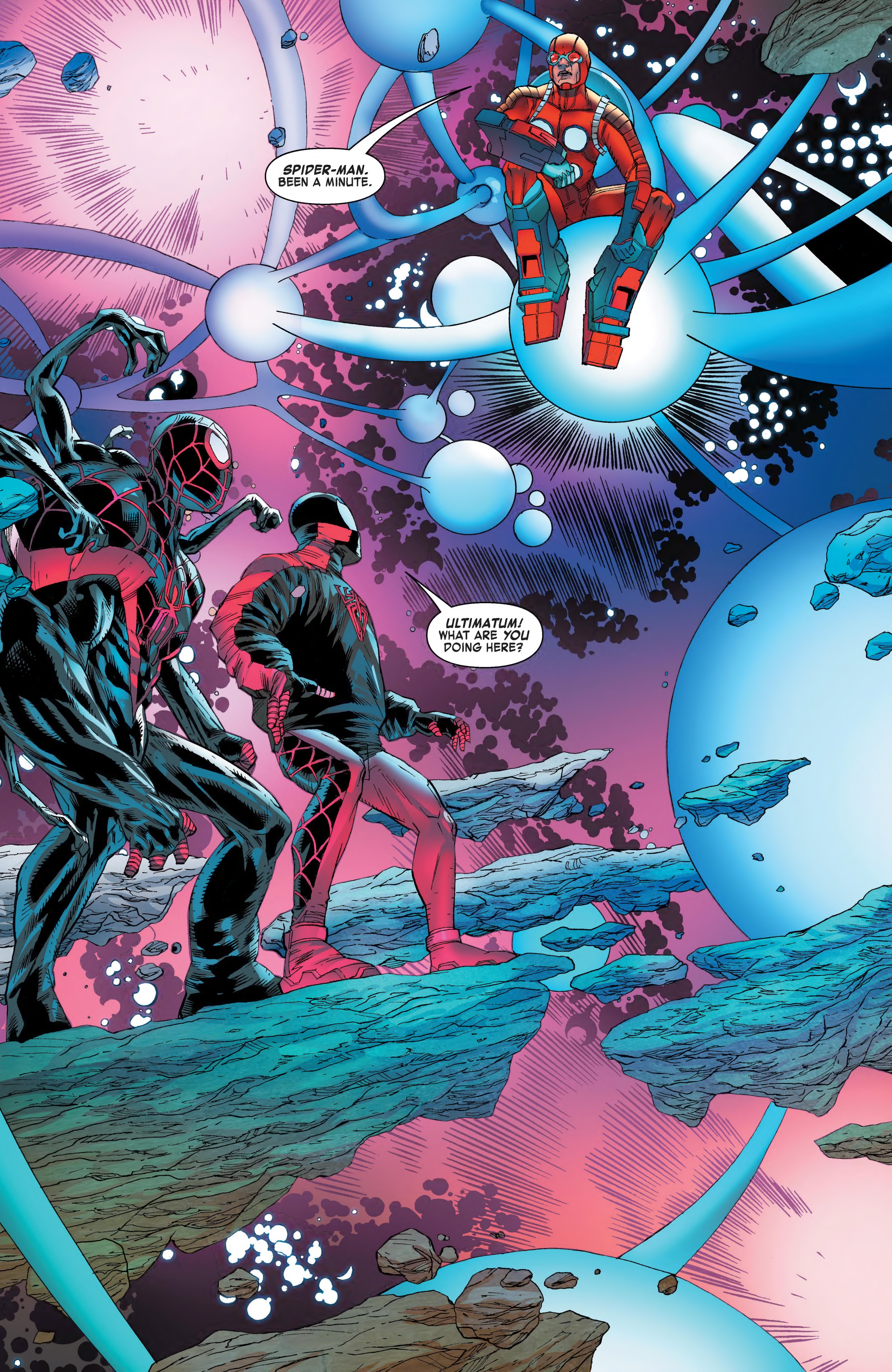
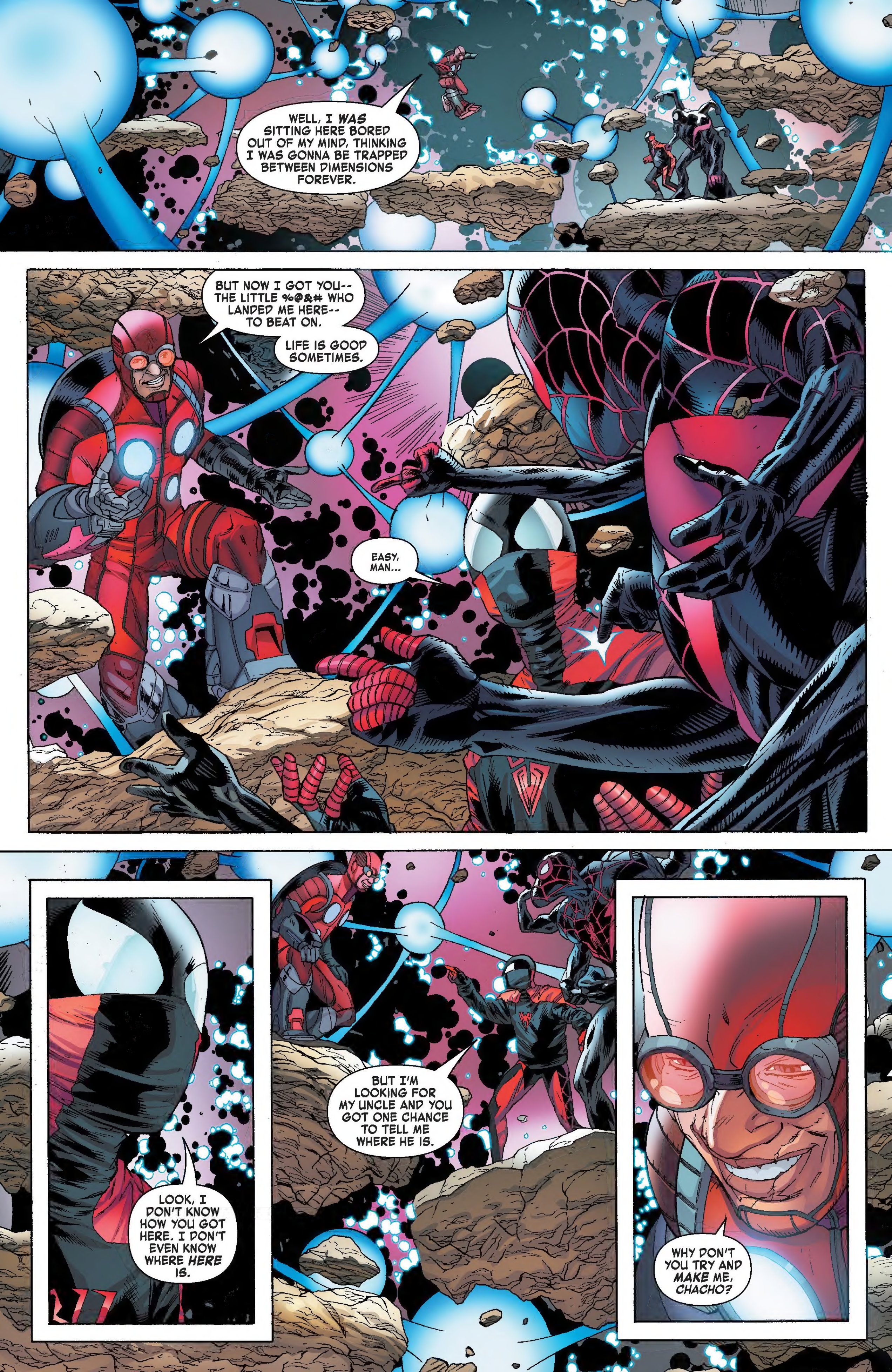
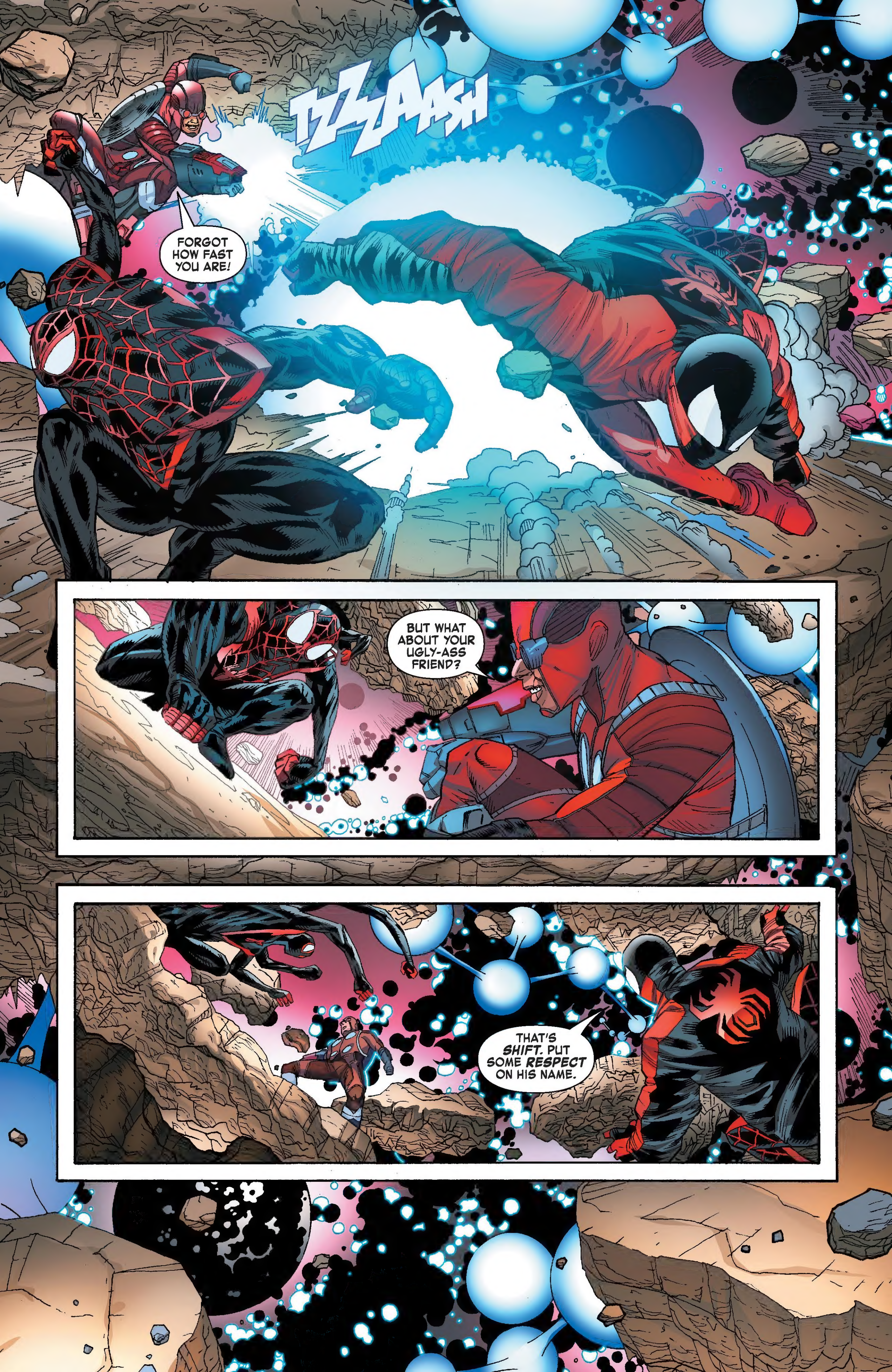
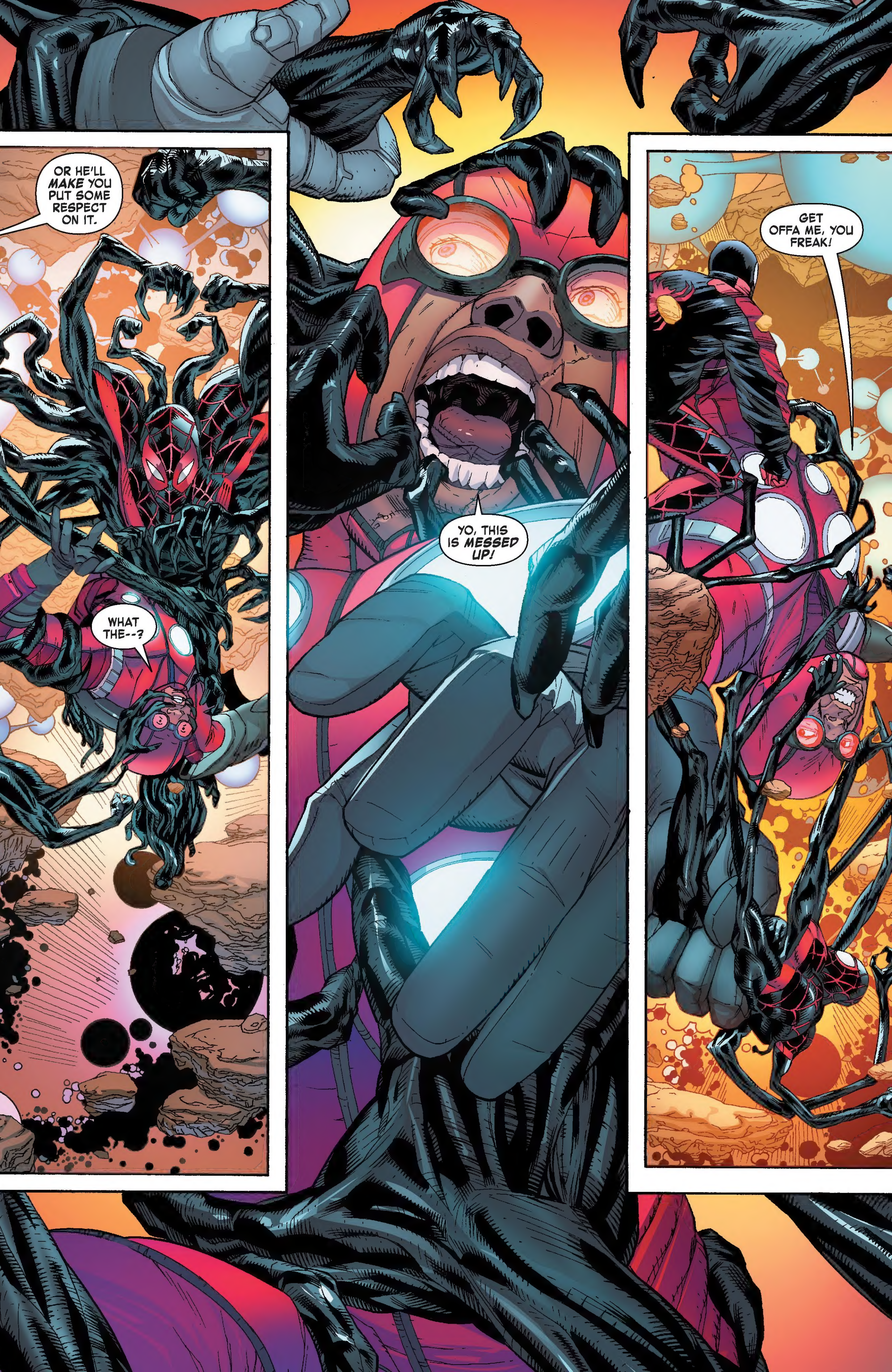
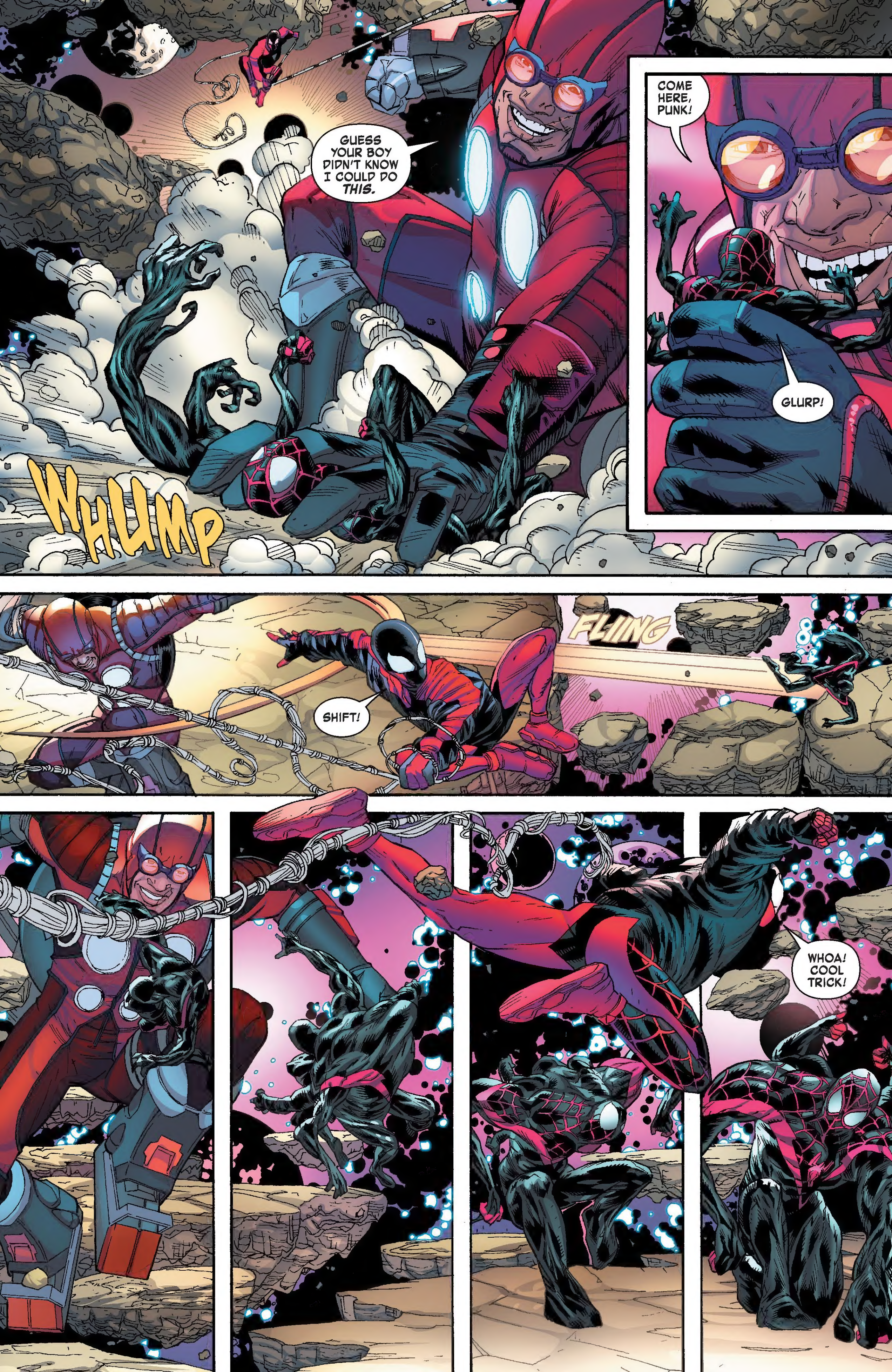
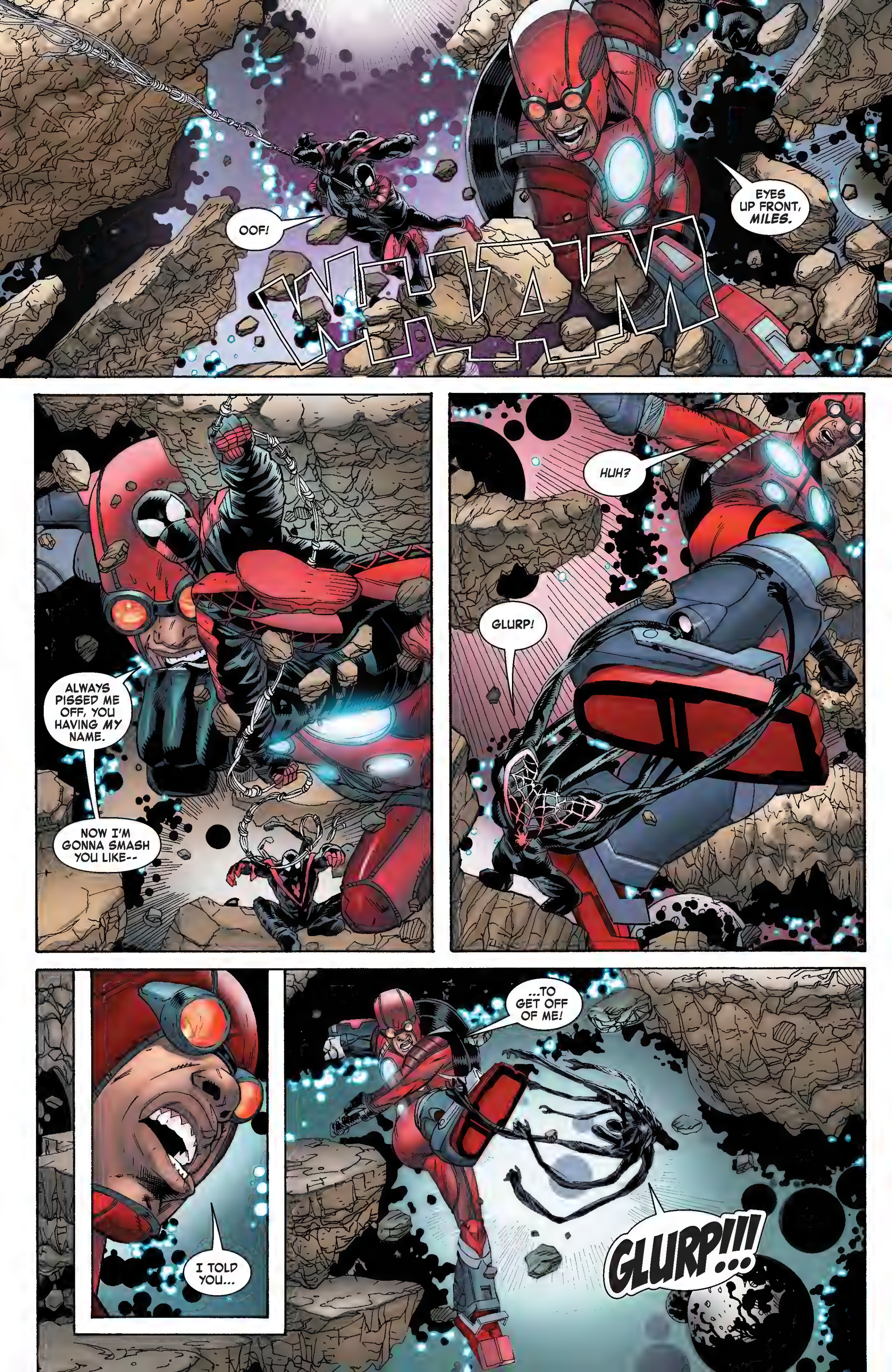

SPIDER-MAN. BEEN A MINUTE.
ULTIMATUM! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

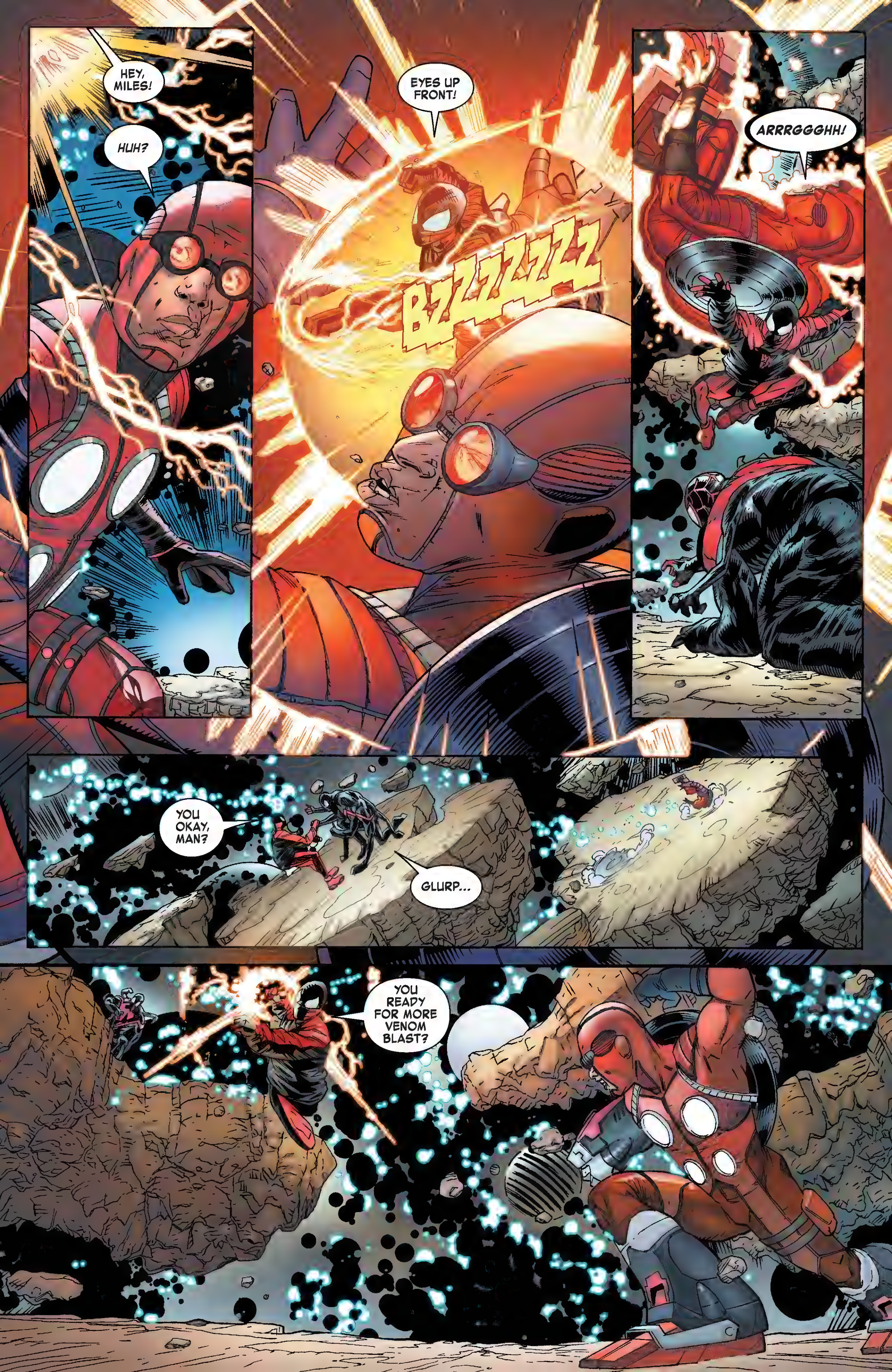

WELL, I *WAS* SITTING HERE BORED OUT OF MY MIND, THINKING I WAS GONNA BE TRAPPED BETWEEN DIMENSIONS FOREVER.
BUT NOW I GOT YOU-- THE LITTLE %@&# WHO LANDED ME HERE-- TO BEAT ON.
LIFE IS GOOD SOMETIMES.
EASY, MAN...
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT HERE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE *HERE* IS.
BUT I'M LOOKING FOR MY UNCLE AND YOU GOT ONE CHANCE TO TELL ME WHERE HE IS.
WHY DON'T YOU TRY AND *MAKE* ME, *CHACHO?*

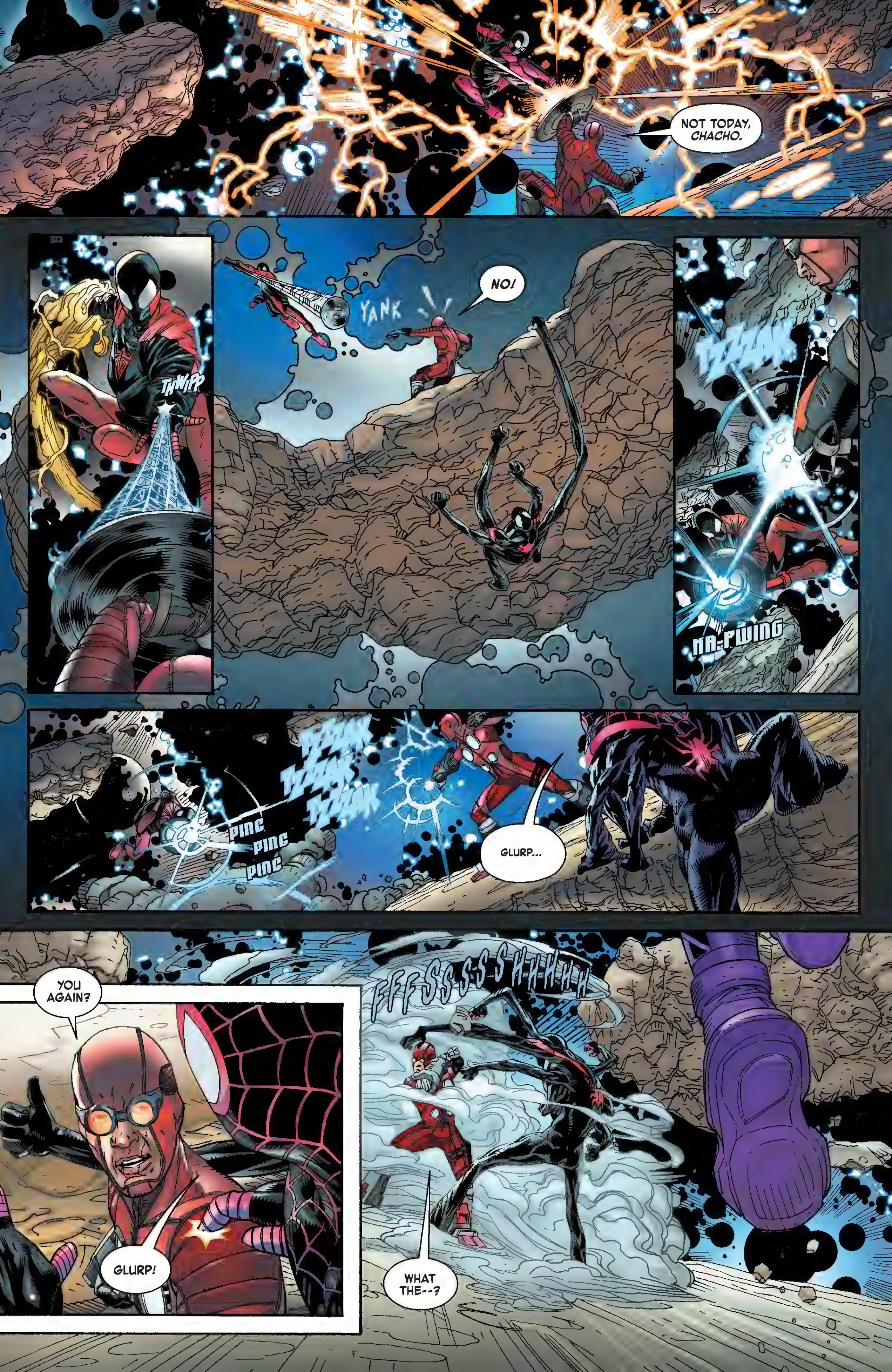

TZZZAASH
FORGOT HOW FAST YOU ARE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR UGLY-ASS FRIEND?
THAT'S *SHIFT*. PUT SOME *RESPECT* ON HIS NAME.

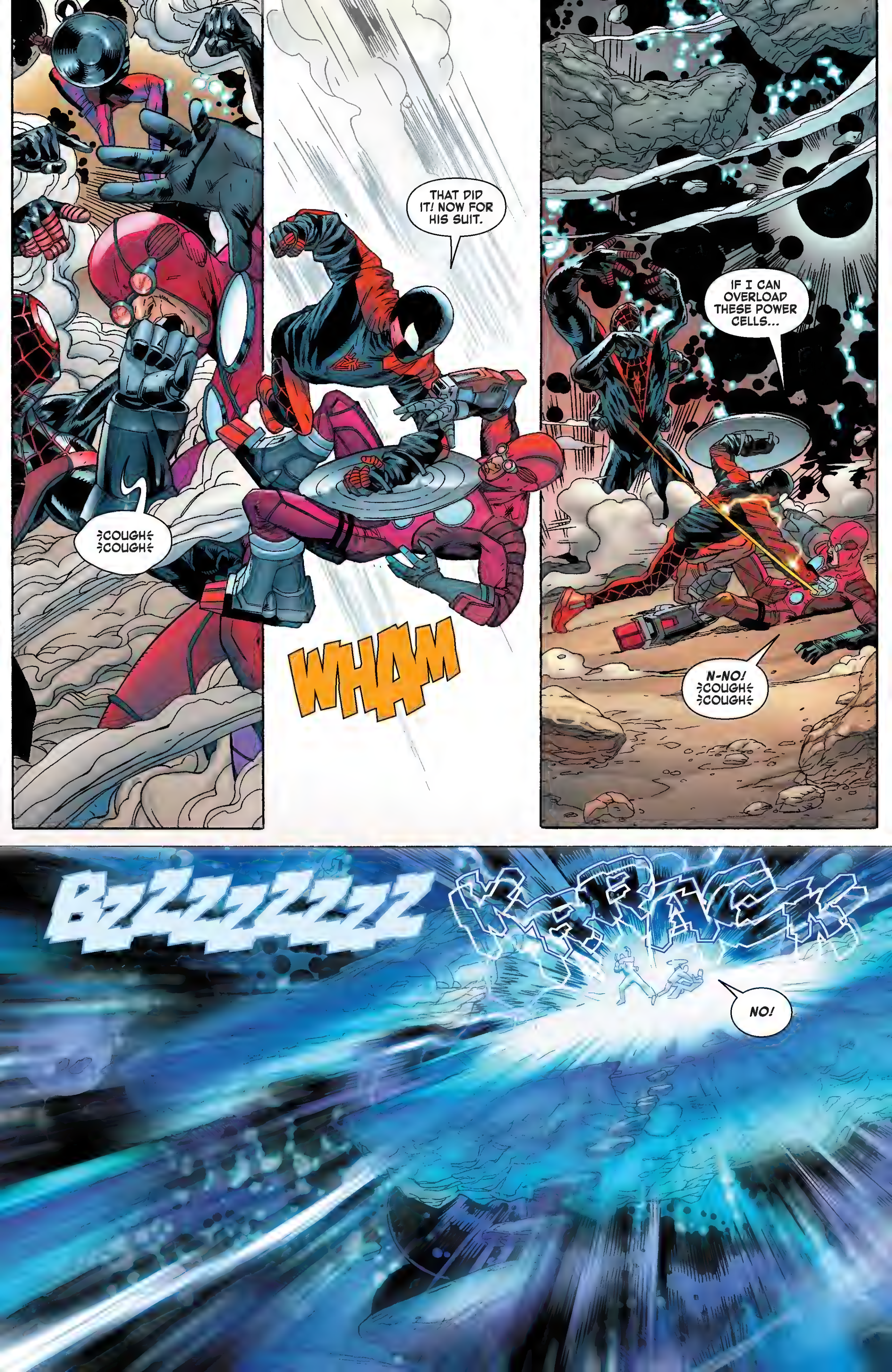

OR HE'LL *MAKE* YOU PUT SOME RESPECT ON IT.
WHAT THE--?
YO, THIS IS *MESSED UP!*
GET OFFA ME, YOU FREAK!

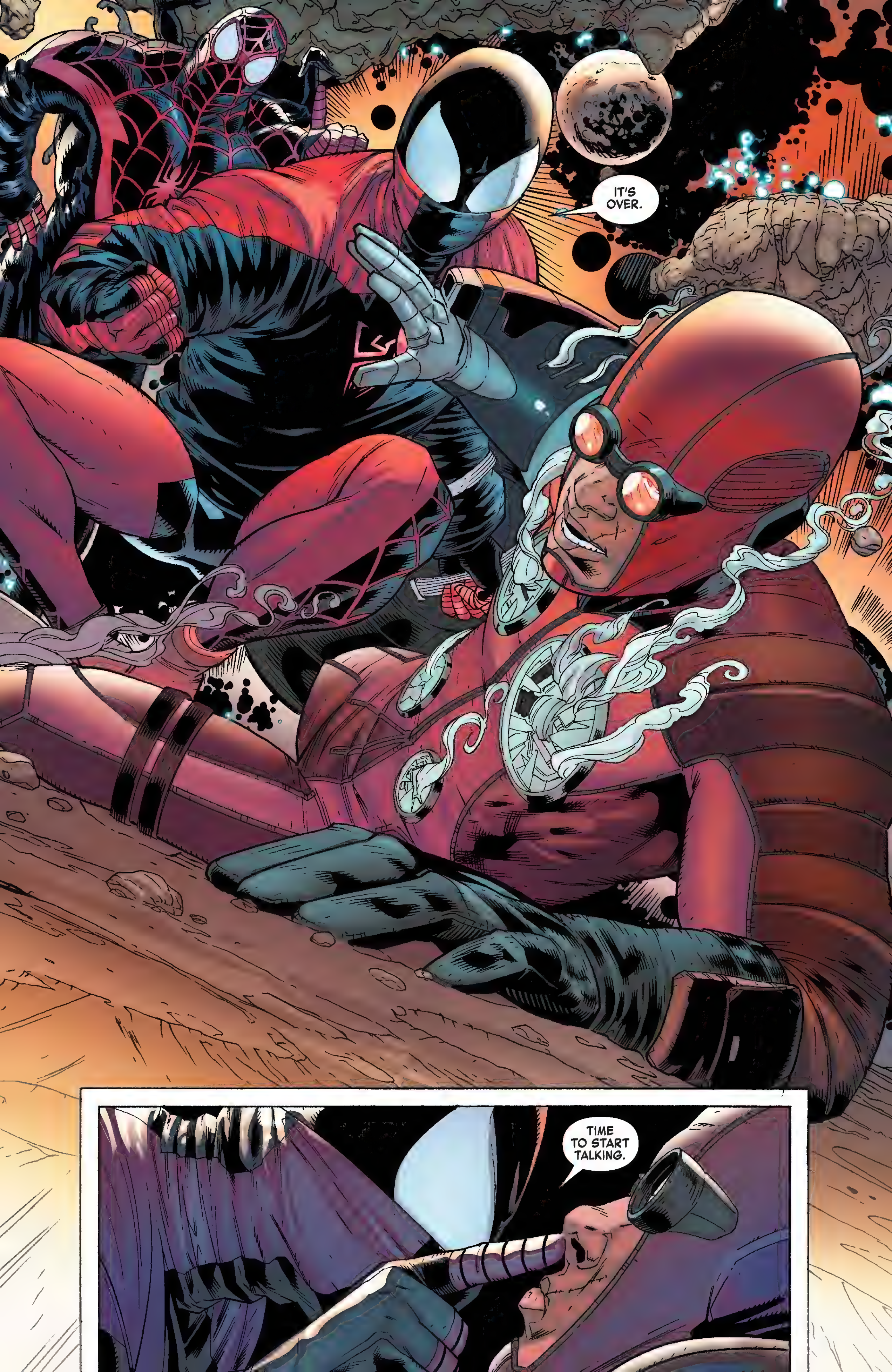

GUESS YOUR BOY DIDN'T KNOW I COULD DO *THIS.*
WHUMP
COME HERE, PUNK!
GLURP!
FLIING
SHIFT!
WHOA! COOL TRICK!

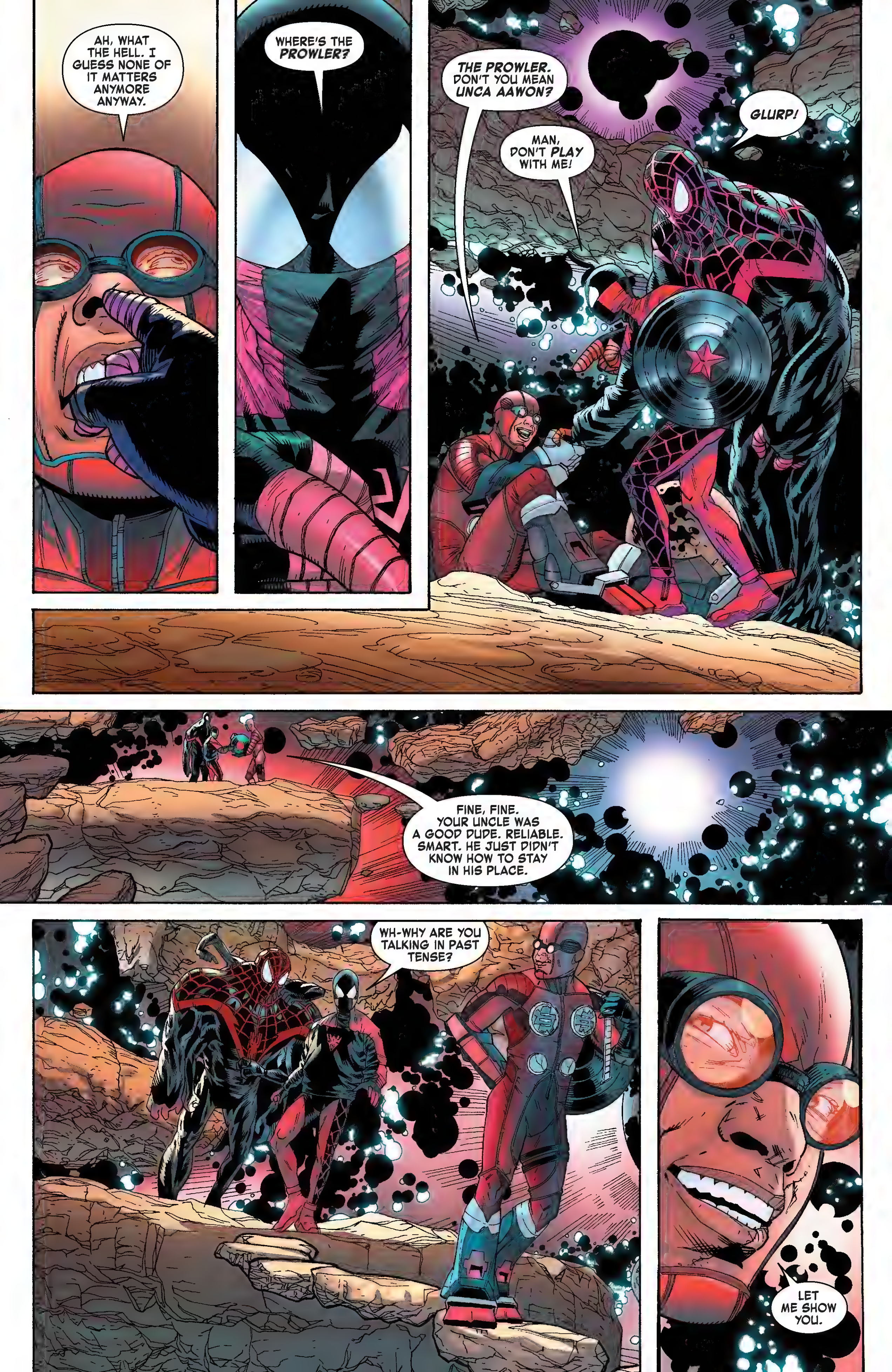

OOF!
EYES UP FRONT, *MILES.*
WHAM
ALWAYS PISSED ME OFF, YOU HAVING *MY* NAME.
NOW I'M GONNA SMASH YOU LIKE--
HUH?
GLURP!
I TOLD YOU...
...TO GET OFF OF ME!
GLURP!!!

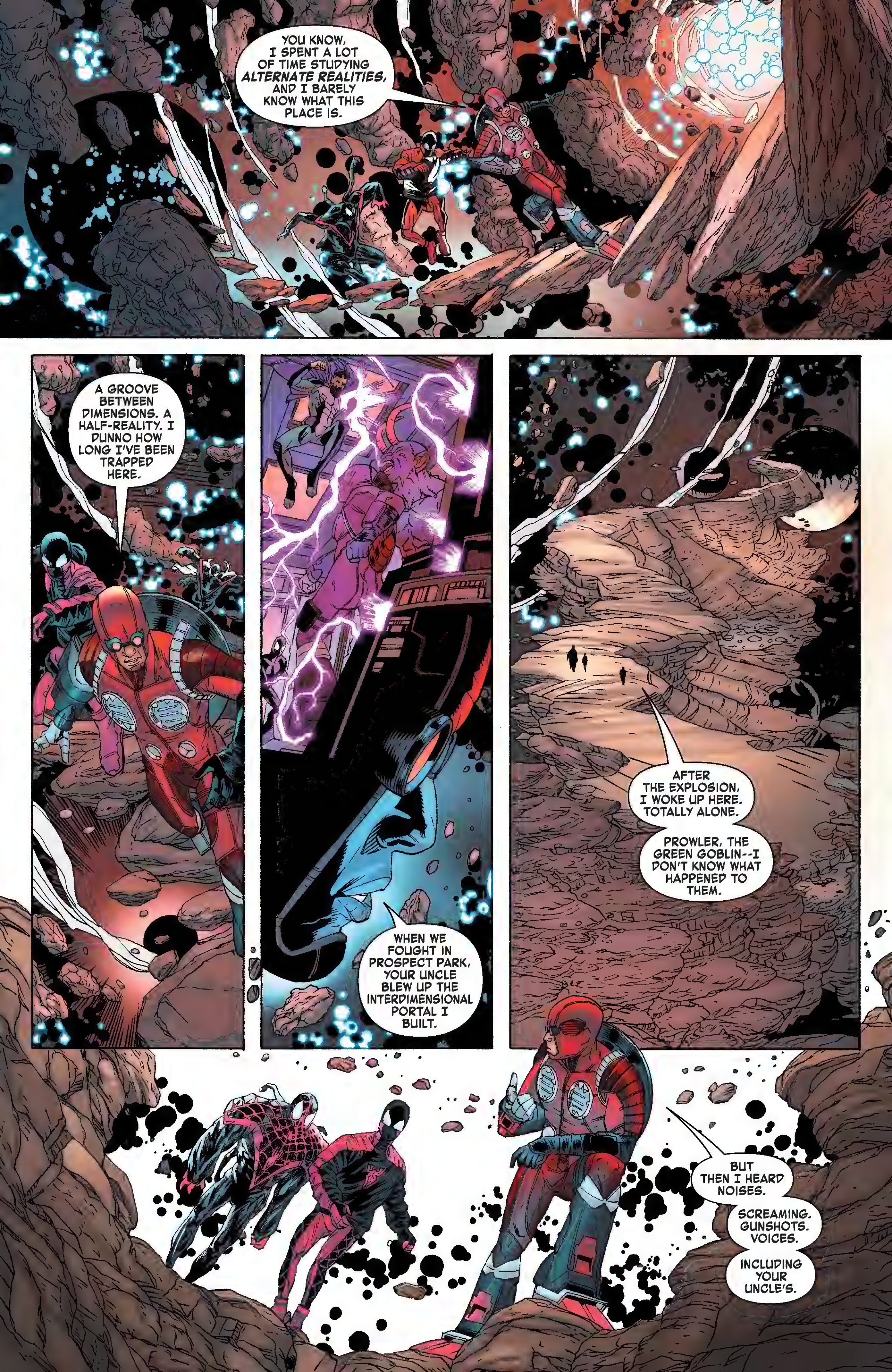

HEY, MILES!
HUH?
EYES UP FRONT!
BZZZZZZZ
ARRRGGGHH!
YOU OKAY, MAN?
GLURP...
YOU READY FOR MORE VENOM BLAST?

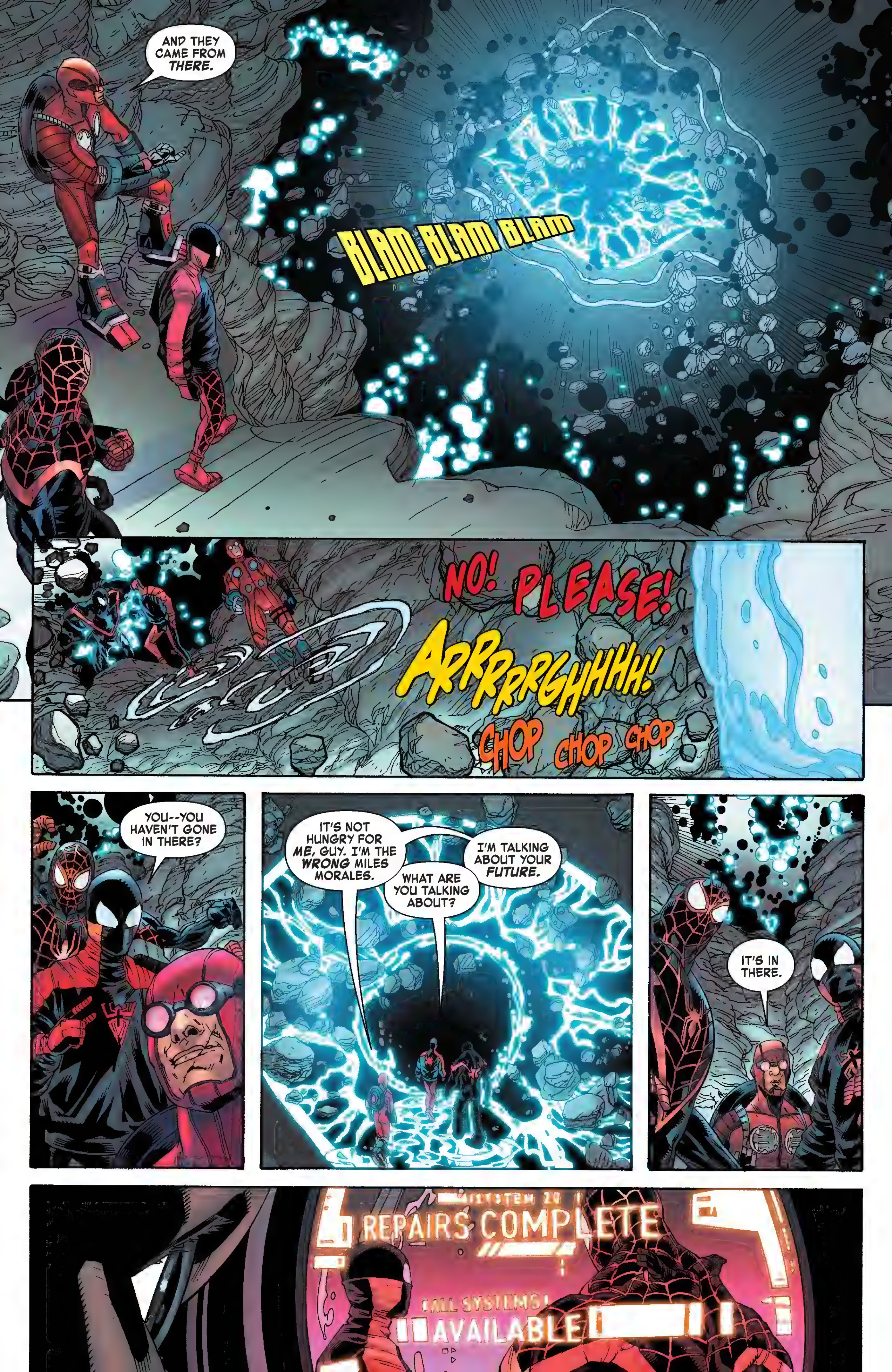

NOT TODAY, CHACHO.
THWIPP
YANK
NO!
TZZZAK
KA-PWING
TZZZAK TZZZAK TZZZAK
PING PING PING
GLURP...
YOU AGAIN?
GLURP!
FFFSSSSSSHHHHHH
WHAT THE--?

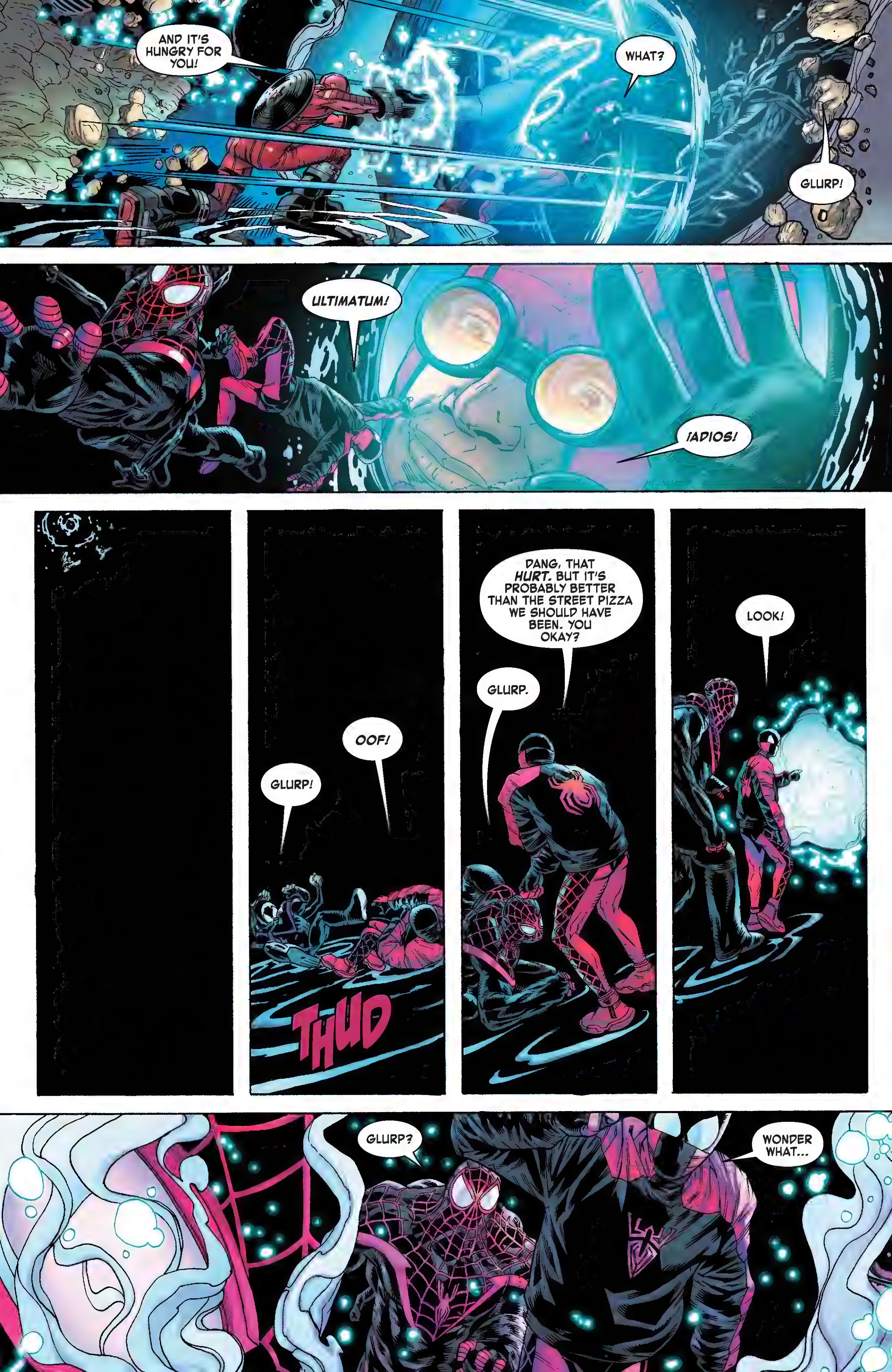

COUGH COUGH
THAT DID IT! NOW FOR HIS SUIT.
WHAM
IF I CAN OVERLOAD THESE POWER CELLS...
N-NO! COUGH COUGH
BZZZZZZZZ
KRRACK
NO!

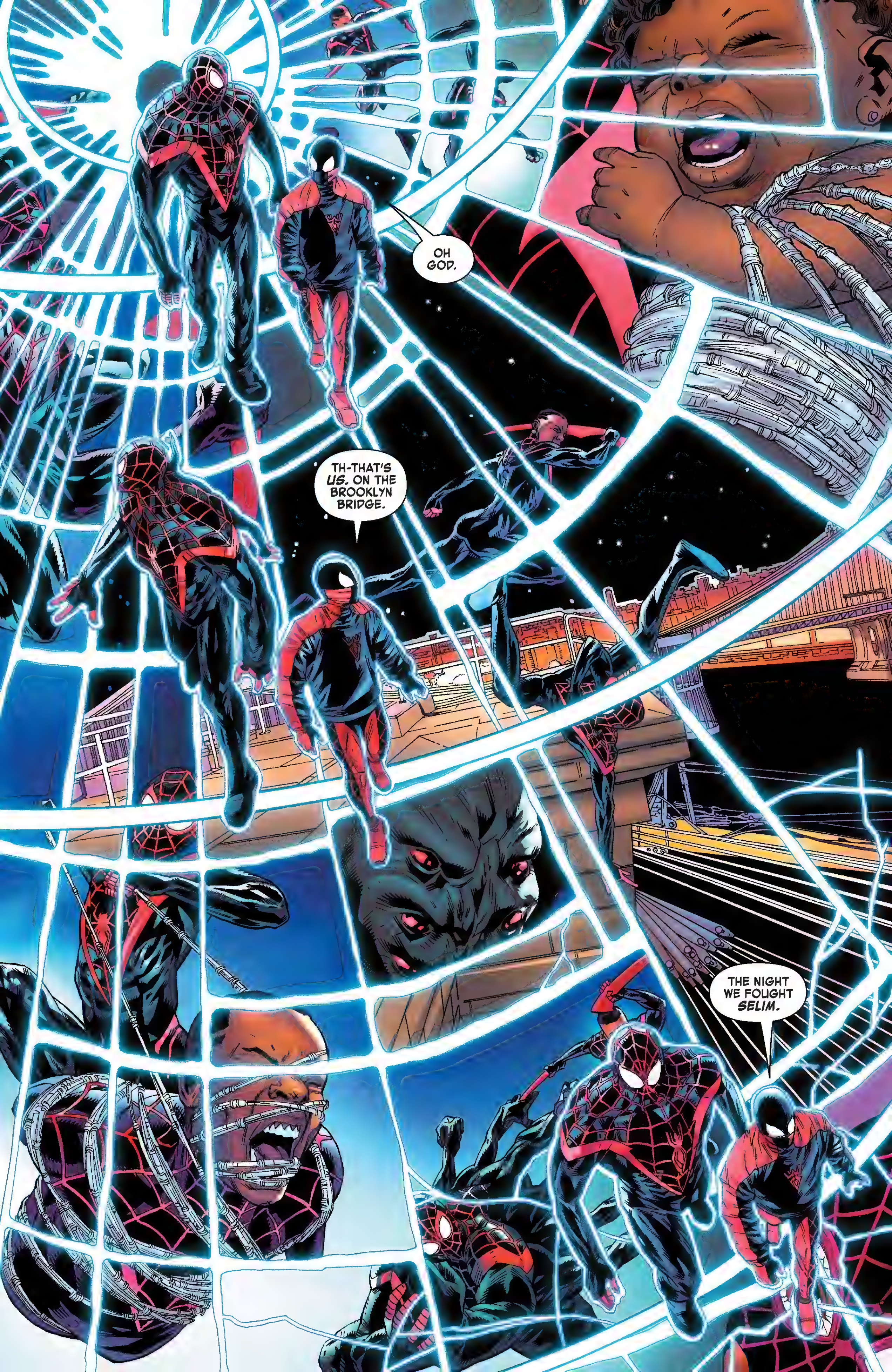

IT'S OVER.
TIME TO START TALKING.

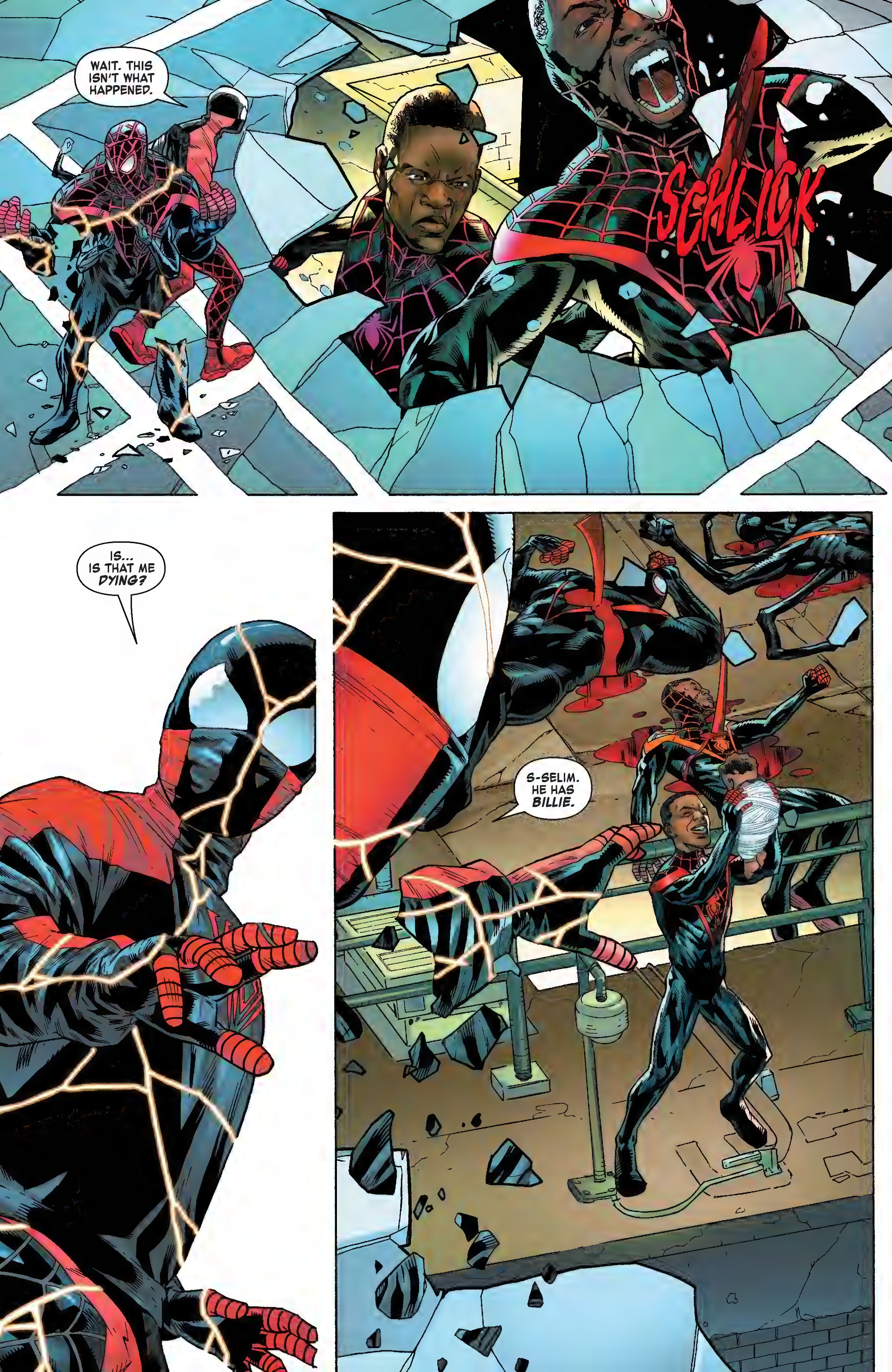

AH, WHAT THE HELL. I GUESS NONE OF IT MATTERS ANYMORE ANYWAY.
WHERE'S THE *PROWLER?*
THE PROWLER. DON'T YOU MEAN *UNCA AAWON?*
GLURP!
MAN, DON'T *PLAY* WITH ME!
FINE, FINE. YOUR UNCLE WAS A GOOD DUDE. RELIABLE. SMART. HE JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO STAY IN HIS PLACE.
WH-WHY ARE YOU TALKING IN PAST TENSE?
LET ME SHOW YOU.

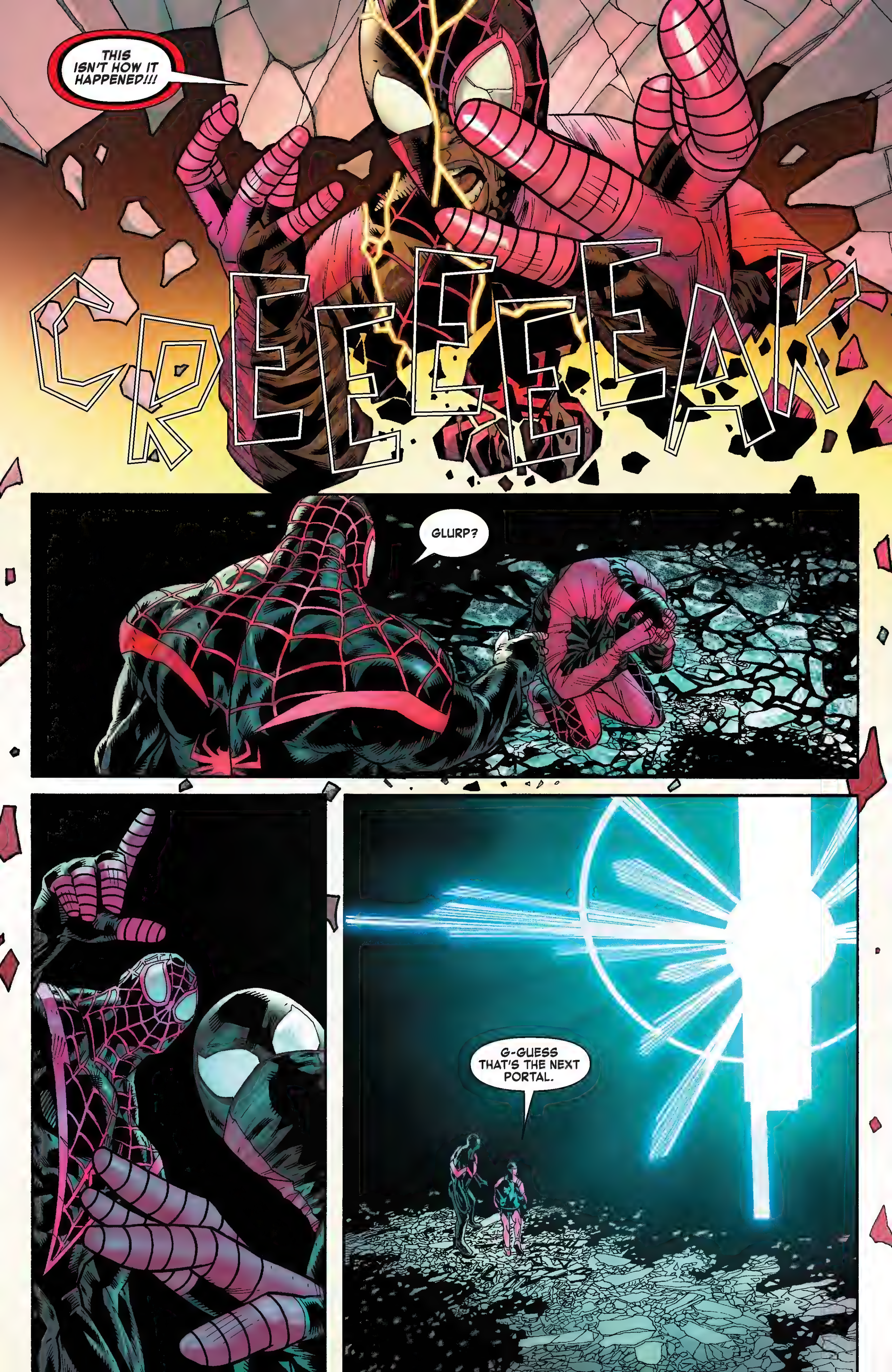

YOU KNOW, I SPENT A LOT OF TIME STUDYING *ALTERNATE REALITIES,* AND I BARELY KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS.
A GROOVE BETWEEN DIMENSIONS. A HALF-REALITY. I DUNNO HOW LONG I'VE BEEN TRAPPED HERE.
WHEN WE FOUGHT IN PROSPECT PARK, YOUR UNCLE BLEW UP THE INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTAL I BUILT.
AFTER THE EXPLOSION, I WOKE UP HERE. TOTALLY ALONE.
PROWLER, THE GREEN GOBLIN--I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM.
BUT THEN I HEARD NOISES.
SCREAMING. GUNSHOTS. VOICES.
INCLUDING YOUR UNCLE'S.

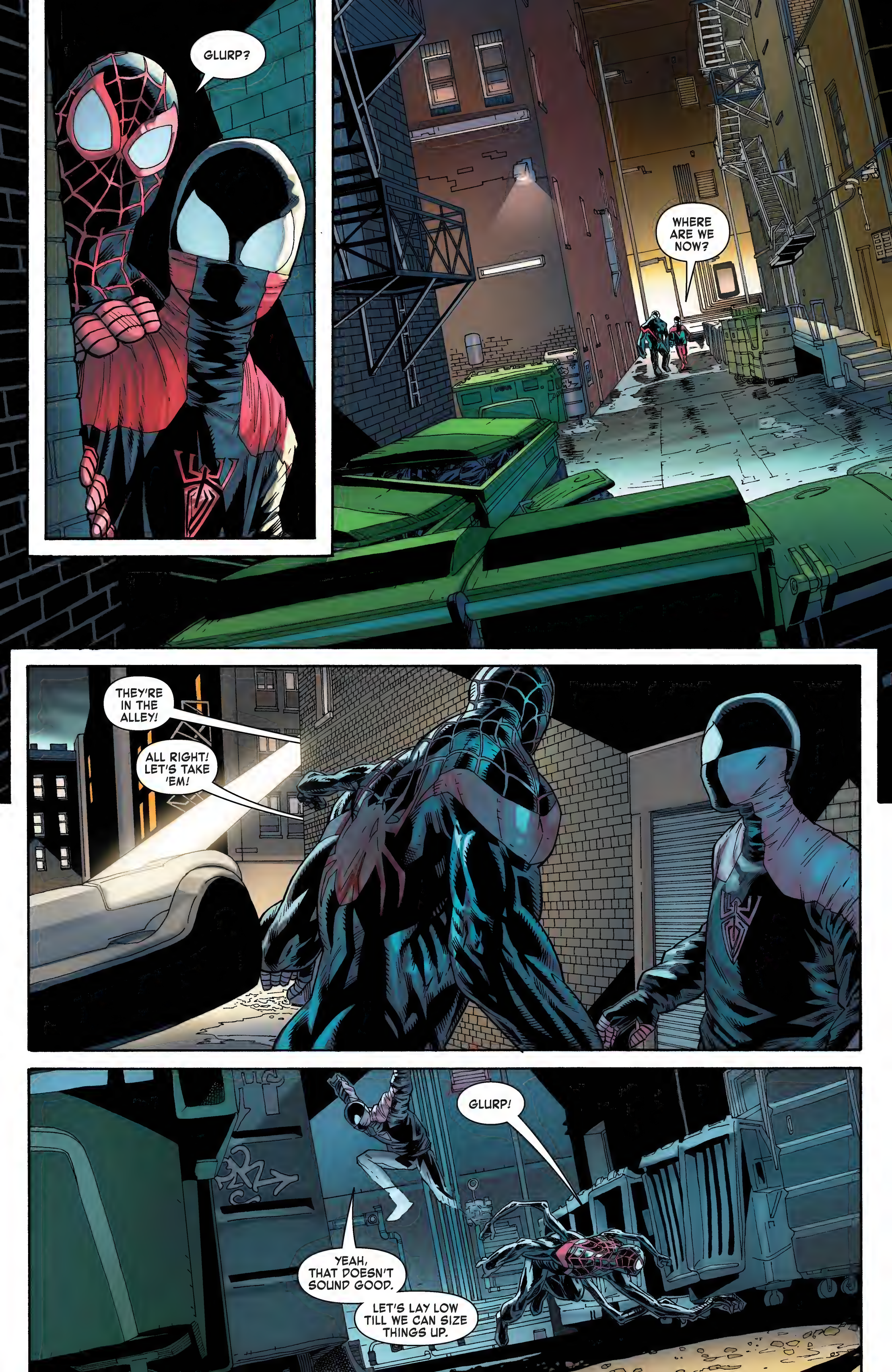

AND THEY CAME FROM *THERE.*
BLAM BLAM BLAM
NO! PLEASE!
ARRRRRGHHHH!
CHOP CHOP CHOP
YOU--YOU HAVEN'T GONE IN THERE?
IT'S NOT HUNGRY FOR *ME,* GUY. I'M THE *WRONG* MILES MORALES.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I'M TALKING ABOUT YOUR *FUTURE.*
IT'S IN THERE.
REPAIRS COMPLETE
ALL SYSTEMS
AVAILABLE

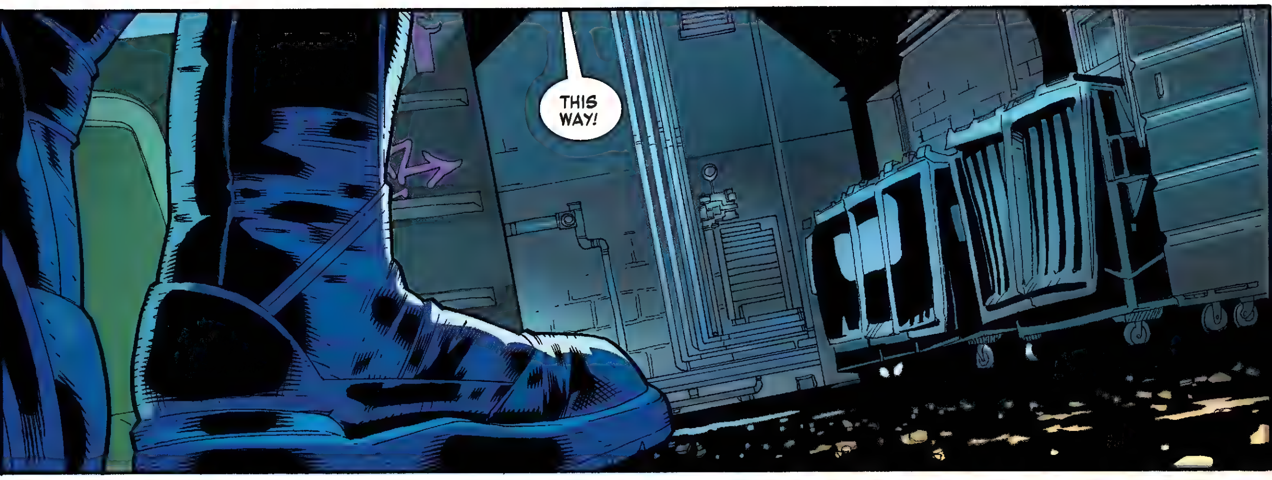

AND IT'S HUNGRY FOR YOU!
WHAT?
GLURP!
ULTIMATUM!
¡ADIOS!
GLURP!
OOF!
THUD
DANG, THAT *HURT.* BUT IT'S PROBABLY BETTER THAN THE STREET PIZZA WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN. YOU OKAY?
GLURP.
LOOK!
GLURP?
WONDER WHAT...

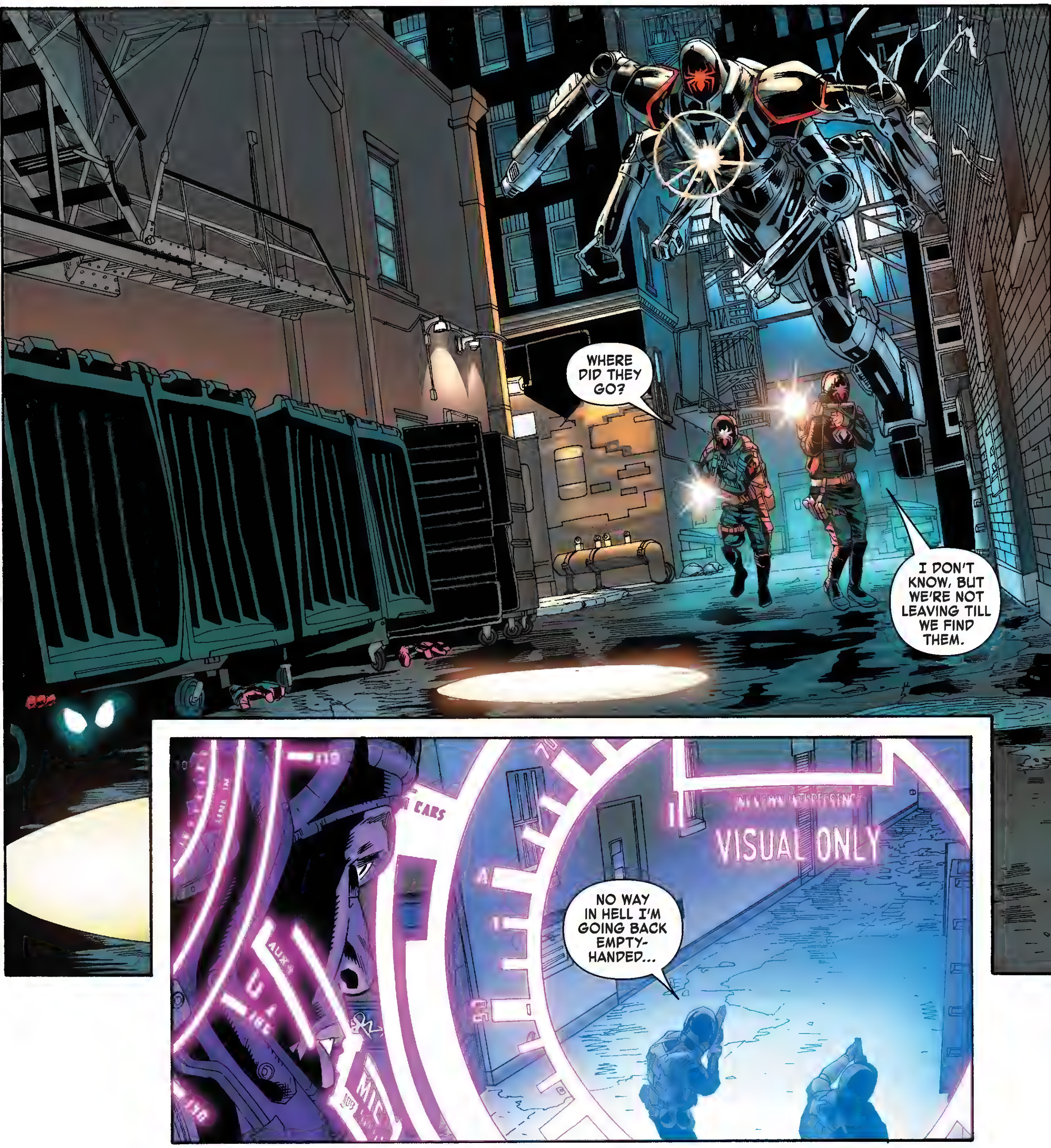

OH GOD.
TH-THAT'S *US.* ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
THE NIGHT WE FOUGHT *SELIM.*

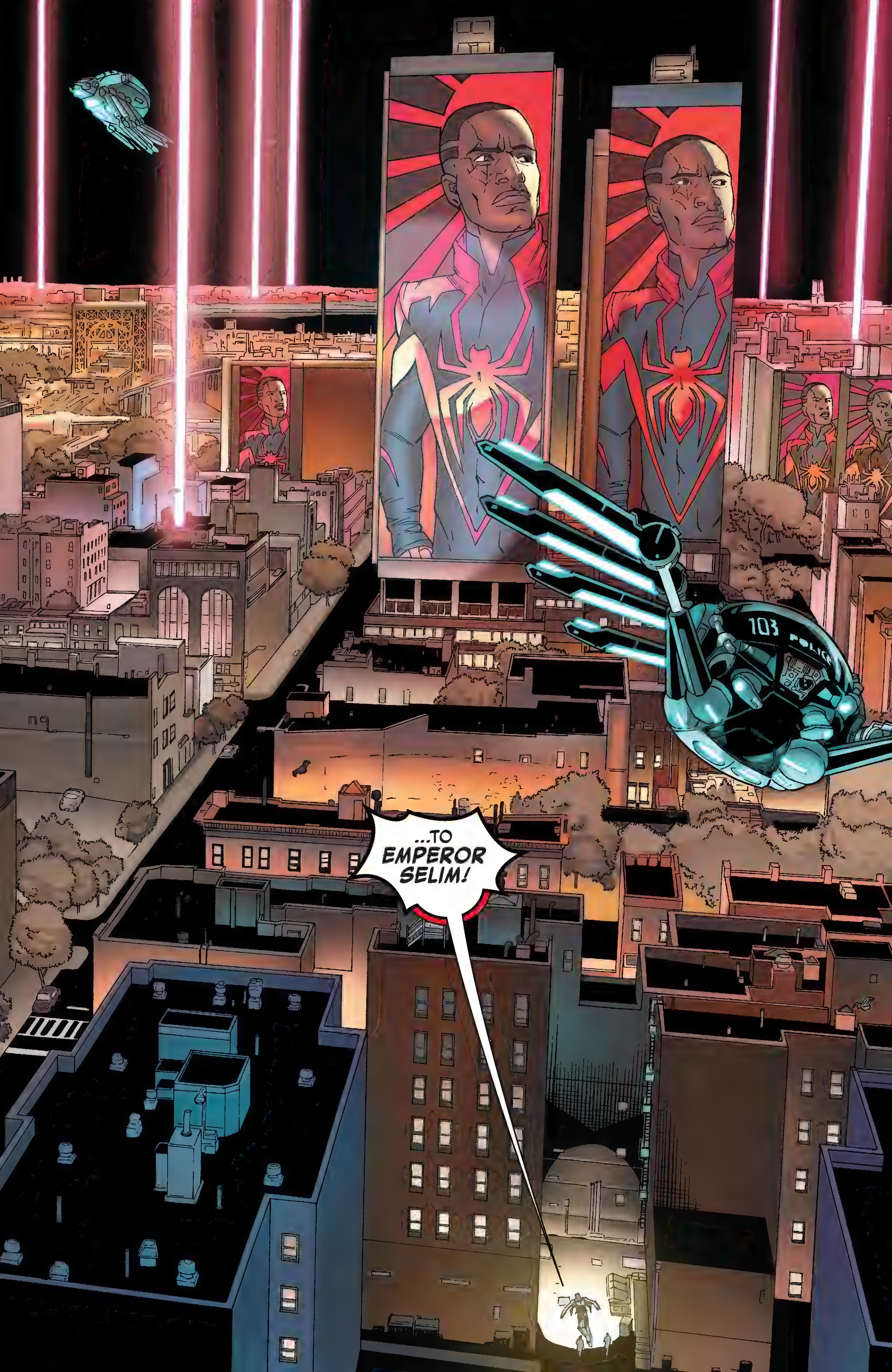

WAIT. THIS ISN'T WHAT HAPPENED.
SCHLICK
IS... IS THAT ME *DYING?*
S-SELIM. HE HAS *BILLIE.*


THIS ISN'T HOW IT HAPPENED!!!
CREEEEAK
GLURP?
G-GUESS THAT'S THE NEXT PORTAL.


GLURP?
WHERE ARE WE NOW?
THEY'RE IN THE ALLEY!
ALL RIGHT! LET'S TAKE 'EM!
GLURP!
YEAH, THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.
LET'S LAY LOW TILL WE CAN SIZE THINGS UP.


THIS WAY!


WHERE DID THEY GO?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'RE NOT LEAVING TILL WE FIND THEM.
EARS
AUX
MIC
INTERFERENCE
VISUAL ONLY
NO WAY IN HELL I'M GOING BACK EMPTY-HANDED...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POLICE
...TO EMPEROR SELIM!

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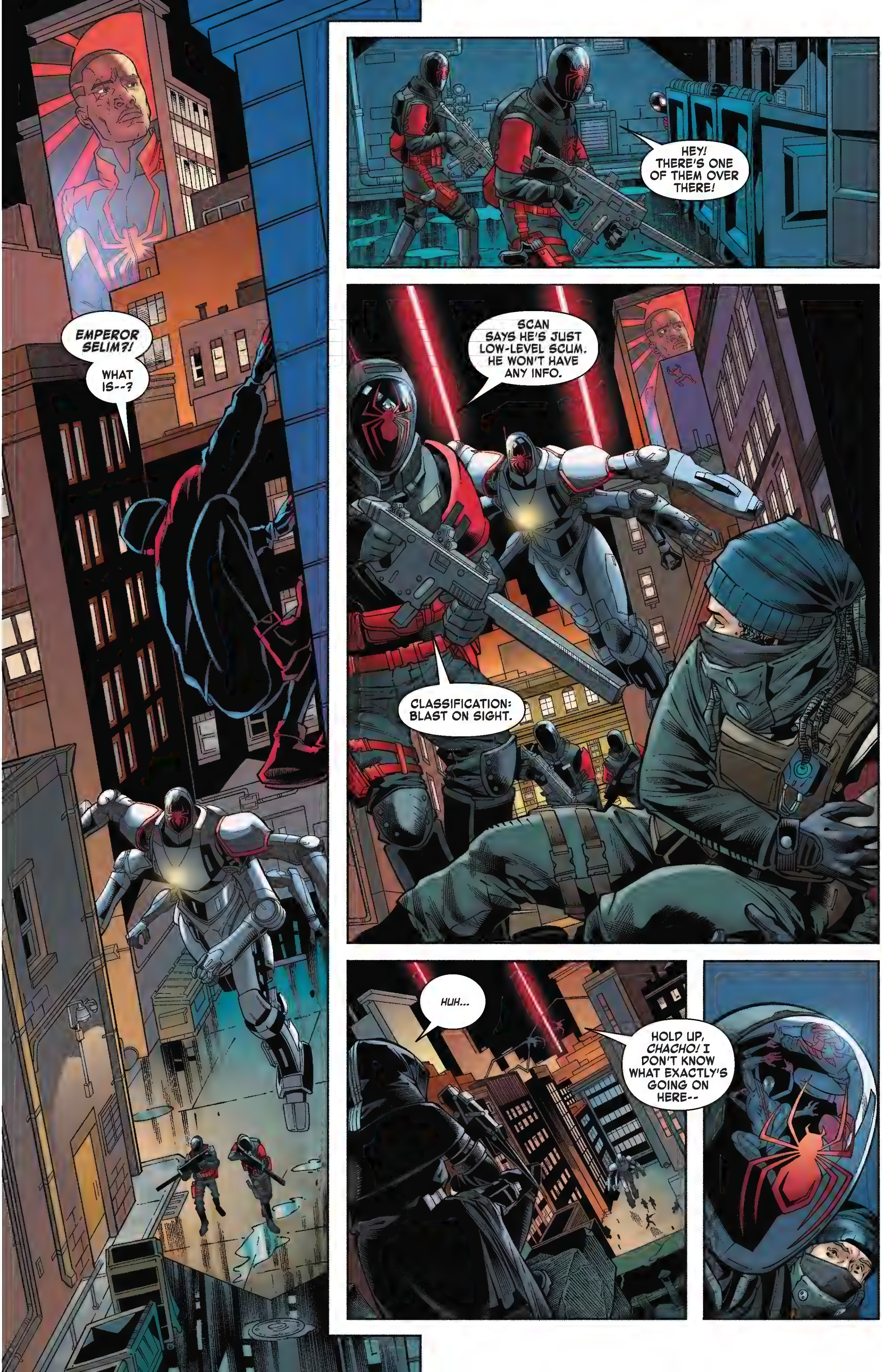
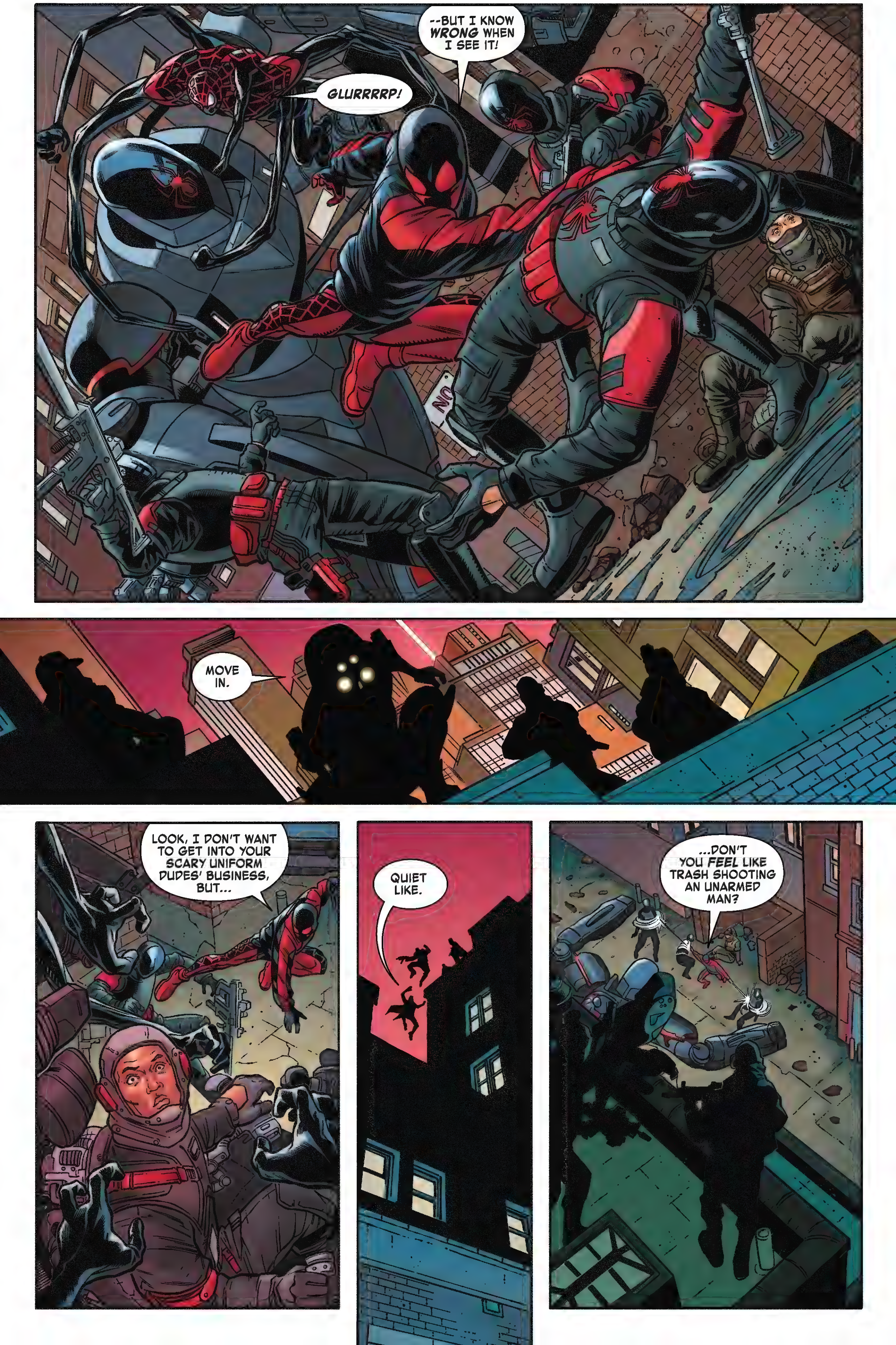
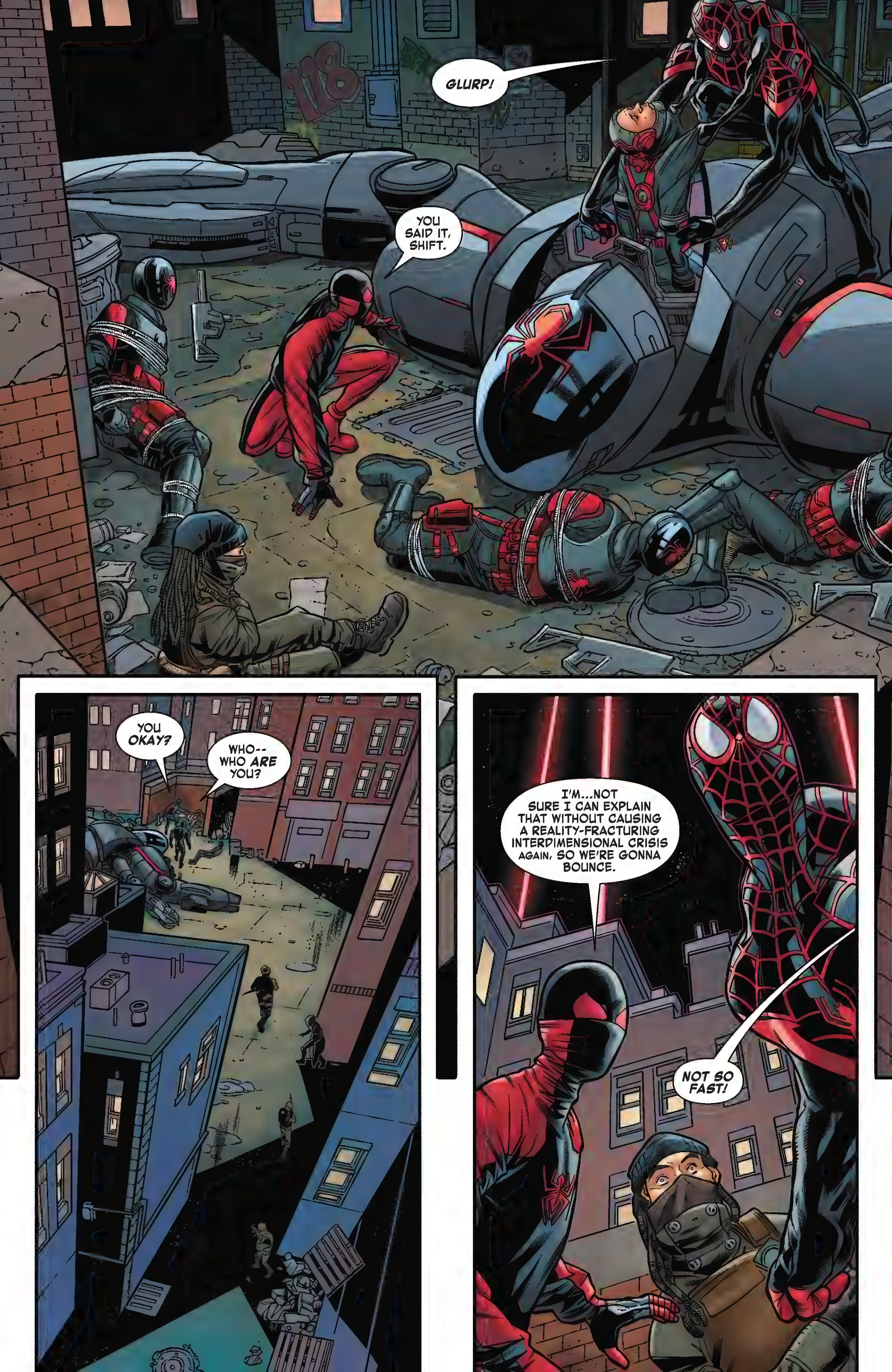
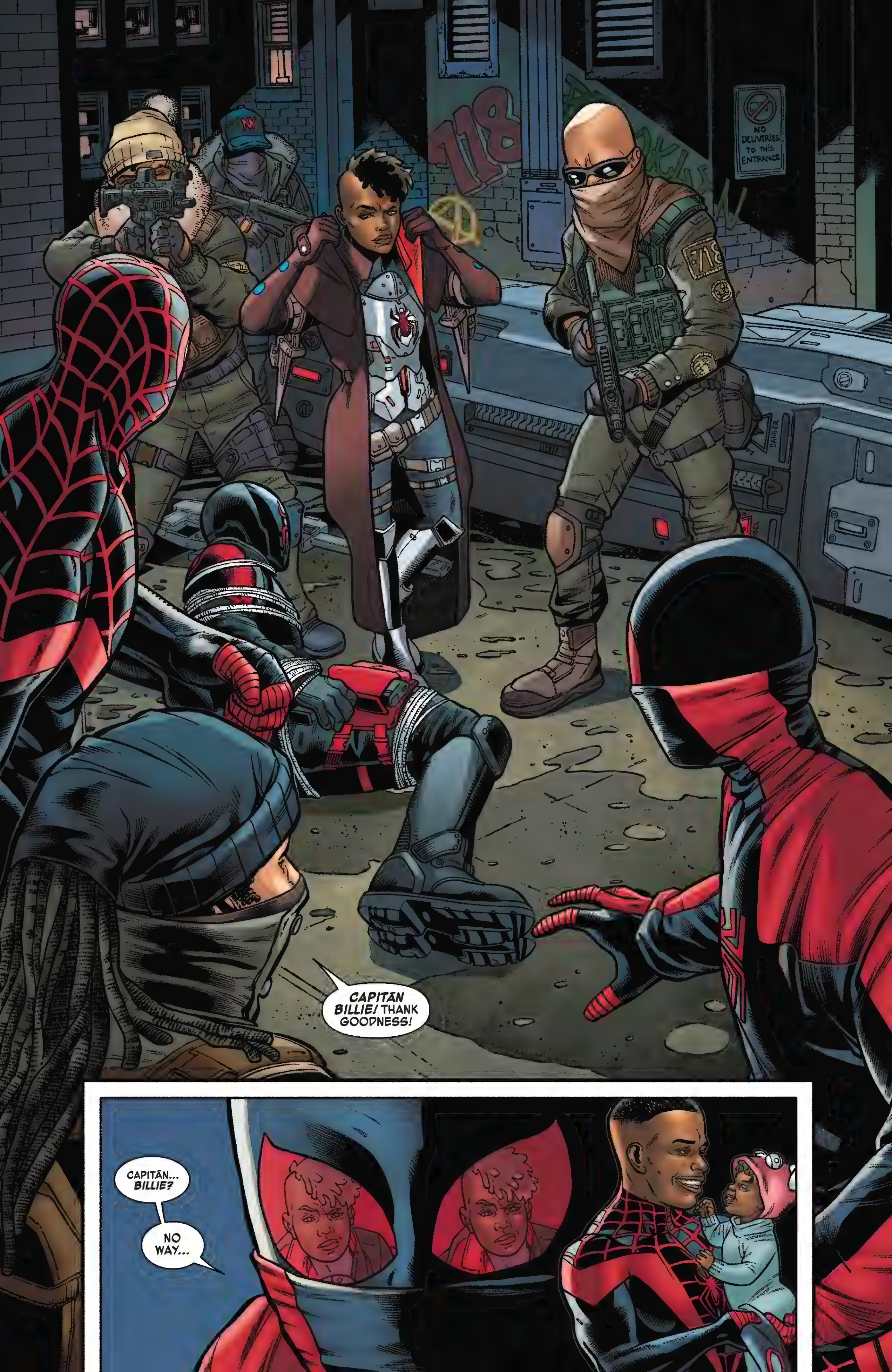
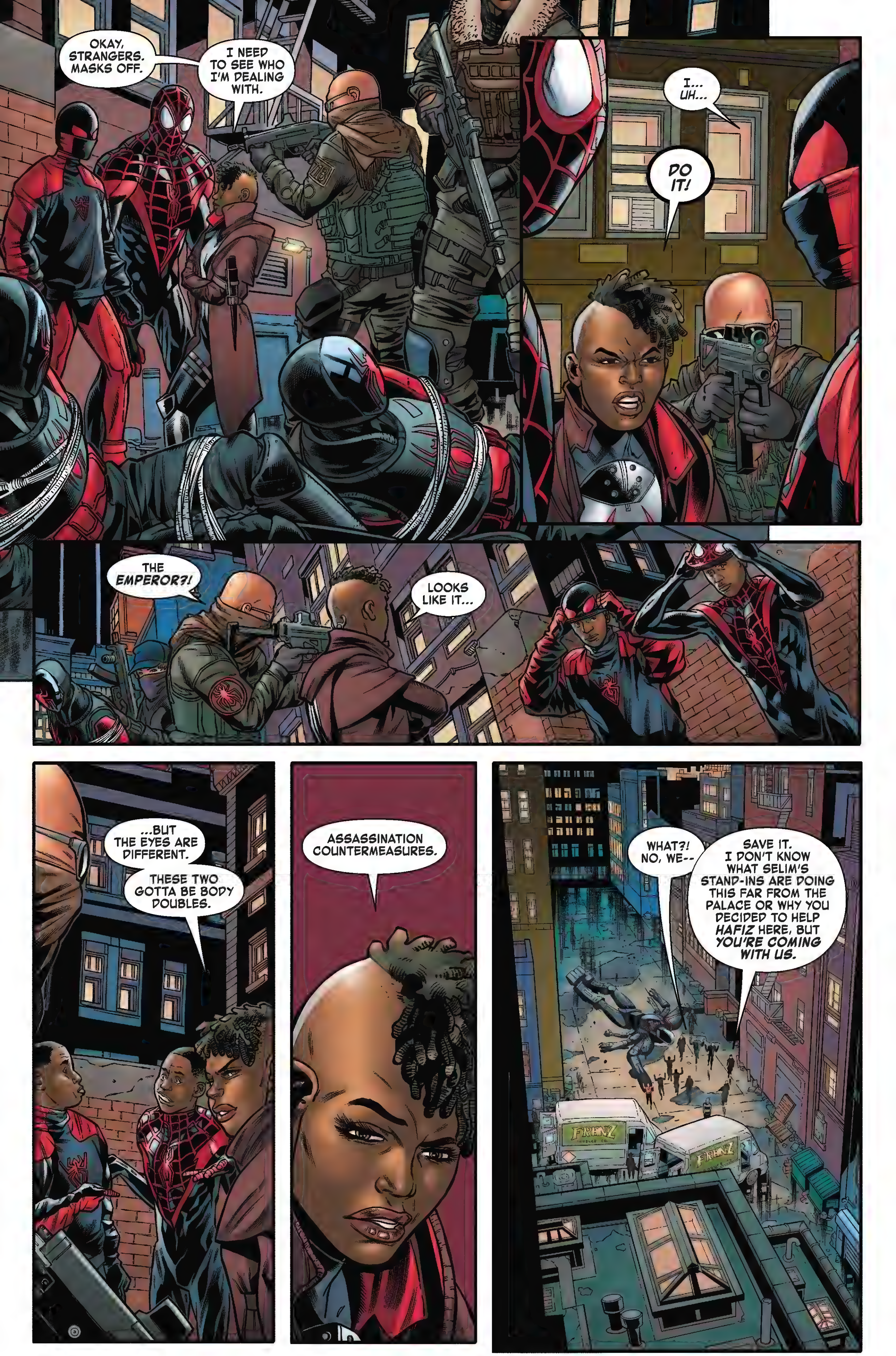
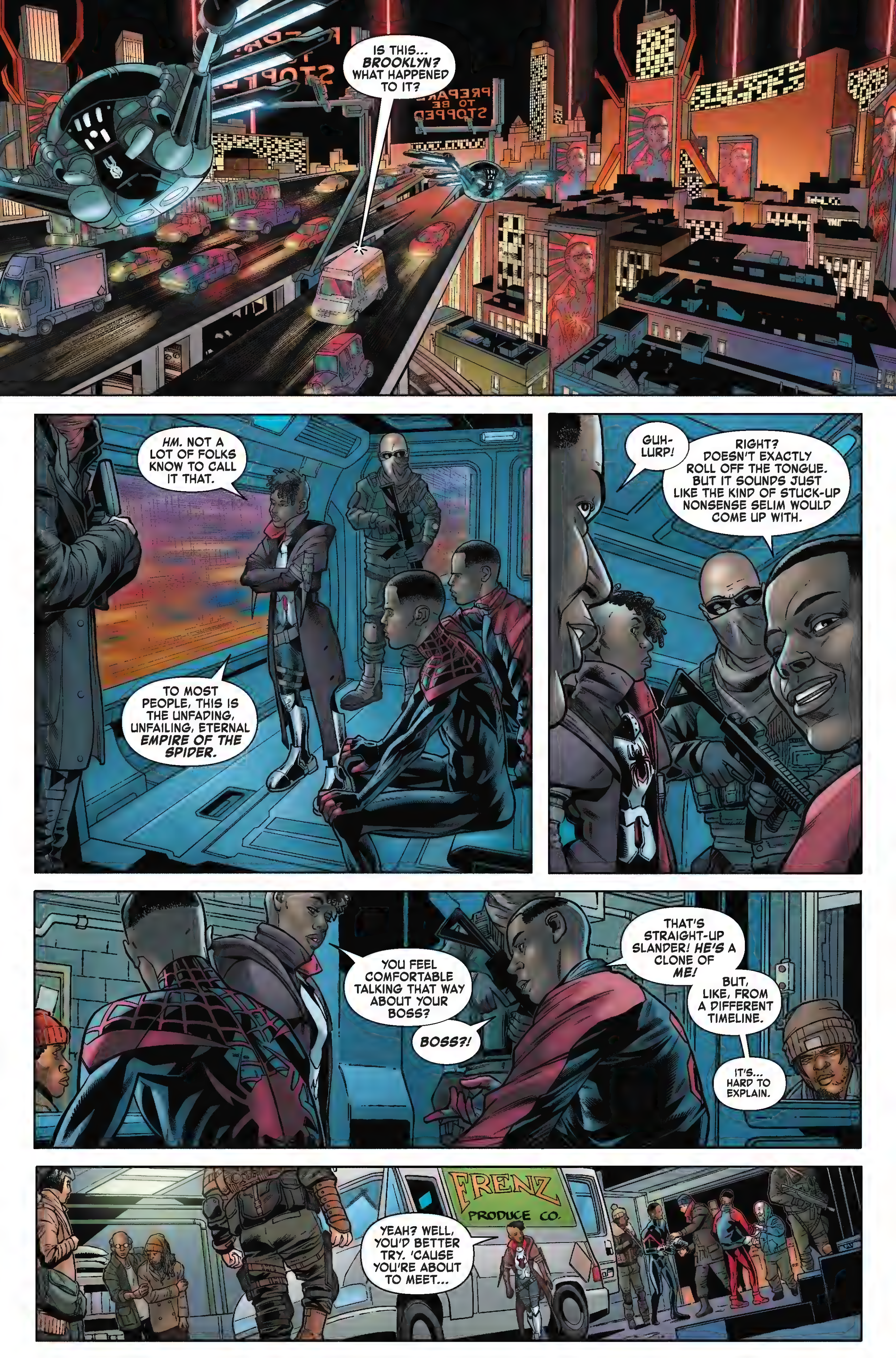

EMPEROR SELIM?!
WHAT IS--?
HEY! THERE'S ONE OF THEM OVER THERE!
SCAN SAYS HE'S JUST LOW-LEVEL SCUM. HE WON'T HAVE ANY INFO.
CLASSIFICATION: BLAST ON SIGHT.
HUH...
HOLD UP, *CHACHO!* I DON'T KNOW WHAT EXACTLY'S GOING ON HERE--

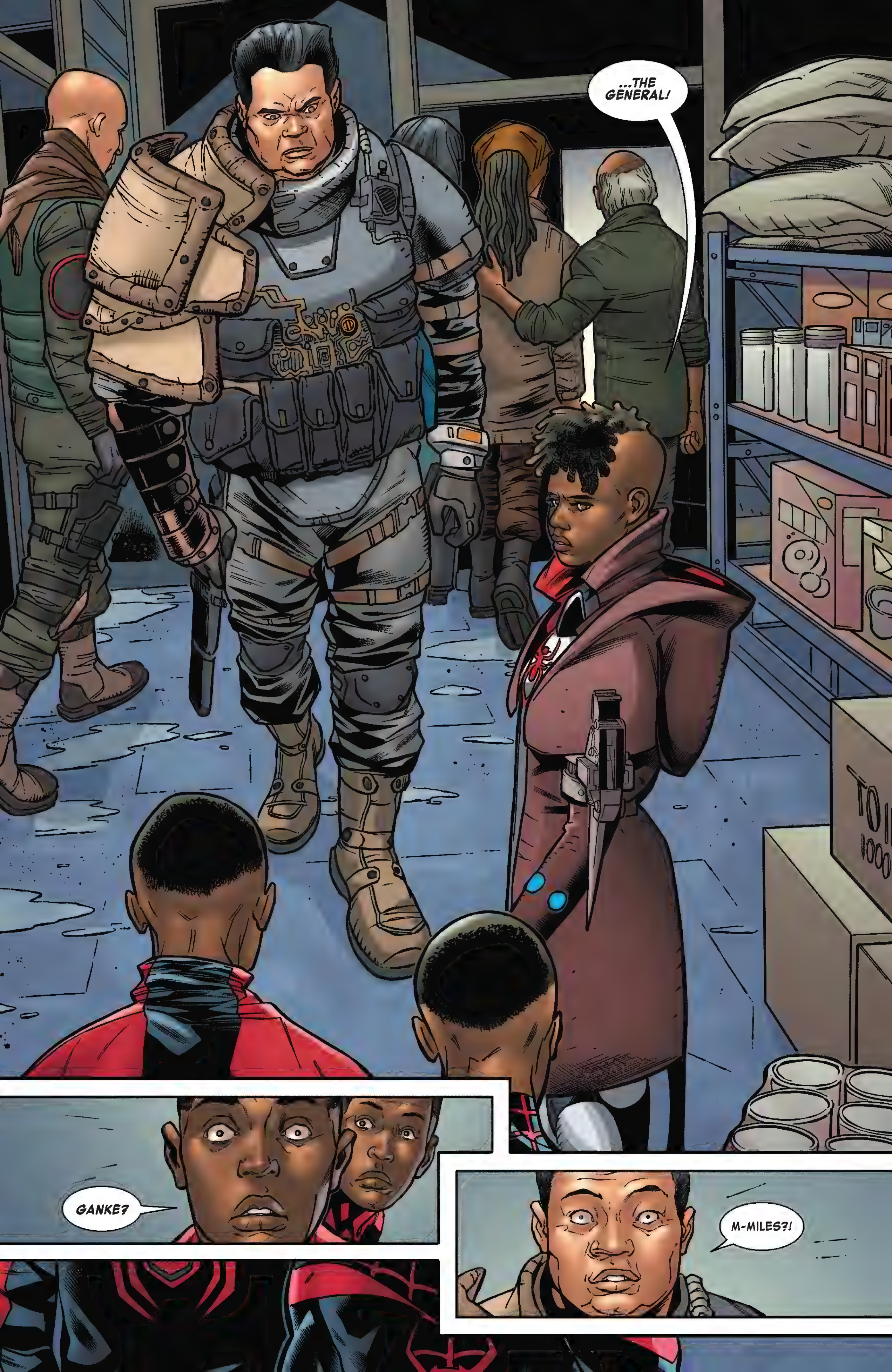

--BUT I KNOW *WRONG* WHEN I SEE IT!
GLURRRRP!
NO
MOVE IN.
LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO YOUR SCARY UNIFORM DUDES' BUSINESS, BUT...
QUIET LIKE.
...DON'T YOU *FEEL* LIKE TRASH SHOOTING AN UNARMED MAN?

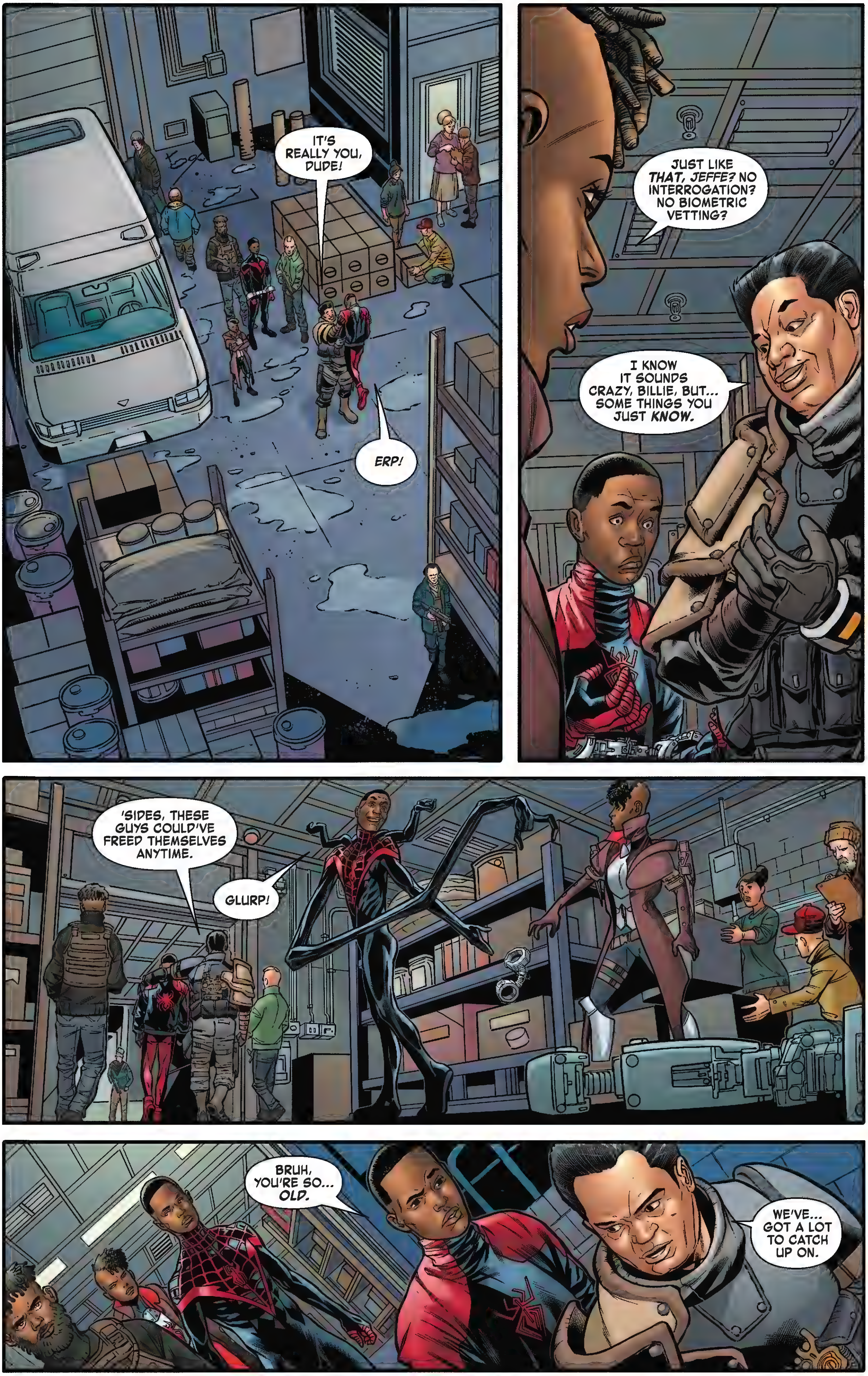

GLURP!
YOU SAID IT, SHIFT.
YOU OKAY?
WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?
I'M...NOT SURE I CAN EXPLAIN THAT WITHOUT CAUSING A REALITY-FRACTURING INTERDIMENSIONAL CRISIS AGAIN, SO WE'RE GONNA BOUNCE.
NOT SO FAST!

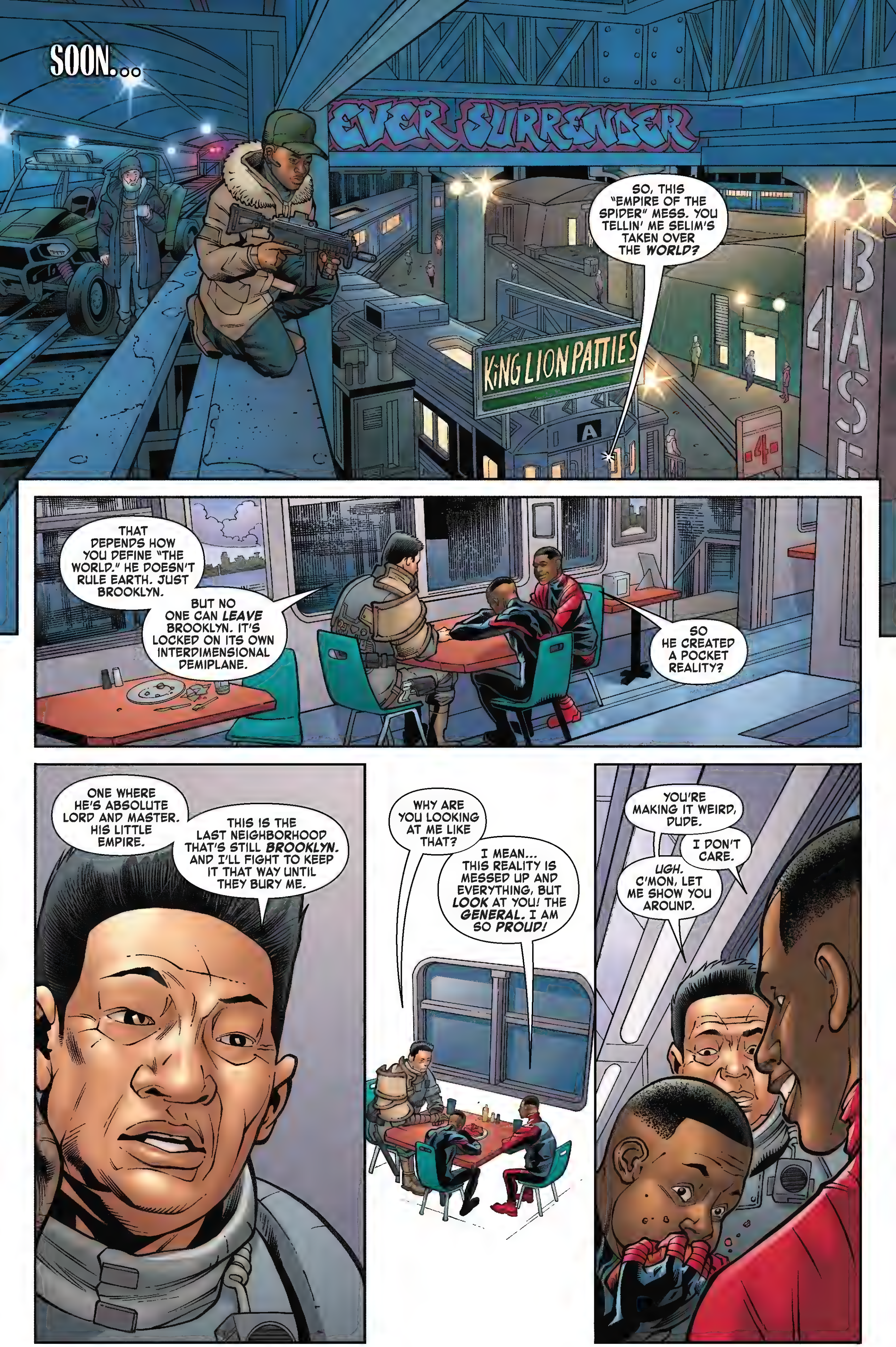

NY
718
NO DELIVERIES TO THIS ENTRANCE
718
DANGER
CAPITÁN BILLIE! THANK GOODNESS!
CAPITÁN... BILLIE?
NO WAY...

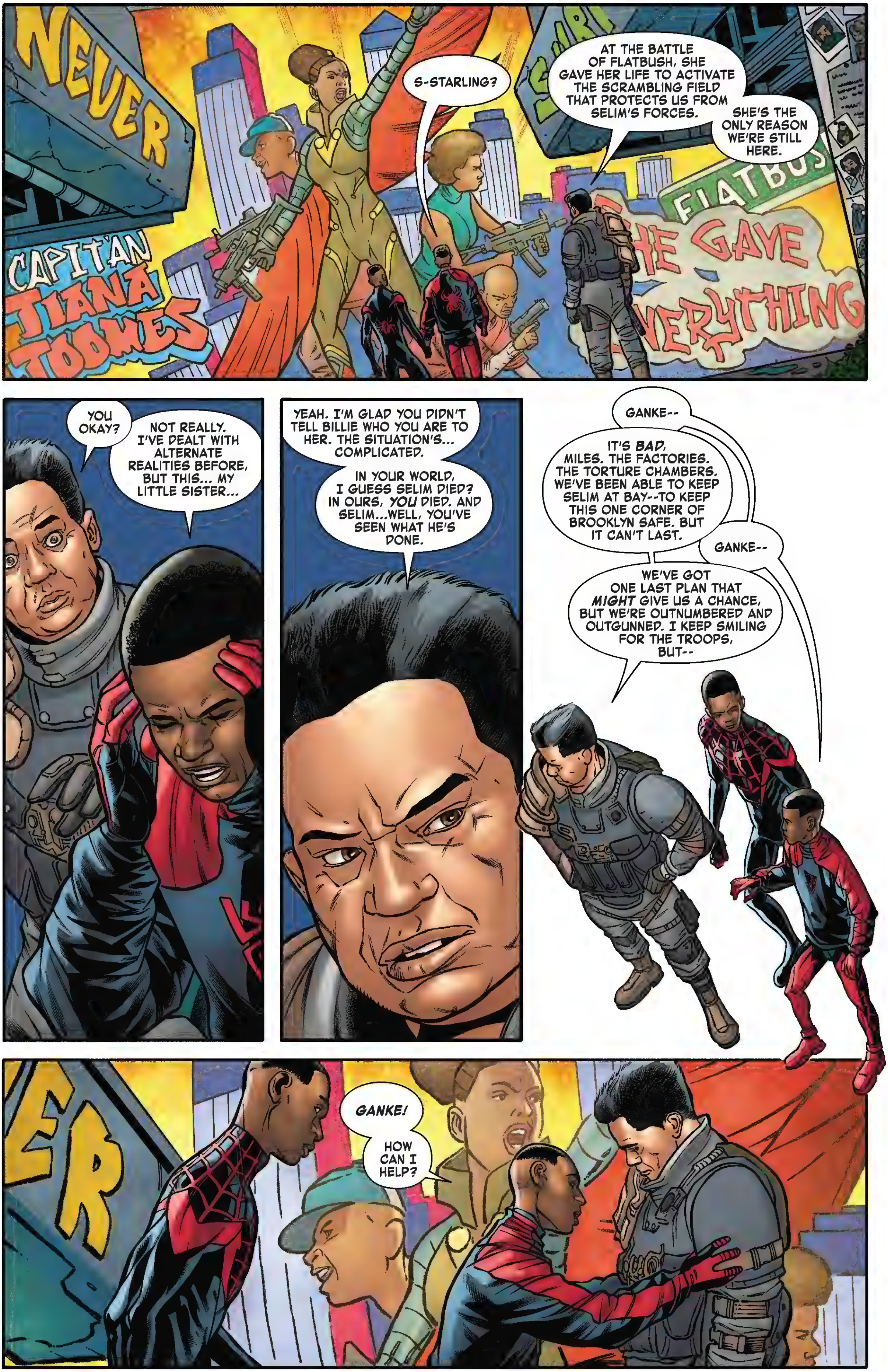

OKAY, STRANGERS. MASKS OFF.
I NEED TO SEE WHO I'M DEALING WITH.
I... UH...
DO IT!
THE *EMPEROR?!*
LOOKS LIKE IT...
...BUT THE EYES ARE DIFFERENT.
THESE TWO GOTTA BE BODY DOUBLES.
ASSASSINATION COUNTERMEASURES.
WHAT?! NO, WE--
SAVE IT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT SELIM'S STAND-INS ARE DOING THIS FAR FROM THE PALACE OR WHY YOU DECIDED TO HELP *HAFIZ* HERE, BUT *YOU'RE COMING WITH US.*
FRENZ

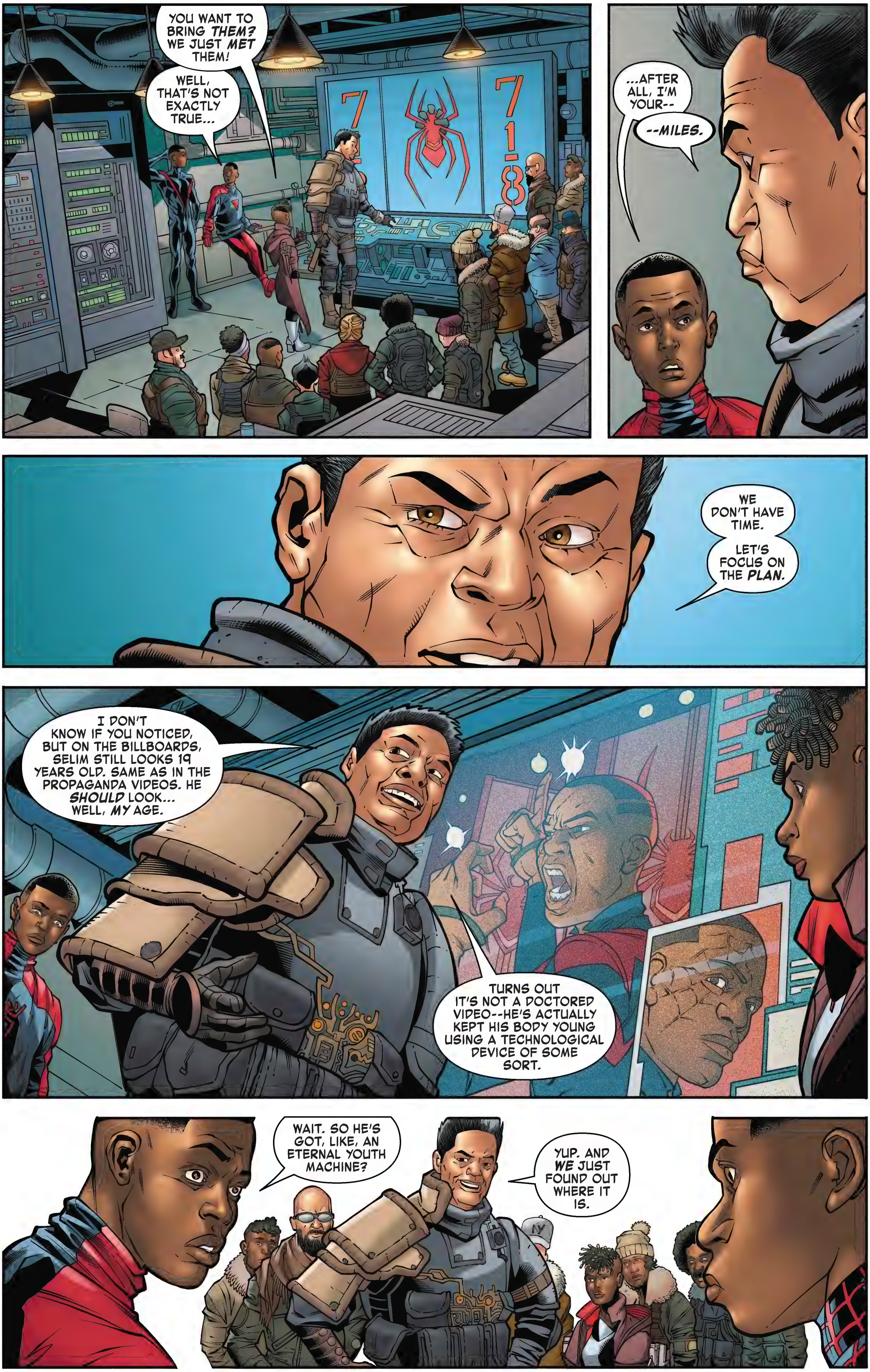

IS THIS... *BROOKLYN?* WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
PREPARE TO BE STOPPED
HM. NOT A LOT OF FOLKS KNOW TO CALL IT THAT.
TO MOST PEOPLE, THIS IS THE UNFADING, UNFAILING, ETERNAL *EMPIRE OF THE SPIDER.*
GUH-LURP!
RIGHT? DOESN'T EXACTLY ROLL OFF THE TONGUE. BUT IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE KIND OF STUCK-UP NONSENSE SELIM WOULD COME UP WITH.
YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE TALKING THAT WAY ABOUT YOUR BOSS?
BOSS?!
THAT'S STRAIGHT-UP SLANDER! *HE'S* A CLONE OF *ME!*
BUT, LIKE, FROM A DIFFERENT TIMELINE.
IT'S... HARD TO EXPLAIN.
FRENZ PRODUCE CO.
YEAH? WELL, YOU'D BETTER TRY. 'CAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO MEET...

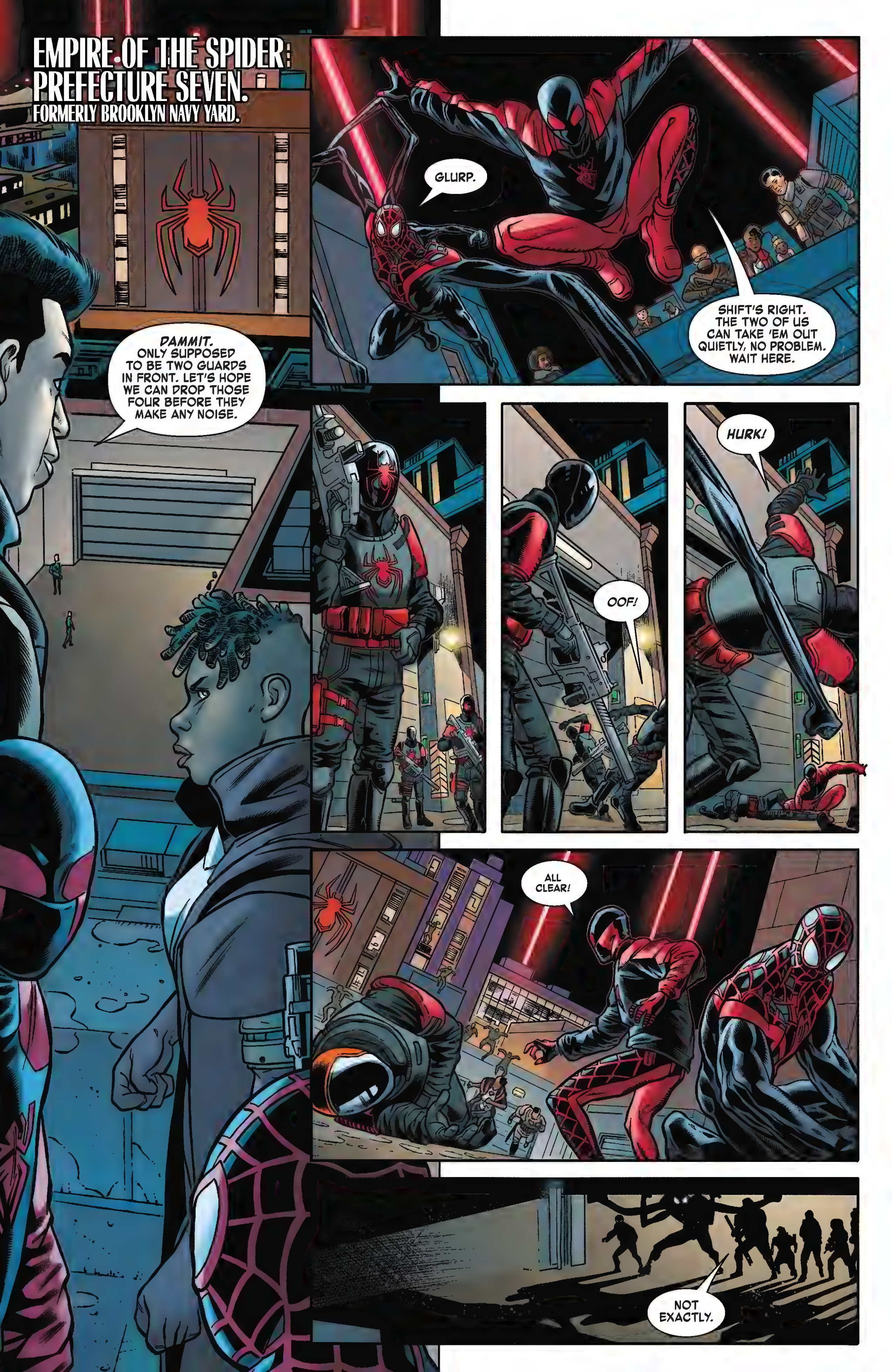

...THE GENERAL!
GANKE?
M-MILES?!

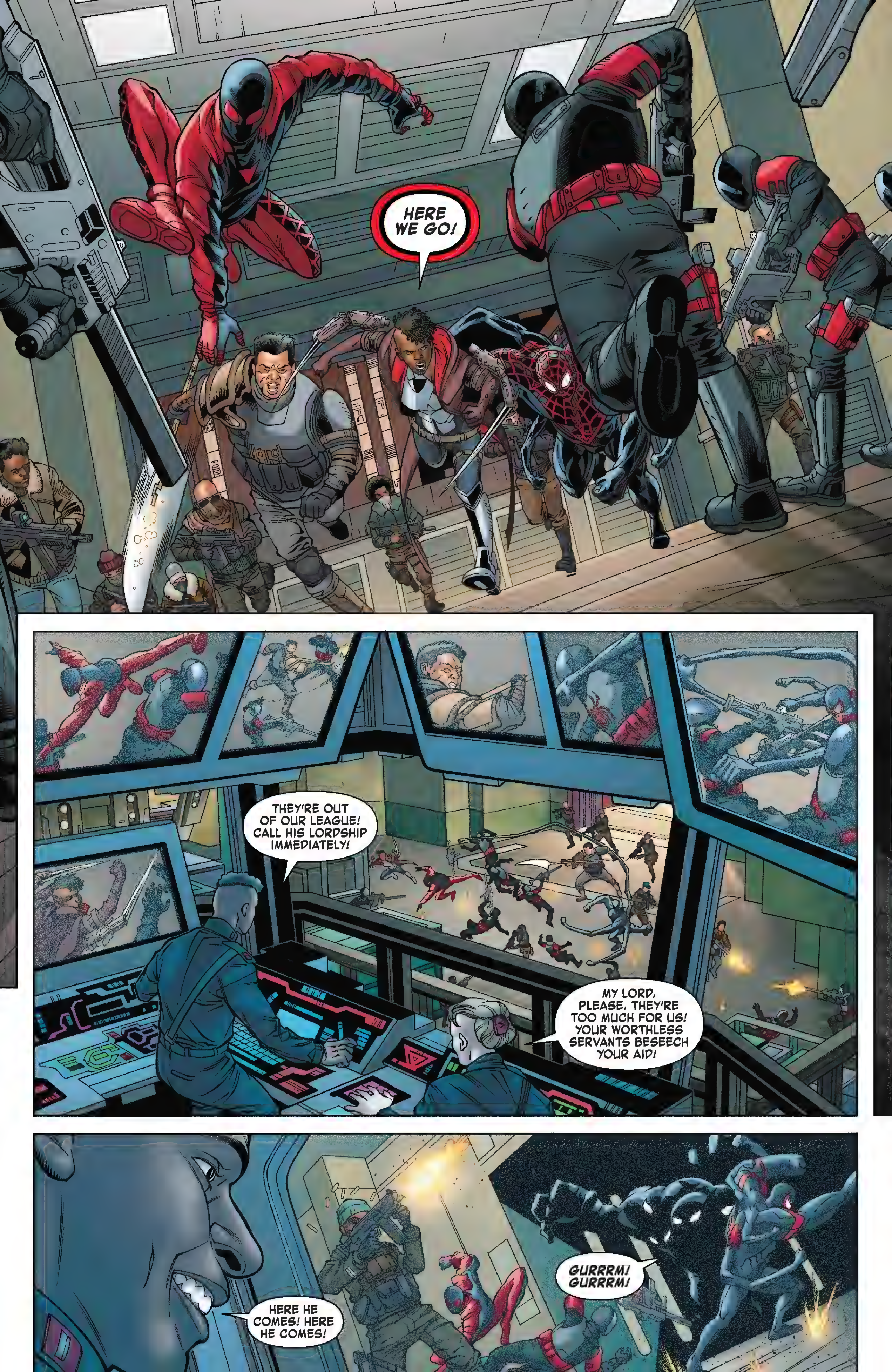

IT'S REALLY YOU, DUDE!
ERP!
JUST LIKE *THAT, JEFFE?* NO INTERROGATION? NO BIOMETRIC VETTING?
I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BILLIE, BUT... SOME THINGS YOU JUST *KNOW.*
'SIDES, THESE GUYS COULD'VE FREED THEMSELVES ANYTIME.
GLURP!
BRUH, YOU'RE SO... *OLD.*
WE'VE... GOT A LOT TO CATCH UP ON.

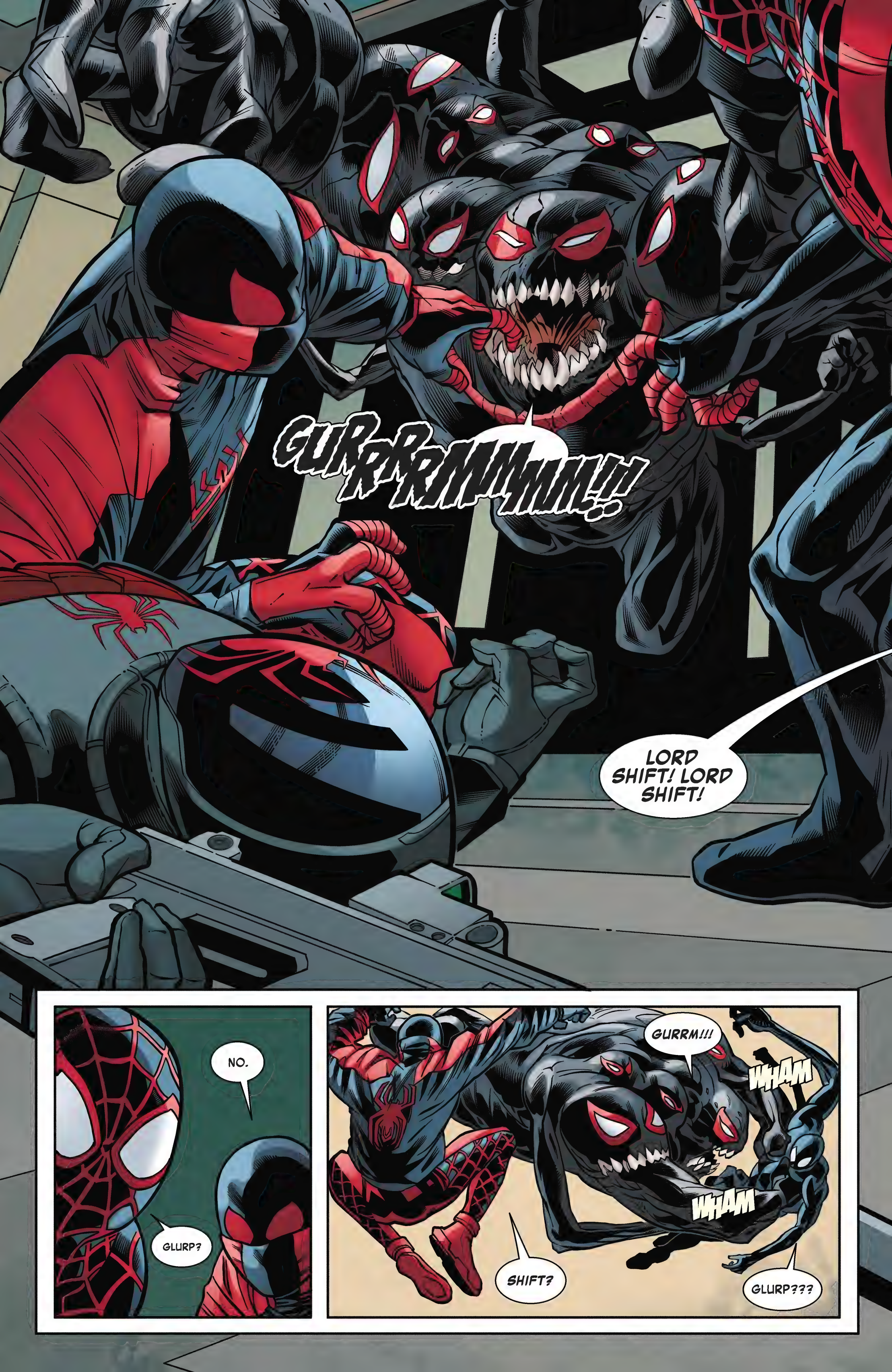

SOON...
EVER SURRENDER
KING LION PATTIES
A
4
4 BASE
SO, THIS "EMPIRE OF THE SPIDER" MESS. YOU TELLIN' ME SELIM'S TAKEN OVER THE *WORLD?*
THAT DEPENDS HOW YOU DEFINE "THE WORLD." HE DOESN'T RULE EARTH. JUST BROOKLYN.
BUT NO ONE CAN *LEAVE* BROOKLYN. IT'S LOCKED ON ITS OWN INTERDIMENSIONAL DEMIPLANE.
SO HE CREATED A POCKET REALITY?
ONE WHERE HE'S ABSOLUTE LORD AND MASTER. HIS LITTLE EMPIRE.
THIS IS THE LAST NEIGHBORHOOD THAT'S STILL *BROOKLYN.* AND I'LL FIGHT TO KEEP IT THAT WAY UNTIL THEY BURY ME.
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?
I MEAN... THIS REALITY IS MESSED UP AND EVERYTHING, BUT *LOOK* AT YOU! THE *GENERAL.* I AM SO *PROUD!*
YOU'RE MAKING IT WEIRD, DUDE.
I DON'T CARE.
UGH. C'MON, LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND.

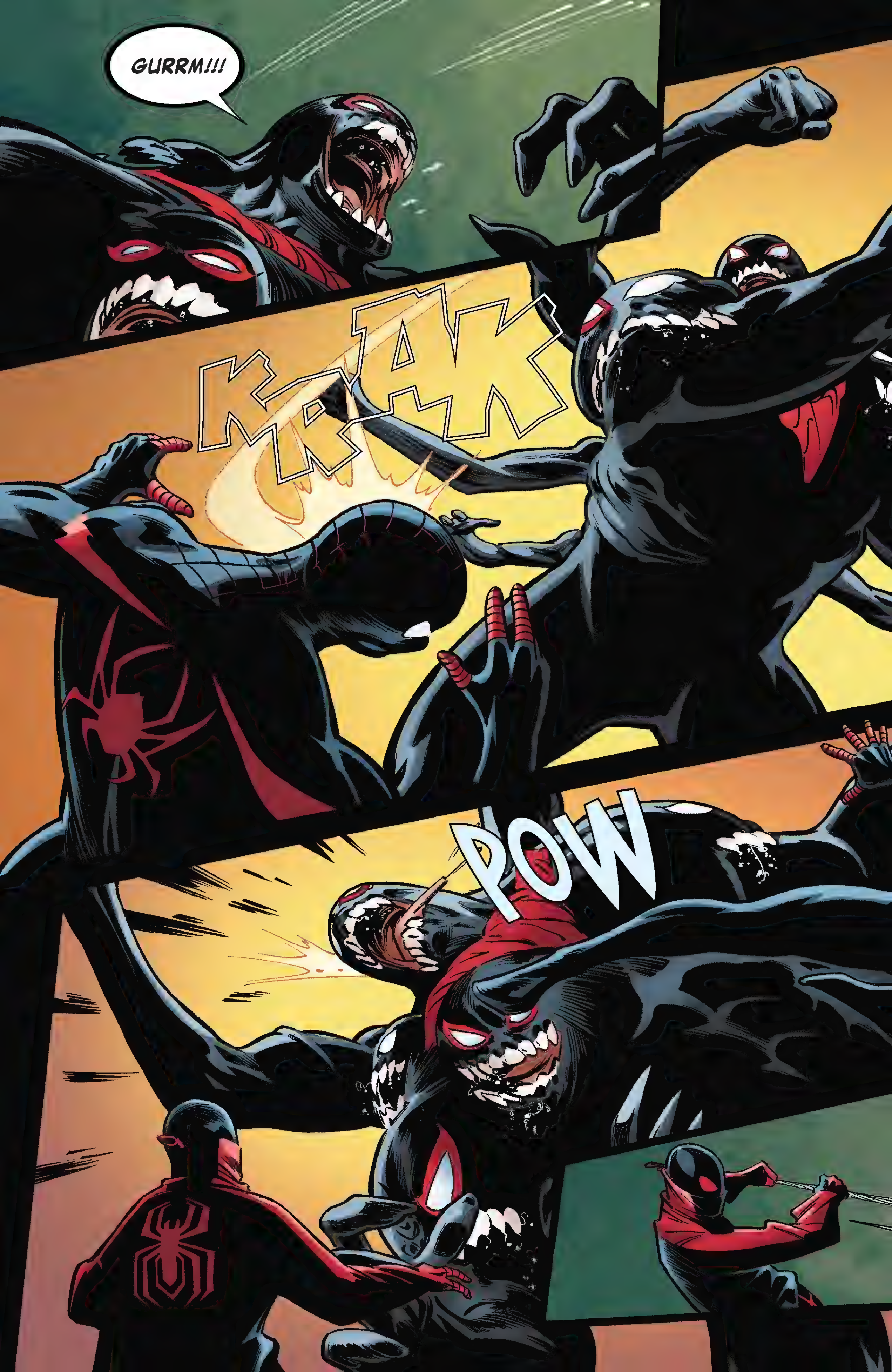

NEVER
CAPITAN TIANA TOOMES
S-STARLING?
AT THE BATTLE OF FLATBUSH, SHE GAVE HER LIFE TO ACTIVATE THE SCRAMBLING FIELD THAT PROTECTS US FROM SELIM'S FORCES.
SHE'S THE ONLY REASON WE'RE STILL HERE.
FLATBUS
SHE GAVE EVERYTHING
YOU OKAY?
NOT REALLY. I'VE DEALT WITH ALTERNATE REALITIES BEFORE, BUT THIS... MY LITTLE SISTER...
YEAH. I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T TELL BILLIE WHO YOU ARE TO HER. THE SITUATION'S... COMPLICATED.
IN YOUR WORLD, I GUESS SELIM DIED? IN OURS, *YOU* DIED. AND SELIM...WELL, YOU'VE SEEN WHAT HE'S DONE.
GANKE--
IT'S *BAD*, MILES. THE FACTORIES. THE TORTURE CHAMBERS. WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP SELIM AT BAY--TO KEEP THIS ONE CORNER OF BROOKLYN SAFE. BUT IT CAN'T LAST.
GANKE--
WE'VE GOT ONE LAST PLAN THAT *MIGHT* GIVE US A CHANCE, BUT WE'RE OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED. I KEEP SMILING FOR THE TROOPS, BUT--
ER
GANKE!
HOW CAN I HELP?

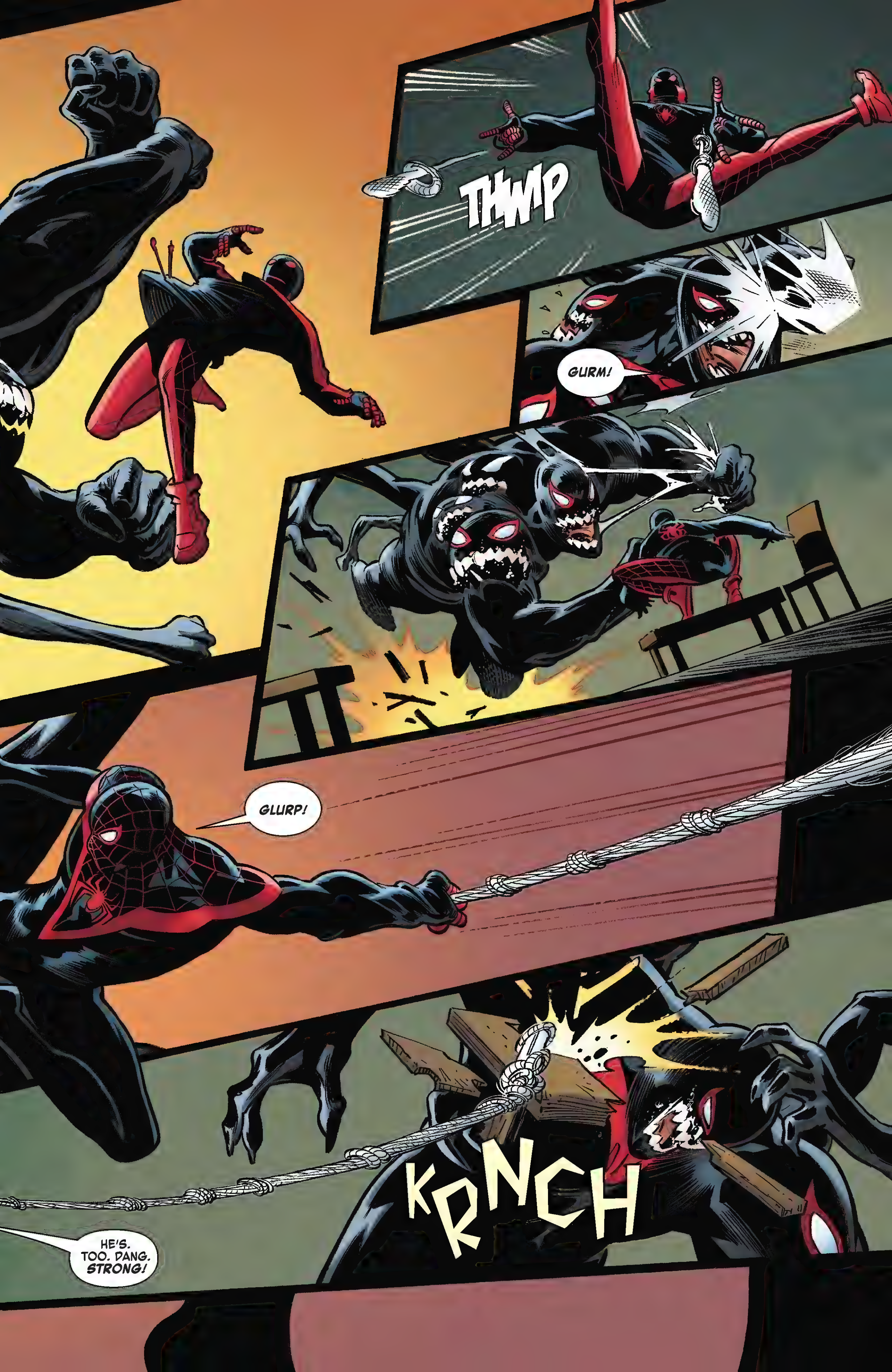

YOU WANT TO BRING *THEM?* WE JUST *MET* THEM!
WELL, THAT'S NOT EXACTLY TRUE...
718
...AFTER ALL, I'M YOUR--
--MILES.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME.
LET'S FOCUS ON THE *PLAN.*
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU NOTICED, BUT ON THE BILLBOARDS, SELIM STILL LOOKS 19 YEARS OLD. SAME AS IN THE PROPAGANDA VIDEOS. HE *SHOULD* LOOK... WELL, *MY* AGE.
TURNS OUT IT'S NOT A DOCTORED VIDEO--HE'S ACTUALLY KEPT HIS BODY YOUNG USING A TECHNOLOGICAL DEVICE OF SOME SORT.
WAIT. SO HE'S GOT, LIKE, AN ETERNAL YOUTH MACHINE?
YUP. AND *WE* JUST FOUND OUT WHERE IT IS.

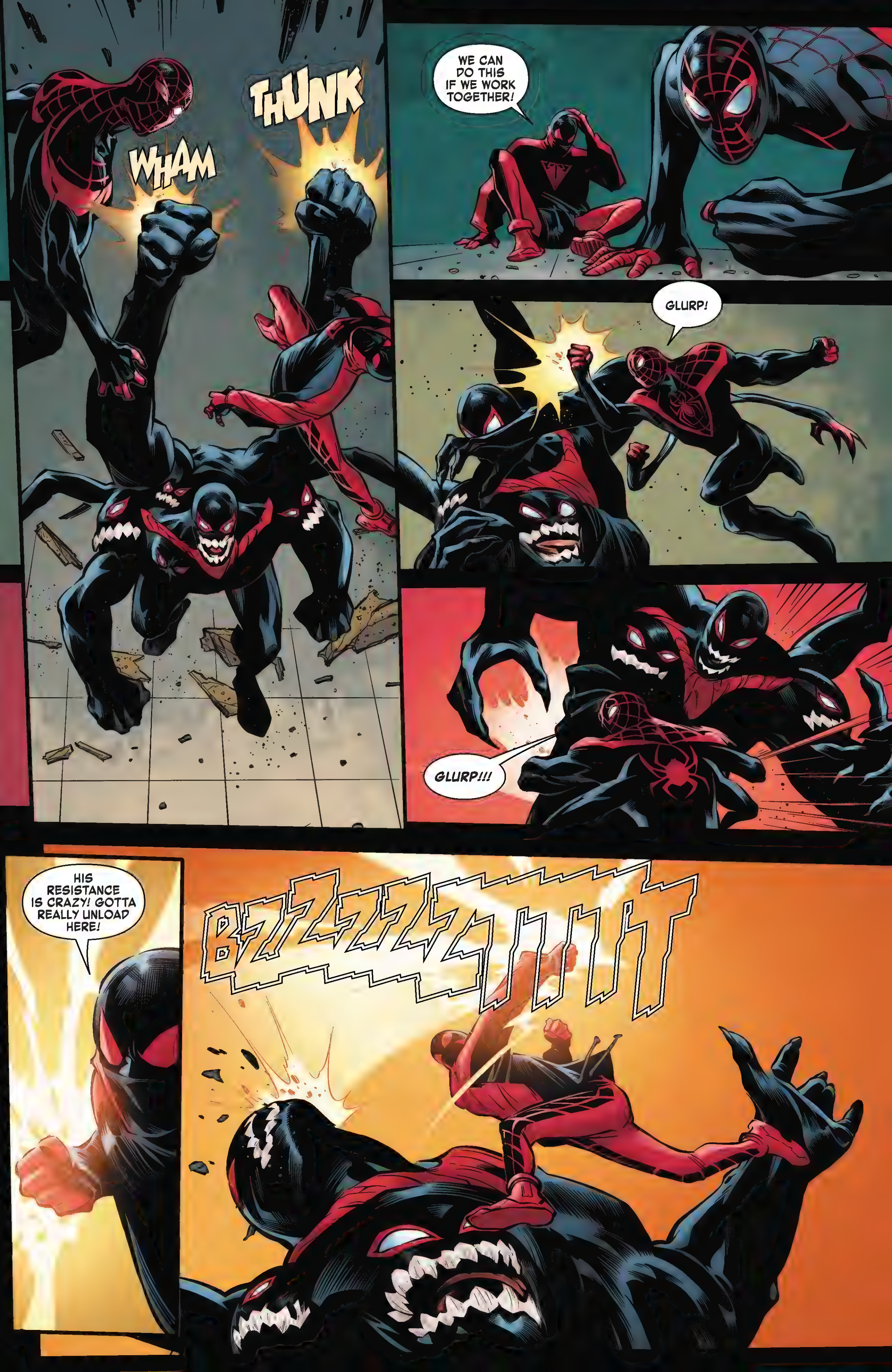

EMPIRE OF THE SPIDER: PREFECTURE SEVEN.
FORMERLY BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.
DAMMIT. ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE TWO GUARDS IN FRONT. LET'S HOPE WE CAN DROP THOSE FOUR BEFORE THEY MAKE ANY NOISE.
GLURP.
SHIFT'S RIGHT. THE TWO OF US CAN TAKE 'EM OUT QUIETLY, NO PROBLEM. WAIT HERE.
OOF!
HURK!
ALL CLEAR!
NOT EXACTLY.

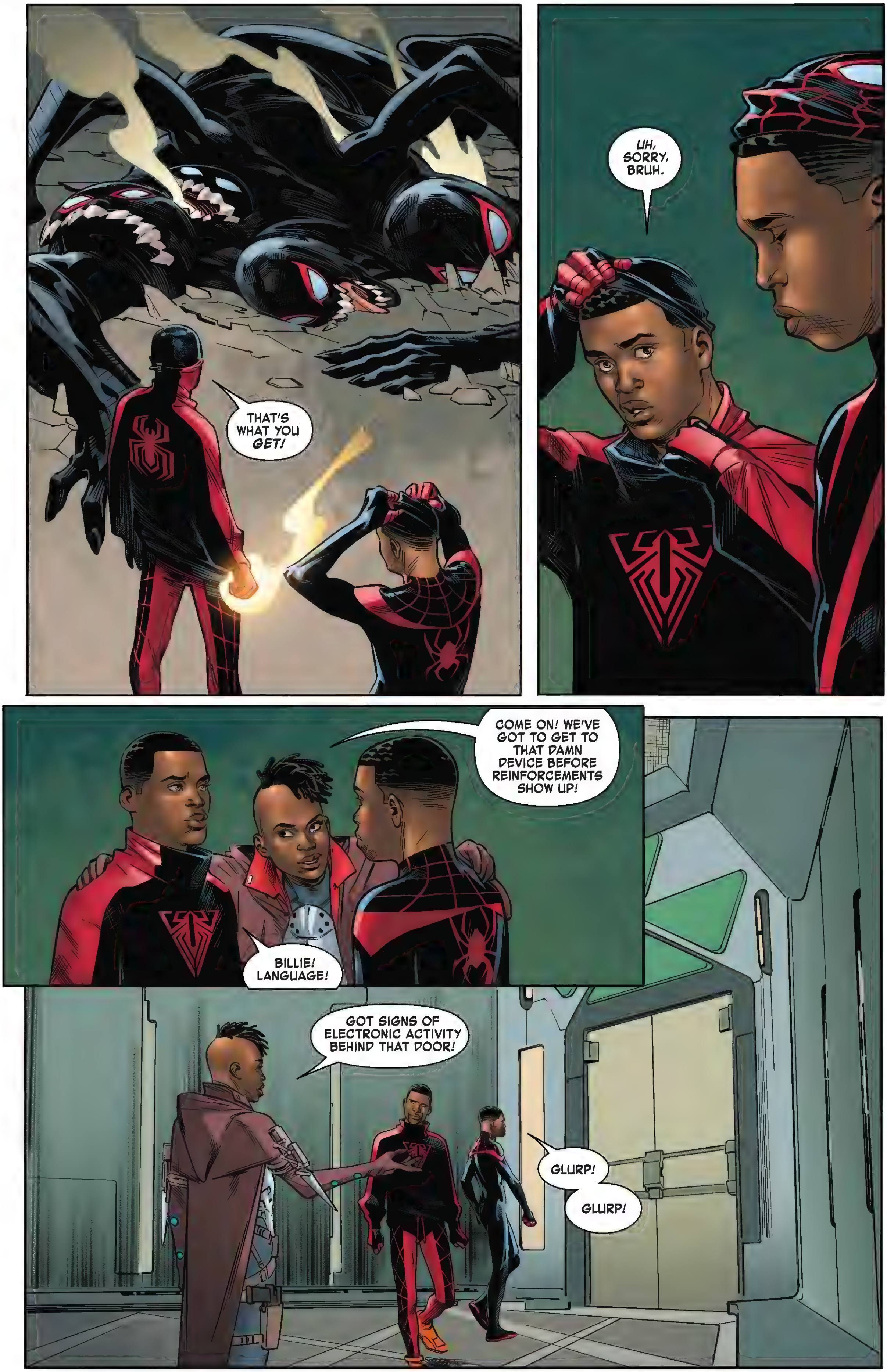

HERE WE GO!
THEY'RE OUT OF OUR LEAGUE! CALL HIS LORDSHIP IMMEDIATELY!
MY LORD, PLEASE, THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR US! YOUR WORTHLESS SERVANTS BESEECH YOUR AID!
HERE HE COMES! HERE HE COMES!
GURRRM! GURRRM!

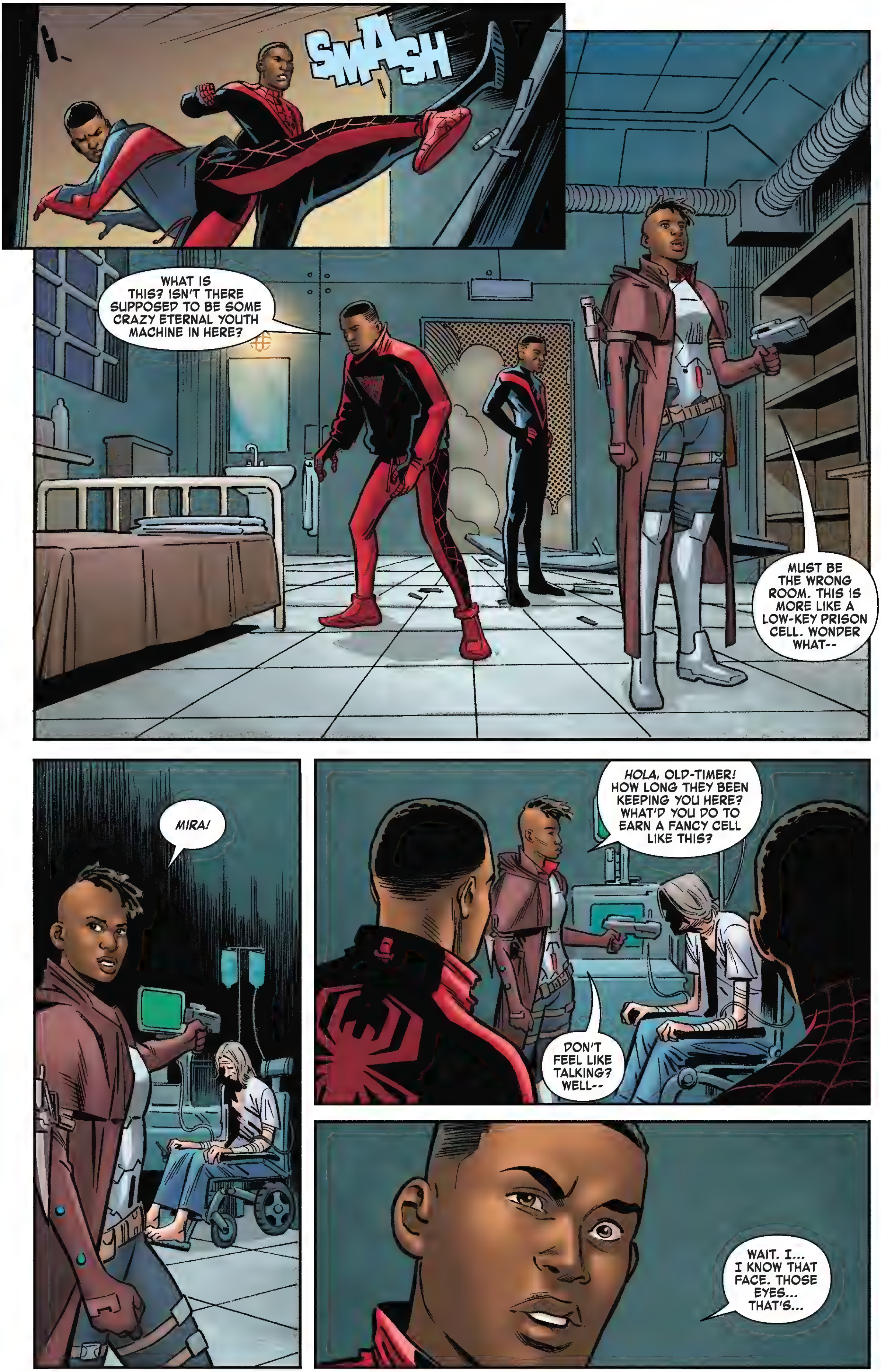

GURRRRMMMMM!!!
LORD SHIFT! LORD SHIFT!
NO.
GLURP?
GURRM!!!
WHAM
WHAM
SHIFT?
GLURP???

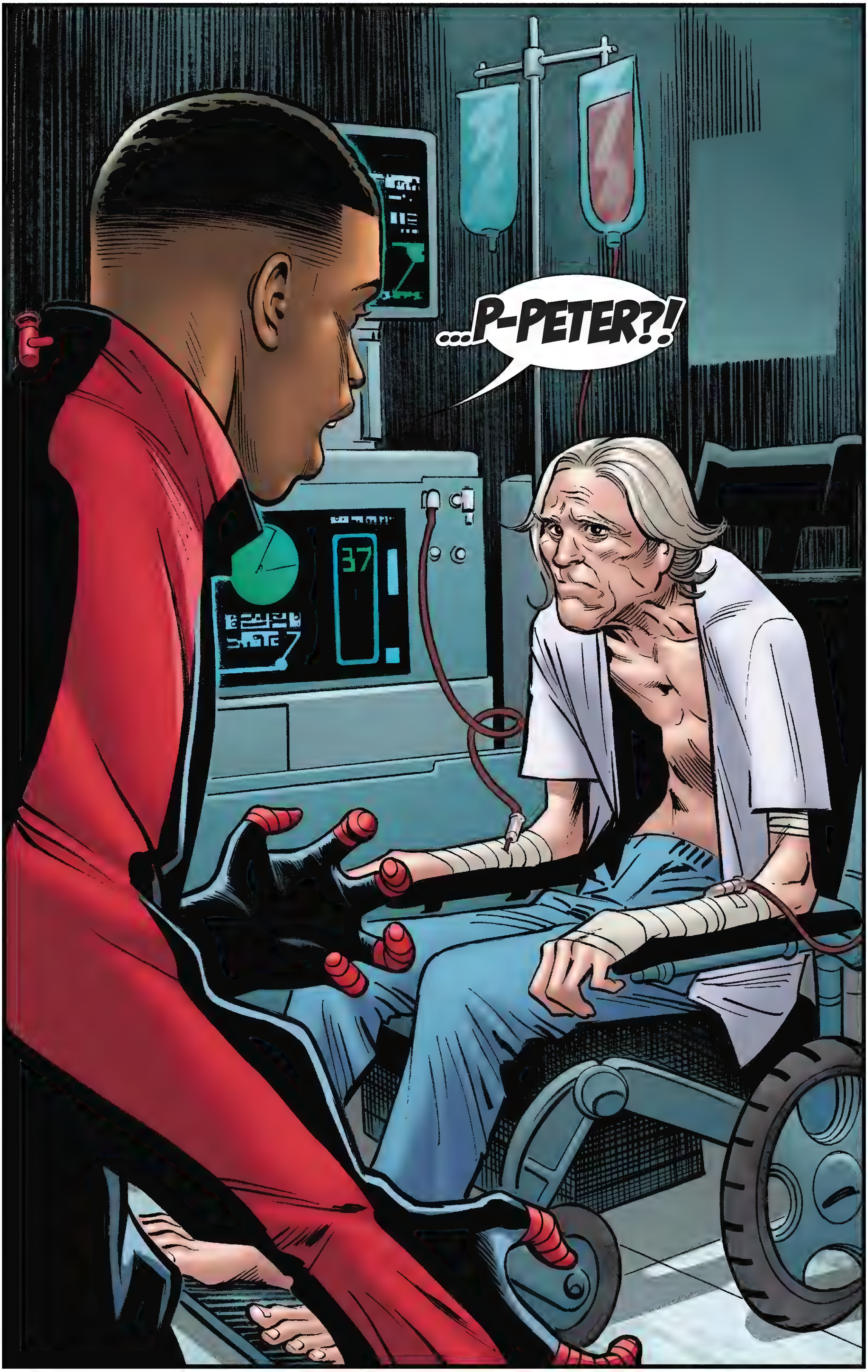

GURRM!!!
KRAK
POW

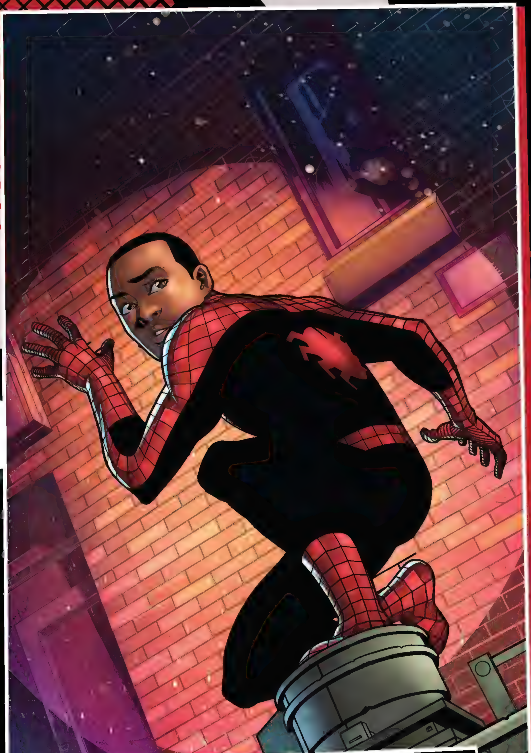

THWIP
GURM!
GLURP!
KRNCH
HE'S. TOO. DANG. STRONG!


WHAM
THUNK
WE CAN DO THIS IF WE WORK TOGETHER!
GLURP!
GLURP!!!
HIS RESISTANCE IS CRAZY! GOTTA REALLY UNLOAD HERE!
BZZZZZUUUT

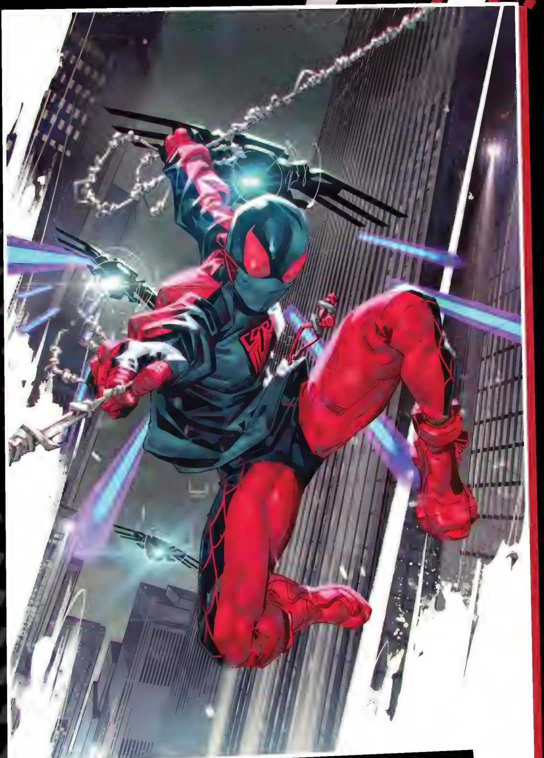

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET!
UH, SORRY, BRUH.
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT DAMN DEVICE BEFORE REINFORCEMENTS SHOW UP!
BILLIE! LANGUAGE!
GOT SIGNS OF ELECTRONIC ACTIVITY BEHIND THAT DOOR!
GLURP!
GLURP!


SMASH
WHAT IS THIS? ISN'T THERE SUPPOSED TO BE SOME CRAZY ETERNAL YOUTH MACHINE IN HERE?
MUST BE THE WRONG ROOM. THIS IS MORE LIKE A LOW-KEY PRISON CELL. WONDER WHAT--
MIRA!
HOLA, OLD-TIMER! HOW LONG THEY BEEN KEEPING YOU HERE? WHAT'D YOU DO TO EARN A FANCY CELL LIKE THIS?
DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING? WELL--
WAIT. I... I KNOW THAT FACE. THOSE EYES... THAT'S...

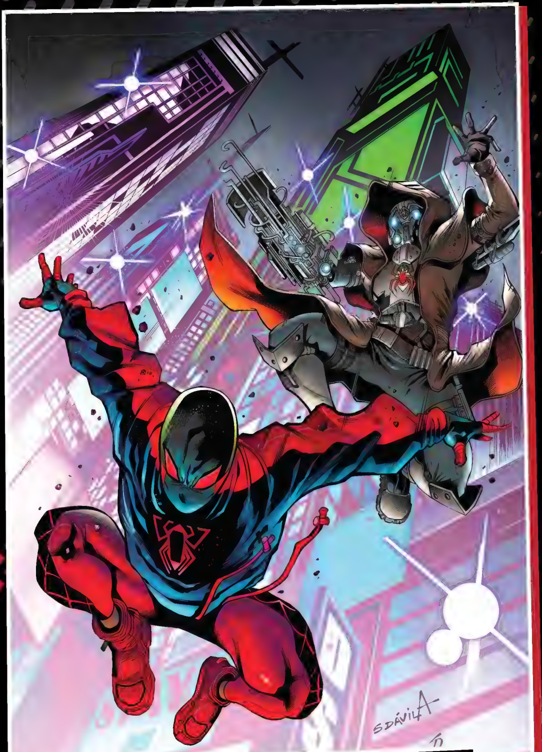

...P-PETER?!
37



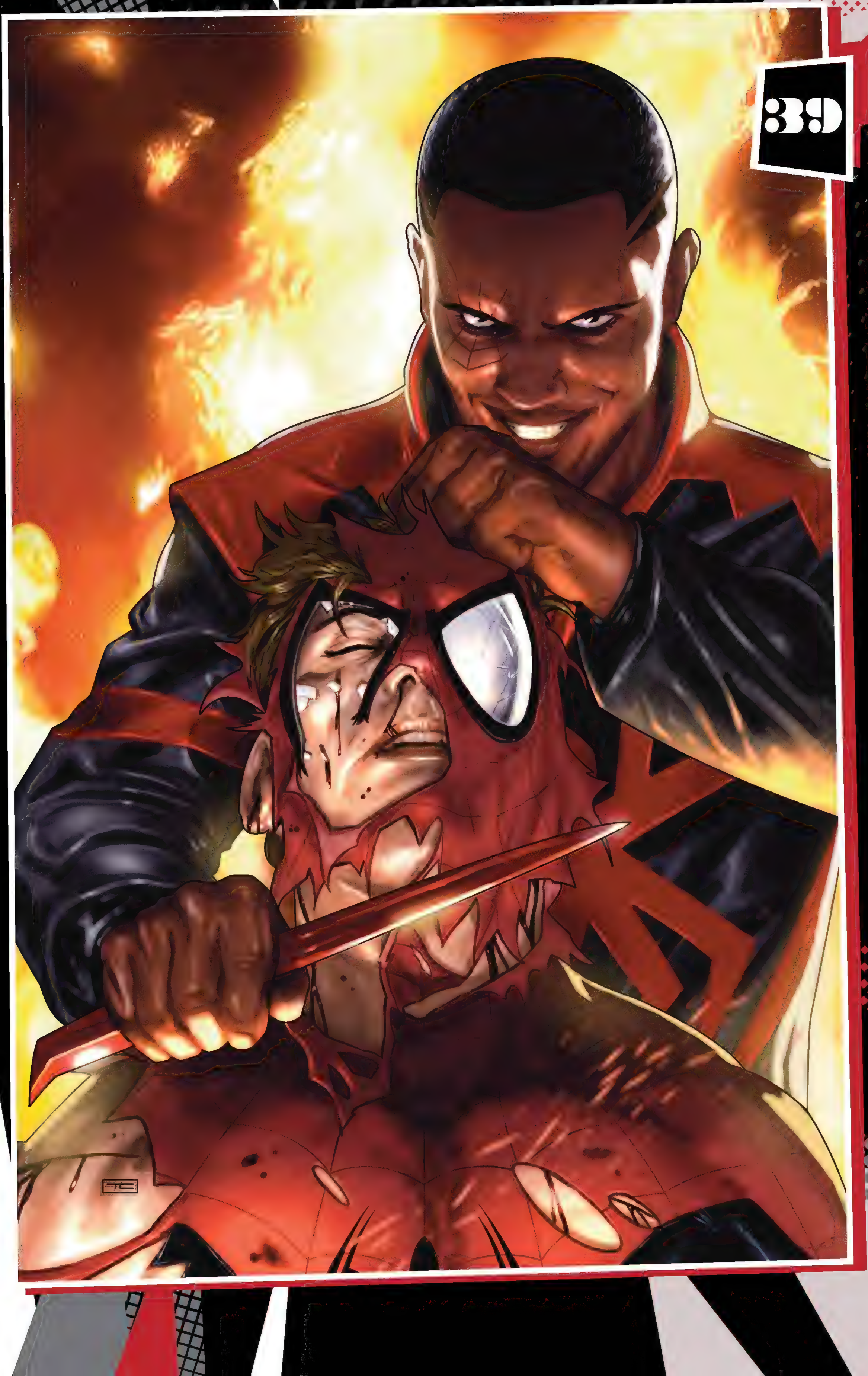
#37 SPIDER-MAN
60TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT BY
MIKE McKONE & ISRAEL SILVA



#37 VARIANT BY
KAEL NGU



#38 VARIANT BY
SERGIO DÁVILA,
SEAN PARSONS & DAVID CURIEL



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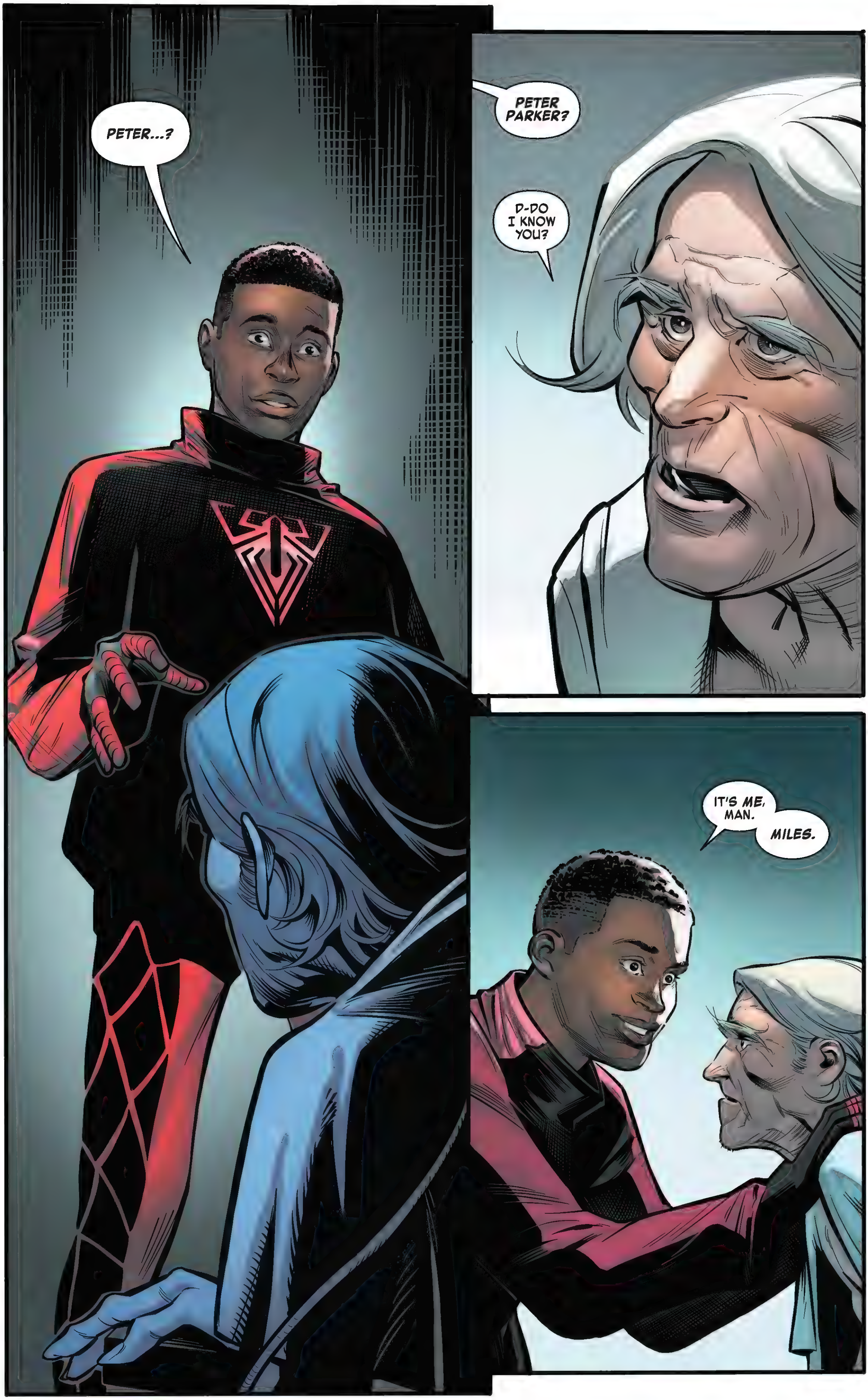
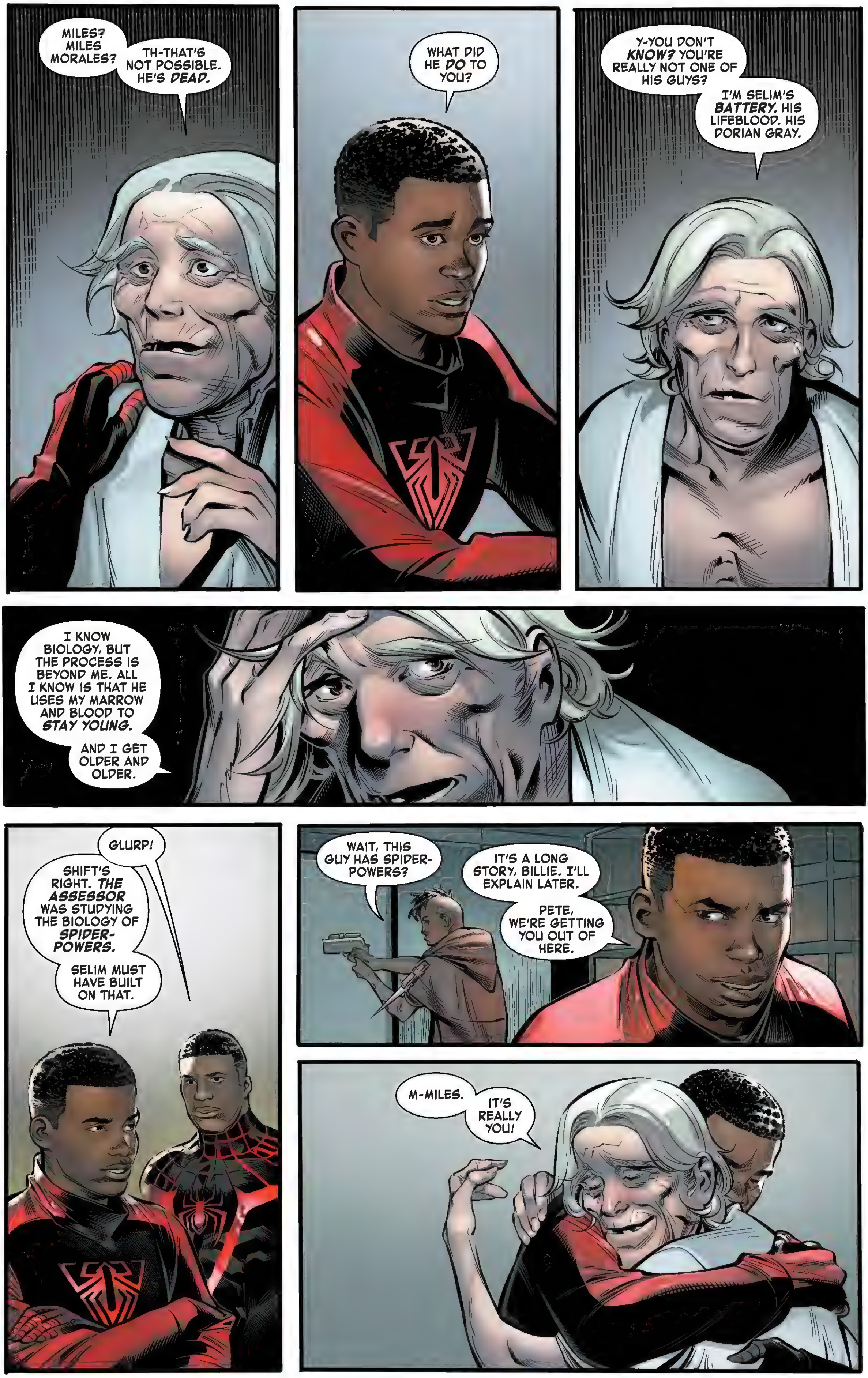
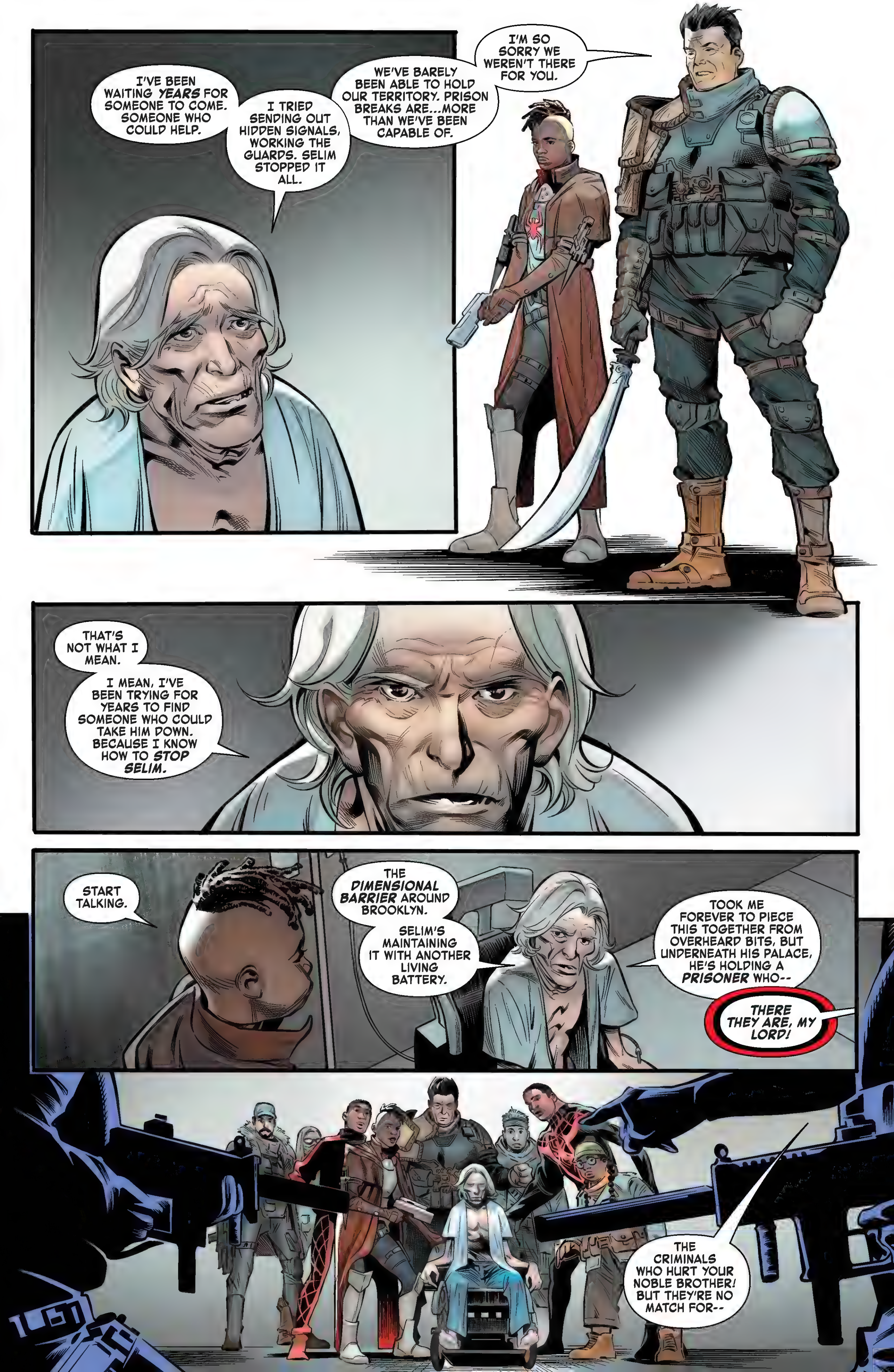
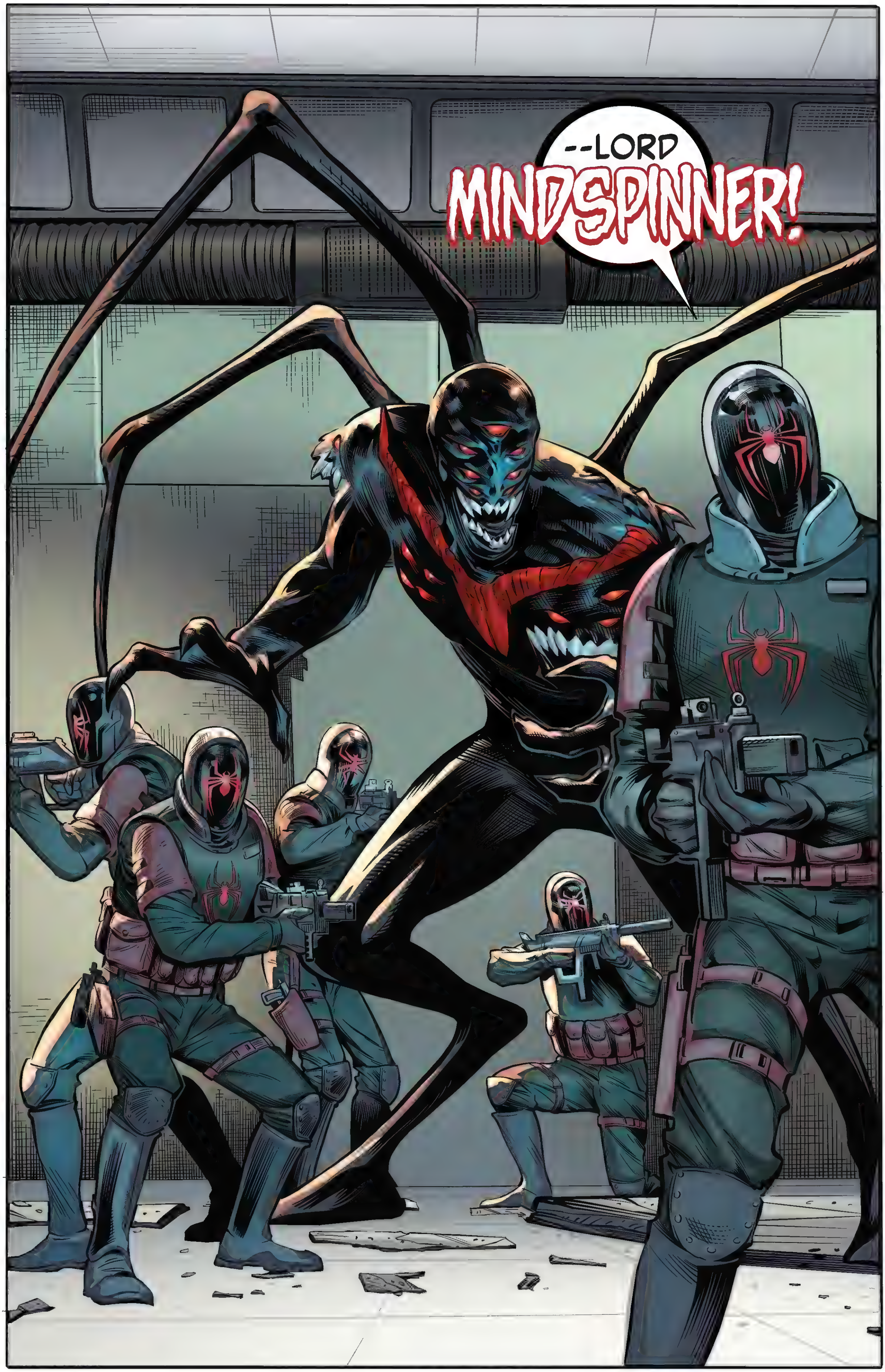
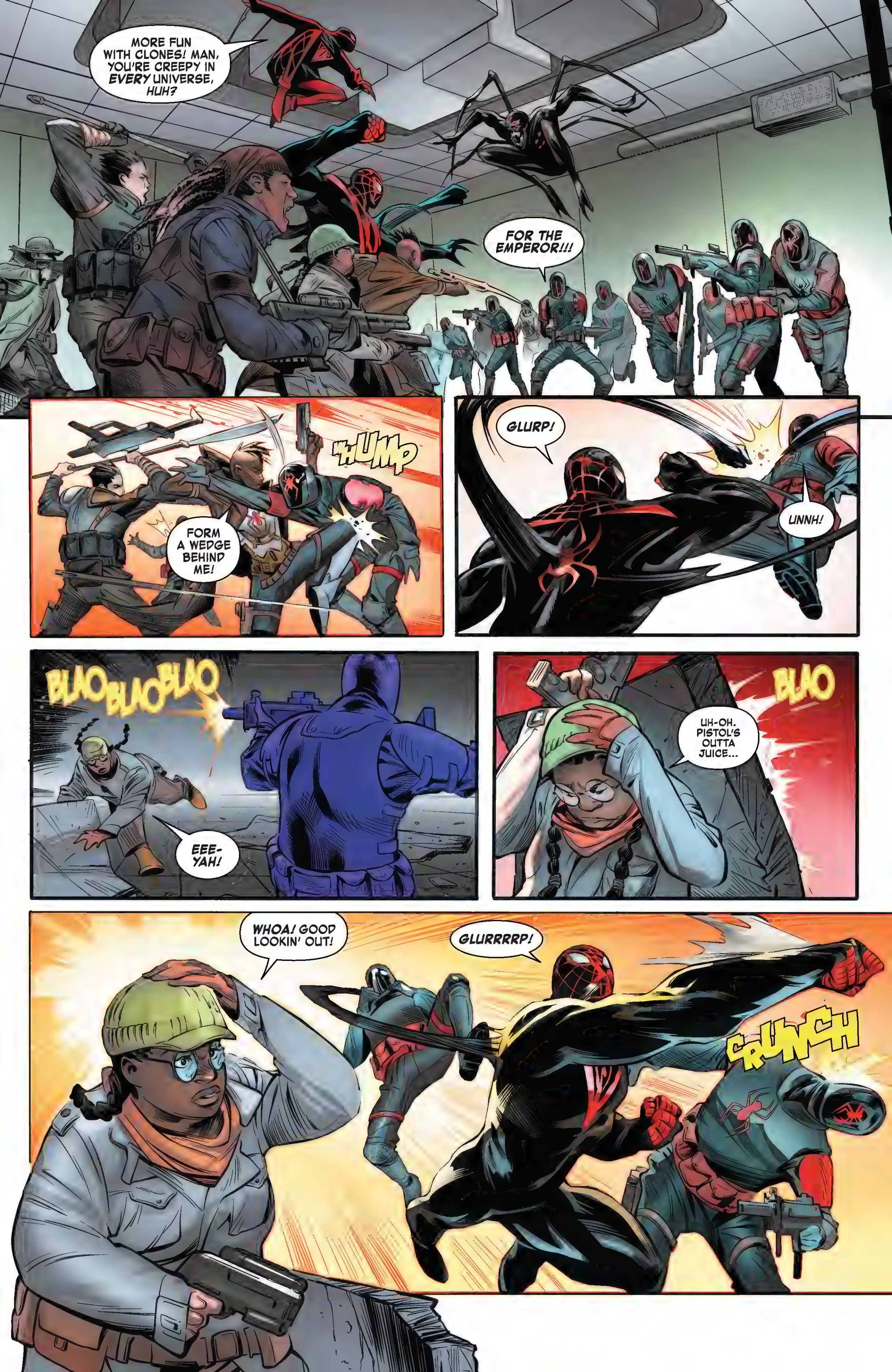
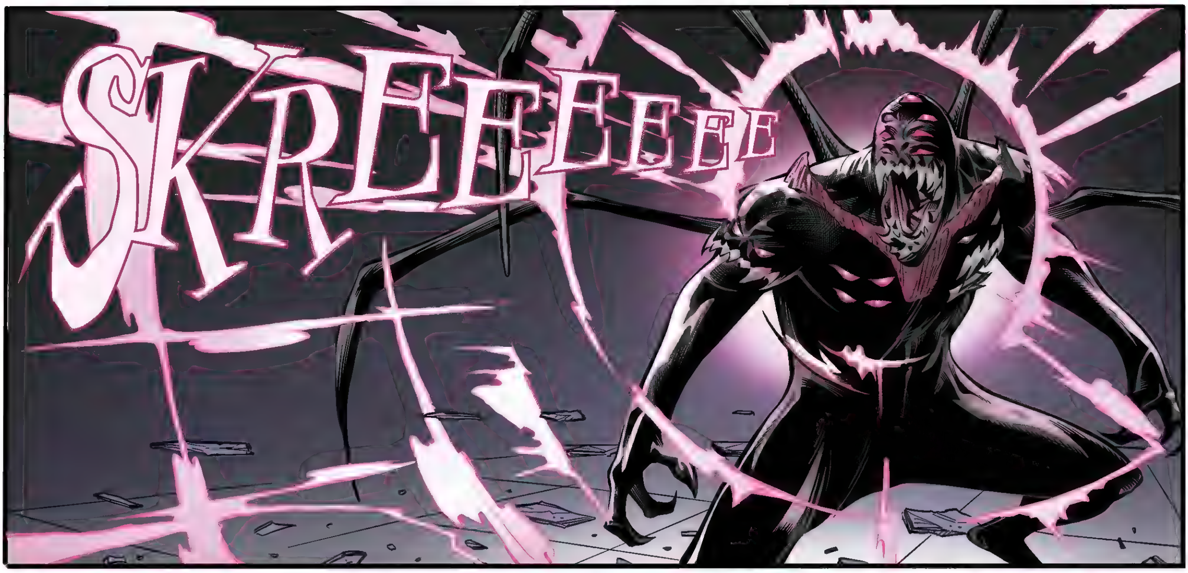

PETER...?
PETER PARKER?
D-DO I KNOW YOU?
IT'S ME, MAN.
MILES.

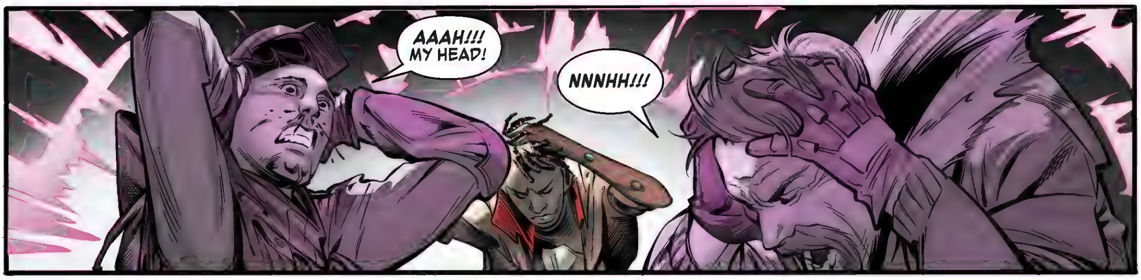

MILES? MILES MORALES?
TH-THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. HE'S *DEAD.*
WHAT DID HE *DO* TO YOU?
Y-YOU DON'T *KNOW?* YOU'RE REALLY NOT ONE OF HIS GUYS?
I'M SELIM'S *BATTERY.* HIS LIFEBLOOD. HIS DORIAN GRAY.
I KNOW BIOLOGY, BUT THE PROCESS IS BEYOND ME. ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE USES MY MARROW AND BLOOD TO *STAY YOUNG.*
AND I GET OLDER AND OLDER.
GLURP!
SHIFT'S RIGHT. *THE ASSESSOR* WAS STUDYING THE BIOLOGY OF *SPIDER-POWERS.*
SELIM MUST HAVE BUILT ON THAT.
WAIT, THIS GUY HAS SPIDER-POWERS?
IT'S A LONG STORY, BILLIE. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.
PETE, WE'RE GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE.
M-MILES.
IT'S REALLY YOU!

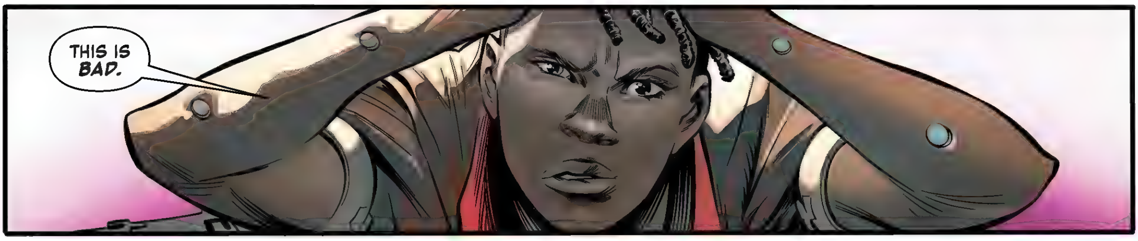

I'VE BEEN WAITING *YEARS* FOR SOMEONE TO COME. SOMEONE WHO COULD HELP.
I TRIED SENDING OUT HIDDEN SIGNALS, WORKING THE GUARDS. SELIM STOPPED IT ALL.
WE'VE BARELY BEEN ABLE TO HOLD OUR TERRITORY. PRISON BREAKS ARE...MORE THAN WE'VE BEEN CAPABLE OF.
I'M SO SORRY WE WEREN'T THERE FOR YOU.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN.
I MEAN, I'VE BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS TO FIND SOMEONE WHO COULD TAKE HIM DOWN. BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO *STOP SELIM.*
START TALKING.
THE *DIMENSIONAL BARRIER* AROUND BROOKLYN.
SELIM'S MAINTAINING IT WITH ANOTHER LIVING BATTERY.
TOOK ME FOREVER TO PIECE THIS TOGETHER FROM OVERHEARD BITS, BUT UNDERNEATH HIS PALACE, HE'S HOLDING A *PRISONER* WHO--
THERE THEY ARE, MY LORD!
THE CRIMINALS WHO HURT YOUR NOBLE BROTHER! BUT THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR--

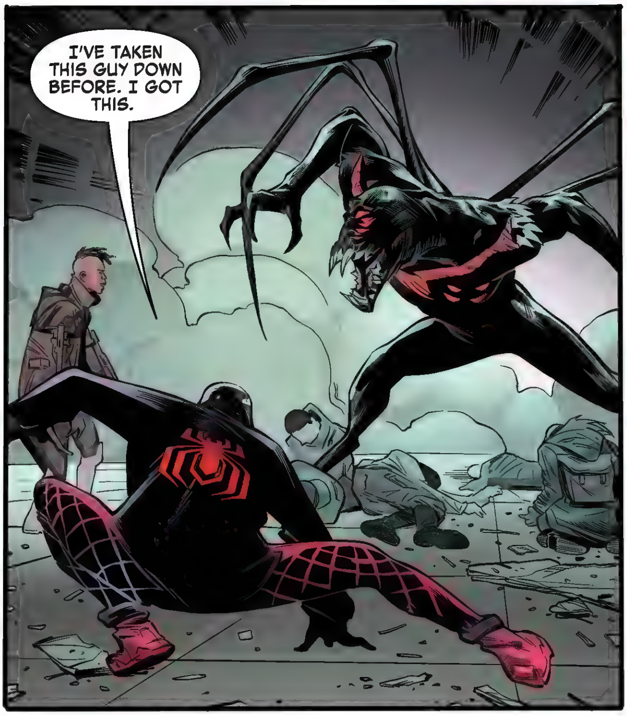

--LORD MINDSPINNER!

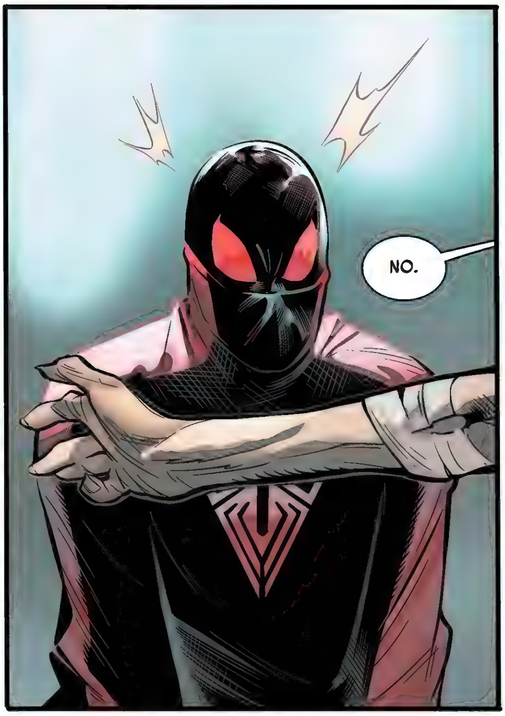

MORE FUN WITH CLONES! MAN, YOU'RE CREEPY IN *EVERY* UNIVERSE, HUH?
FOR THE EMPEROR!!!
THUMP
FORM A WEDGE BEHIND ME!
GLURP!
UNNH!
BLAOBLAOBLAO
EEE-YAH!
BLAO
UH-OH. PISTOL'S OUTTA JUICE...
WHOA! GOOD LOOKIN' OUT!
GLURRRRP!
CRUNCH

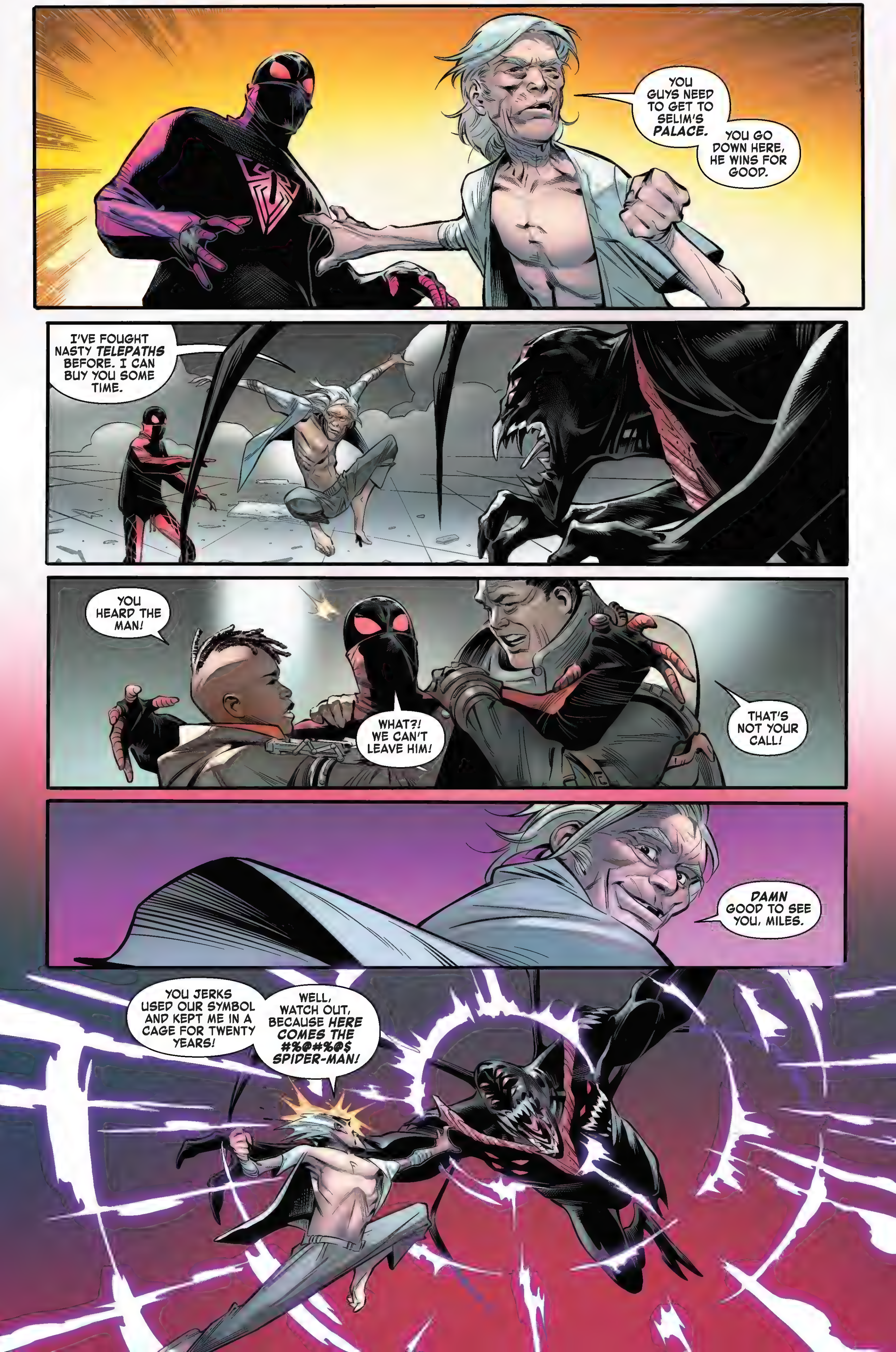

SKREEEEEE

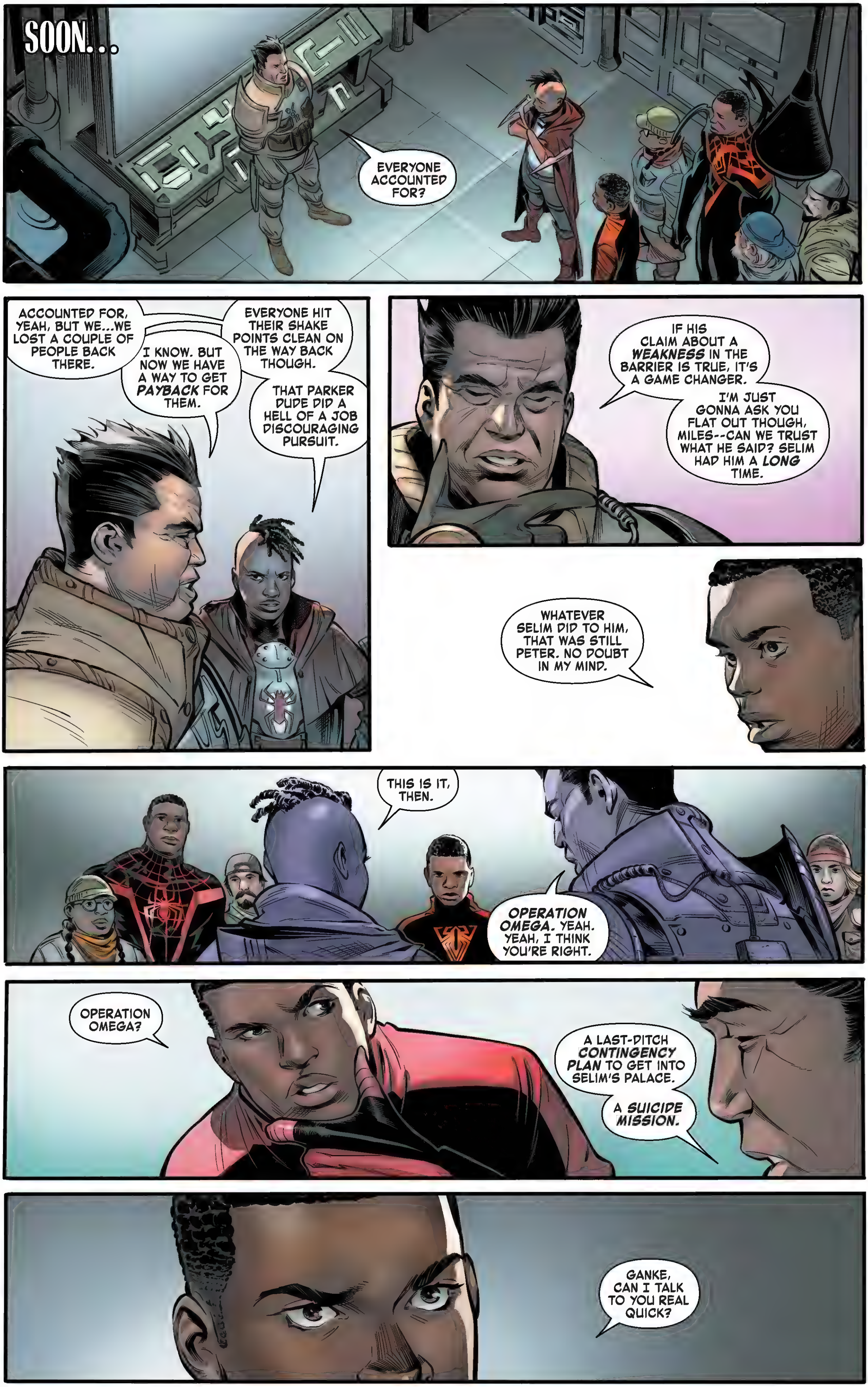

AAAH!!! MY HEAD!
NNNHH!!!

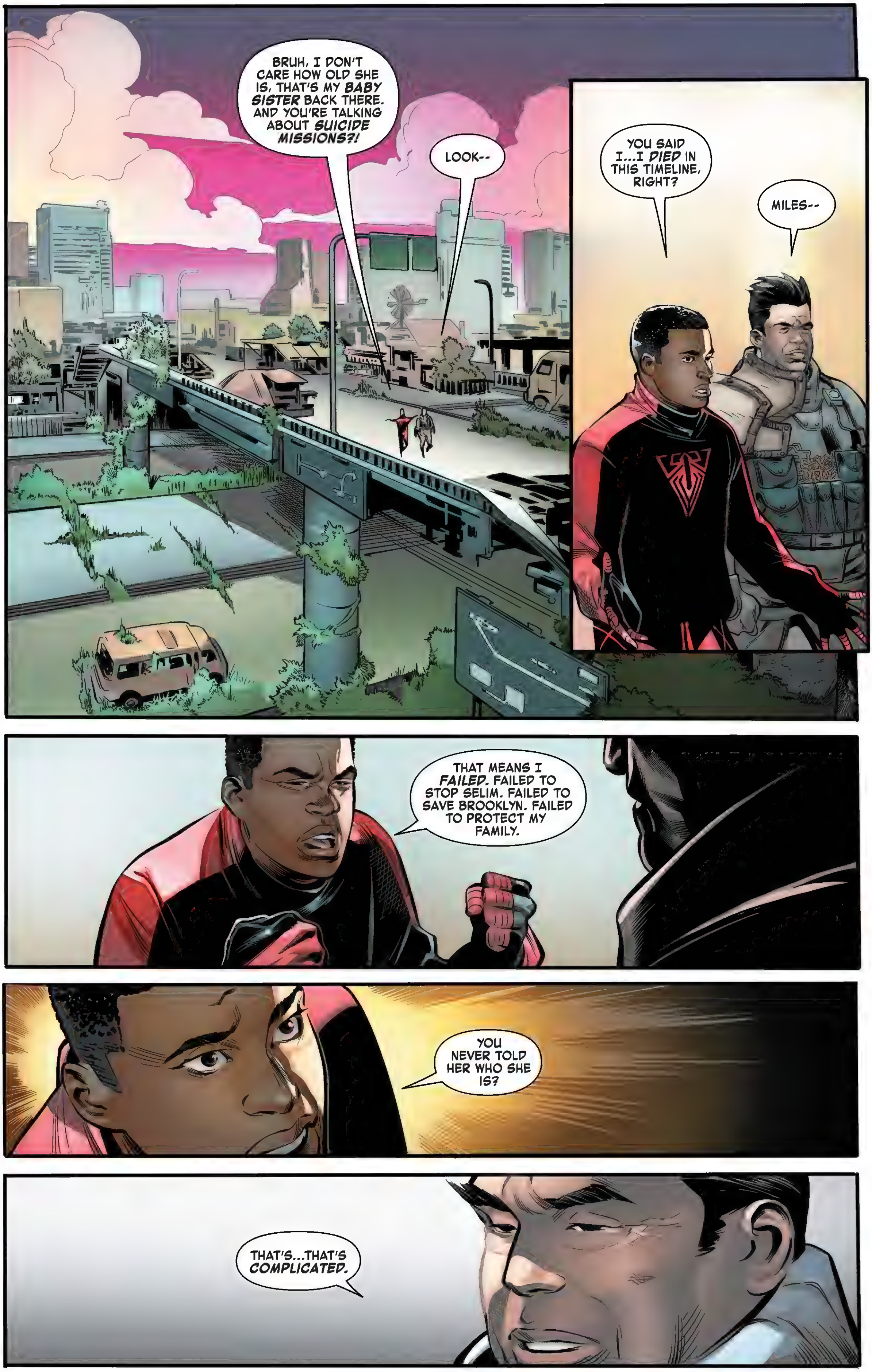

THIS IS *BAD.*

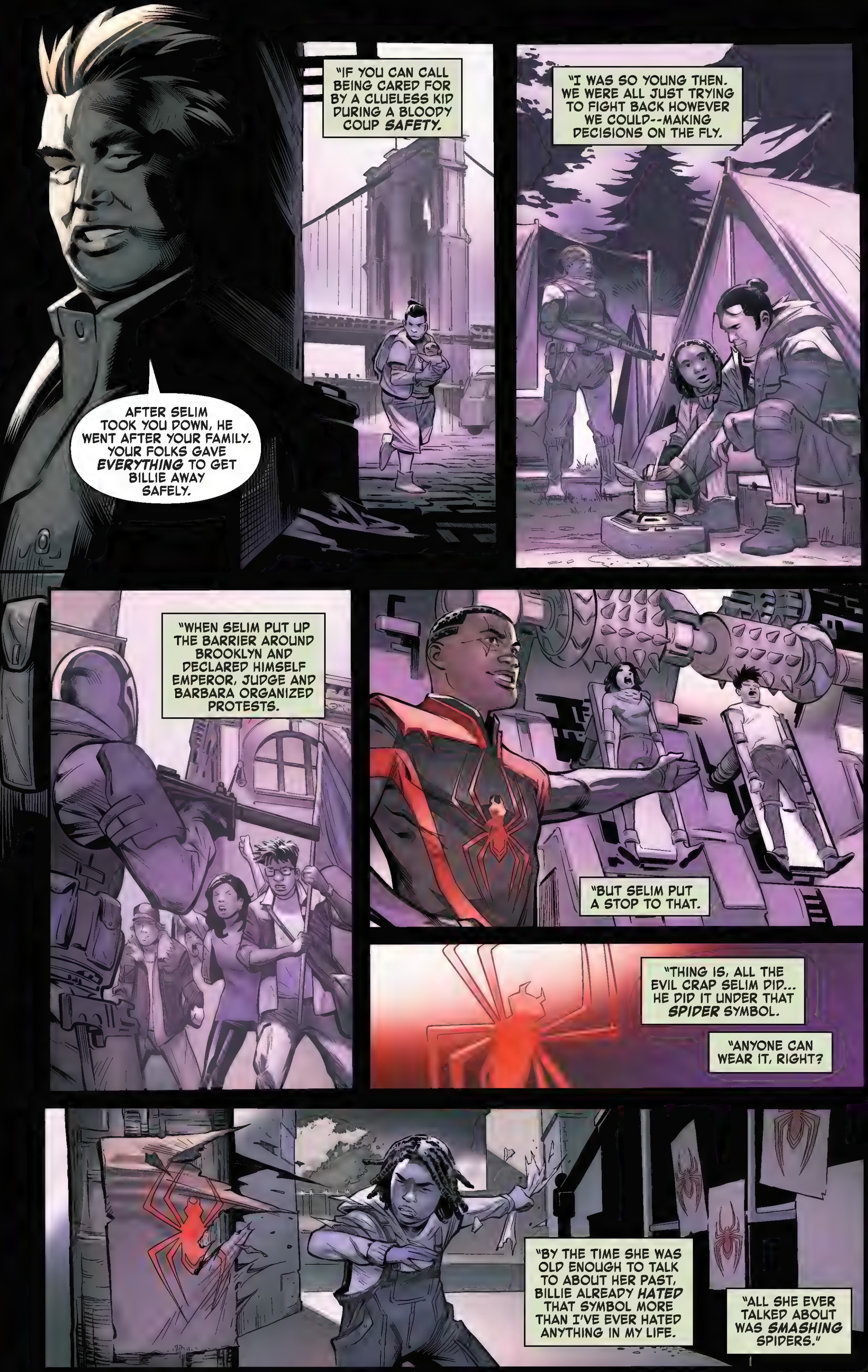

I'VE TAKEN THIS GUY DOWN BEFORE. I GOT THIS.

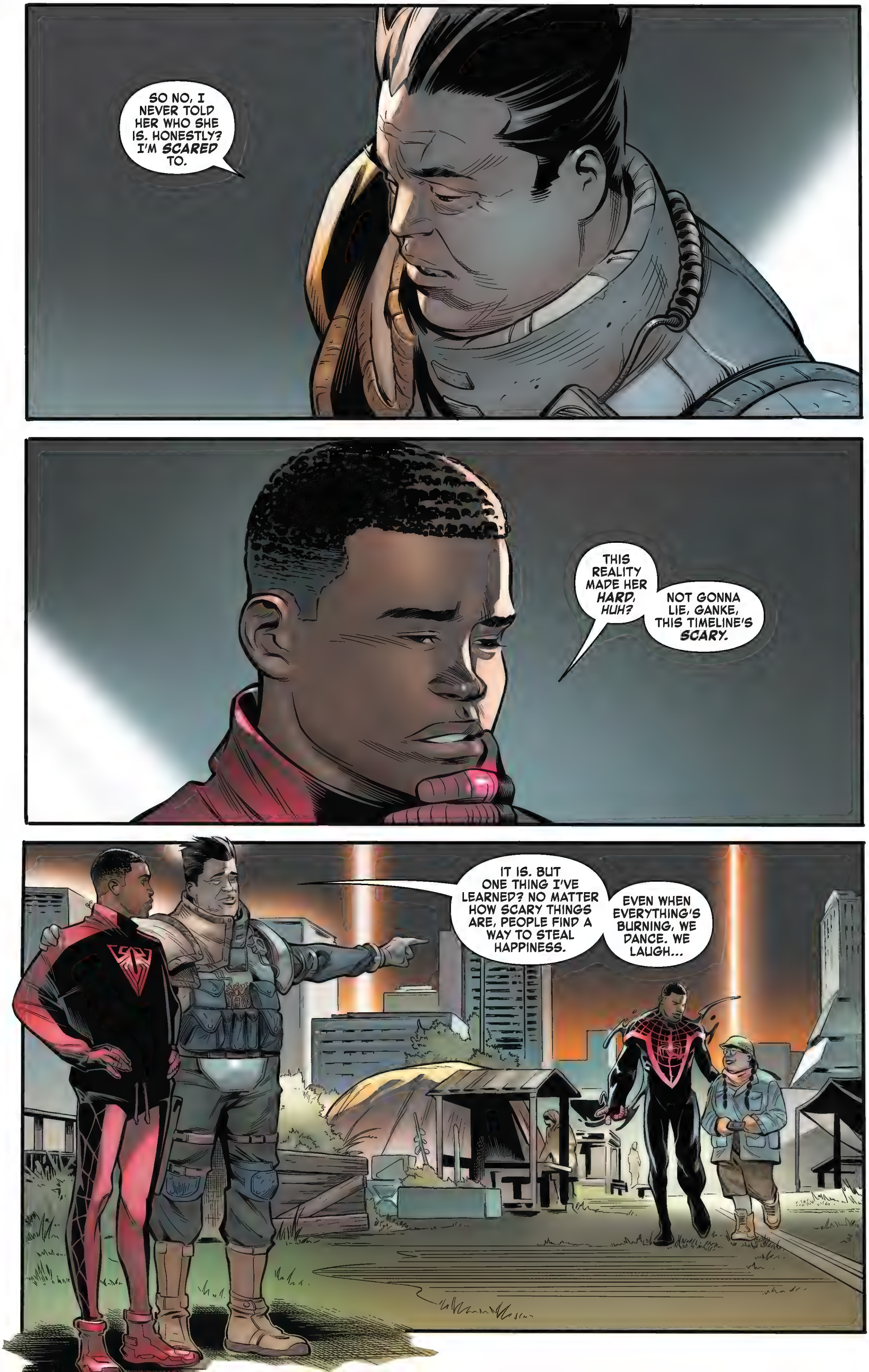

NO.

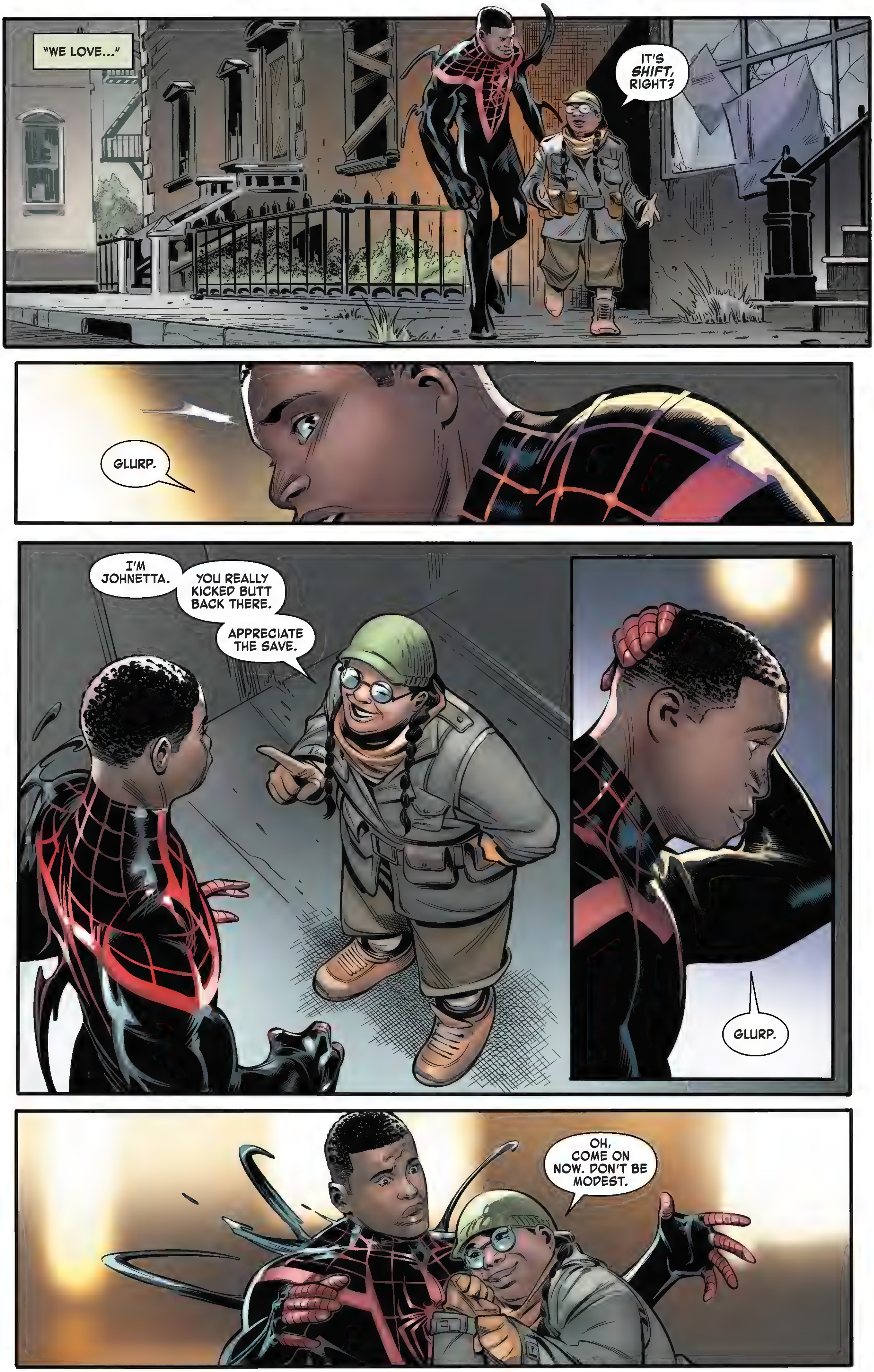

YOU GUYS NEED TO GET TO SELIM'S *PALACE.*
YOU GO DOWN HERE, HE WINS FOR GOOD.
I'VE FOUGHT NASTY *TELEPATHS* BEFORE. I CAN BUY YOU SOME TIME.
YOU HEARD THE MAN!
WHAT?! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM!
THAT'S NOT YOUR CALL!
DAMN GOOD TO SEE YOU, MILES.
YOU JERKS USED OUR SYMBOL AND KEPT ME IN A CAGE FOR TWENTY YEARS!
WELL, WATCH OUT, BECAUSE *HERE COMES THE #%@#%@$ SPIDER-MAN!*

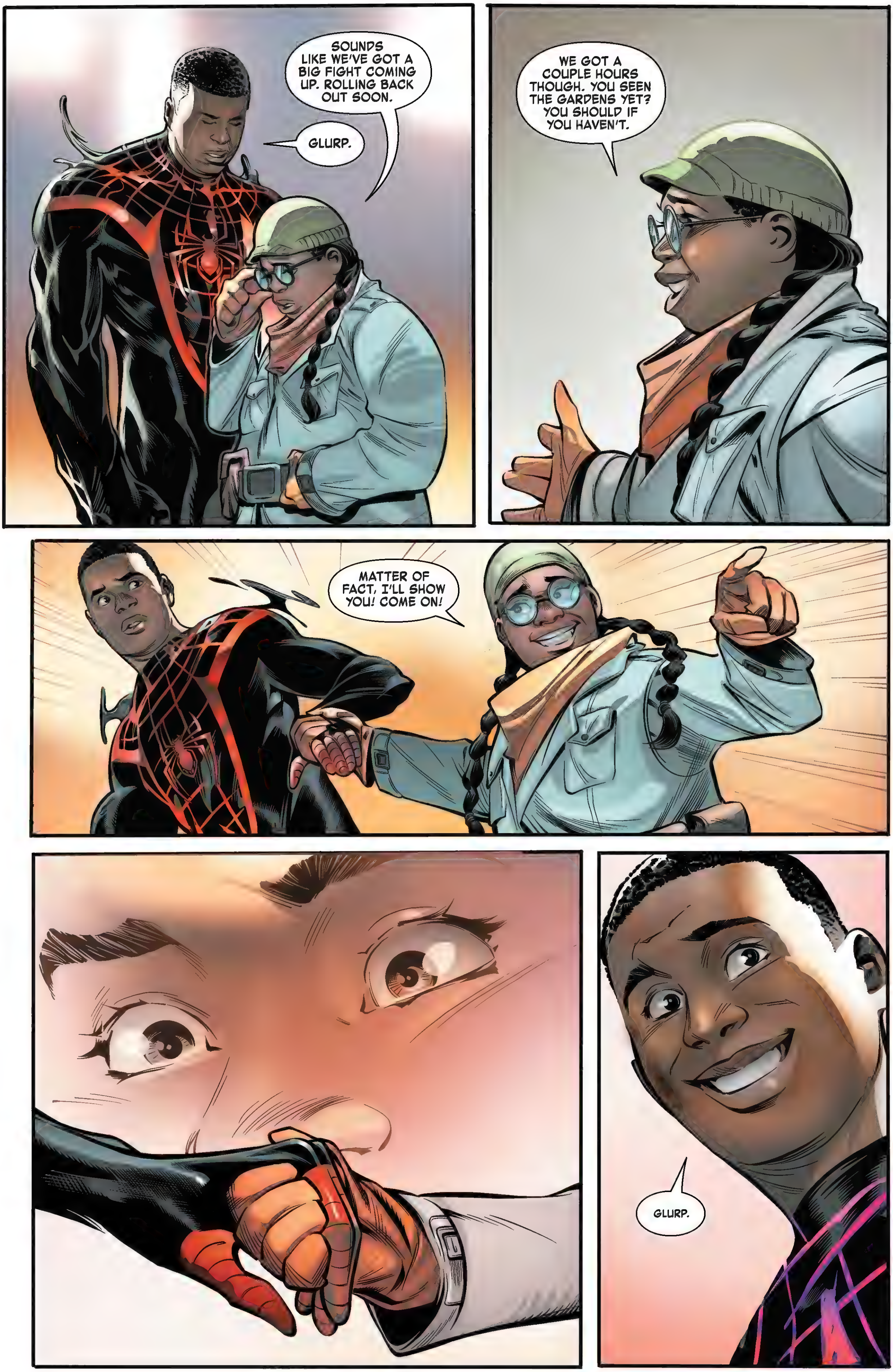

SOON...
EVERYONE ACCOUNTED FOR?
ACCOUNTED FOR, YEAH, BUT WE...WE LOST A COUPLE OF PEOPLE BACK THERE.
EVERYONE HIT THEIR SHAKE POINTS CLEAN ON THE WAY BACK THOUGH.
I KNOW. BUT NOW WE HAVE A WAY TO GET **PAYBACK** FOR THEM.
THAT PARKER DUDE DID A HELL OF A JOB DISCOURAGING PURSUIT.
IF HIS CLAIM ABOUT A **WEAKNESS** IN THE BARRIER IS TRUE, IT'S A GAME CHANGER.
I'M JUST GONNA ASK YOU FLAT OUT THOUGH, MILES--CAN WE TRUST WHAT HE SAID? SELIM HAD HIM A **LONG** TIME.
WHATEVER SELIM DID TO HIM, THAT WAS STILL PETER. NO DOUBT IN MY MIND.
THIS IS IT, THEN.
OPERATION OMEGA. YEAH. YEAH, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.
OPERATION OMEGA?
A LAST-DITCH **CONTINGENCY PLAN** TO GET INTO SELIM'S PALACE.
A **SUICIDE MISSION.**
GANKE, CAN I TALK TO YOU REAL QUICK?

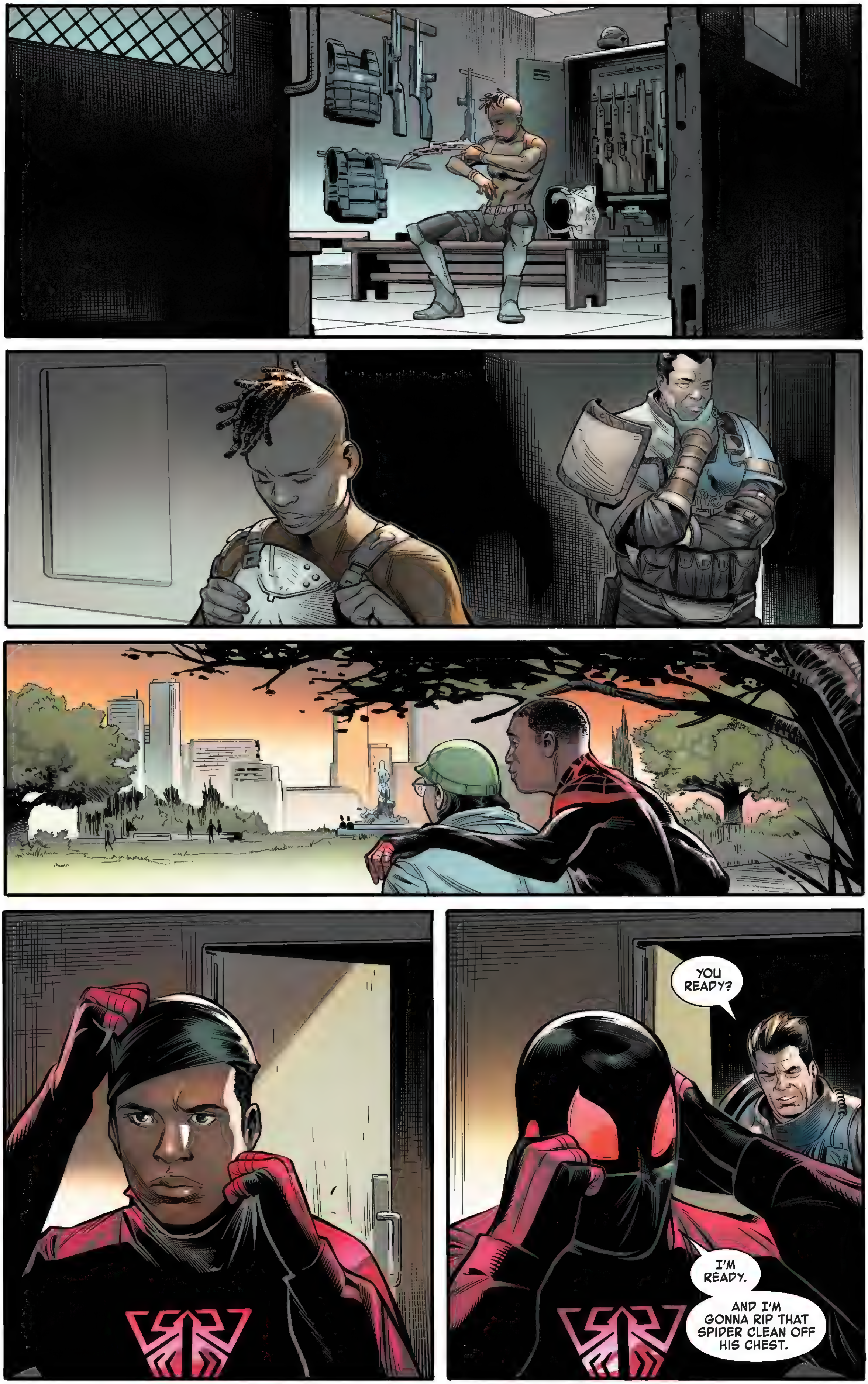

BRUH, I DON'T CARE HOW OLD SHE IS, THAT'S MY *BABY SISTER* BACK THERE. AND YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT *SUICIDE MISSIONS?!*
LOOK--
YOU SAID I...I *DIED* IN THIS TIMELINE, RIGHT?
MILES--
THAT MEANS I *FAILED.* FAILED TO STOP SELIM. FAILED TO SAVE BROOKLYN. FAILED TO PROTECT MY FAMILY.
YOU NEVER TOLD HER WHO SHE IS?
THAT'S...THAT'S *COMPLICATED.*

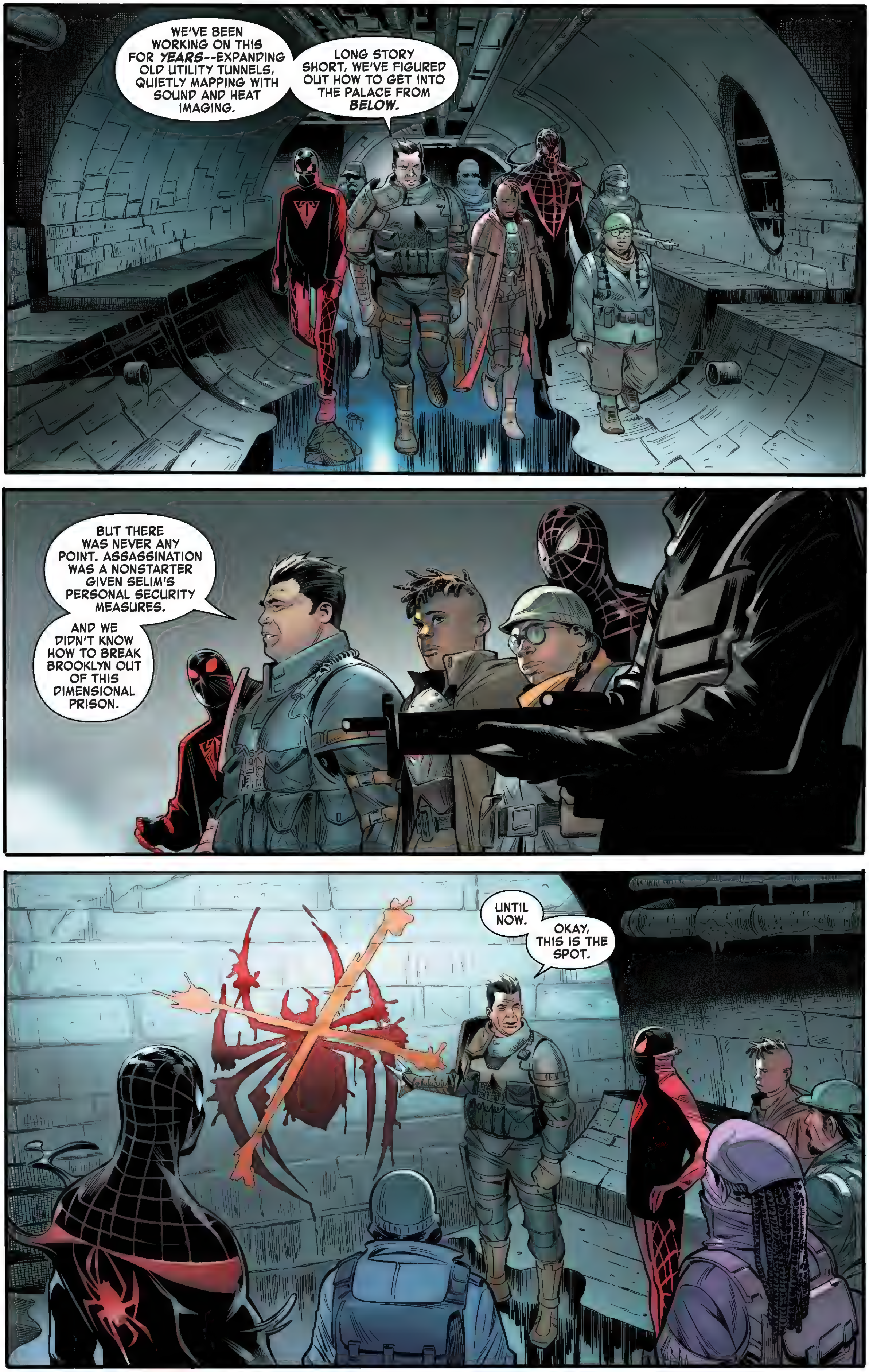

"IF YOU CAN CALL BEING CARED FOR BY A CLUELESS KID DURING A BLOODY COUP *SAFETY*.
"I WAS SO YOUNG THEN. WE WERE ALL JUST TRYING TO FIGHT BACK HOWEVER WE COULD--MAKING DECISIONS ON THE FLY.
AFTER SELIM TOOK YOU DOWN, HE WENT AFTER YOUR FAMILY. YOUR FOLKS GAVE *EVERYTHING* TO GET BILLIE AWAY SAFELY.
"WHEN SELIM PUT UP THE BARRIER AROUND BROOKLYN AND DECLARED HIMSELF EMPEROR, JUDGE AND BARBARA ORGANIZED PROTESTS.
"BUT SELIM PUT A STOP TO THAT.
"THING IS, ALL THE EVIL CRAP SELIM DID... HE DID IT UNDER THAT *SPIDER* SYMBOL.
"ANYONE CAN WEAR IT, RIGHT?
"BY THE TIME SHE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO TALK TO ABOUT HER PAST, BILLIE ALREADY *HATED* THAT SYMBOL MORE THAN I'VE EVER HATED ANYTHING IN MY LIFE.
"ALL SHE EVER TALKED ABOUT WAS *SMASHING* SPIDERS."

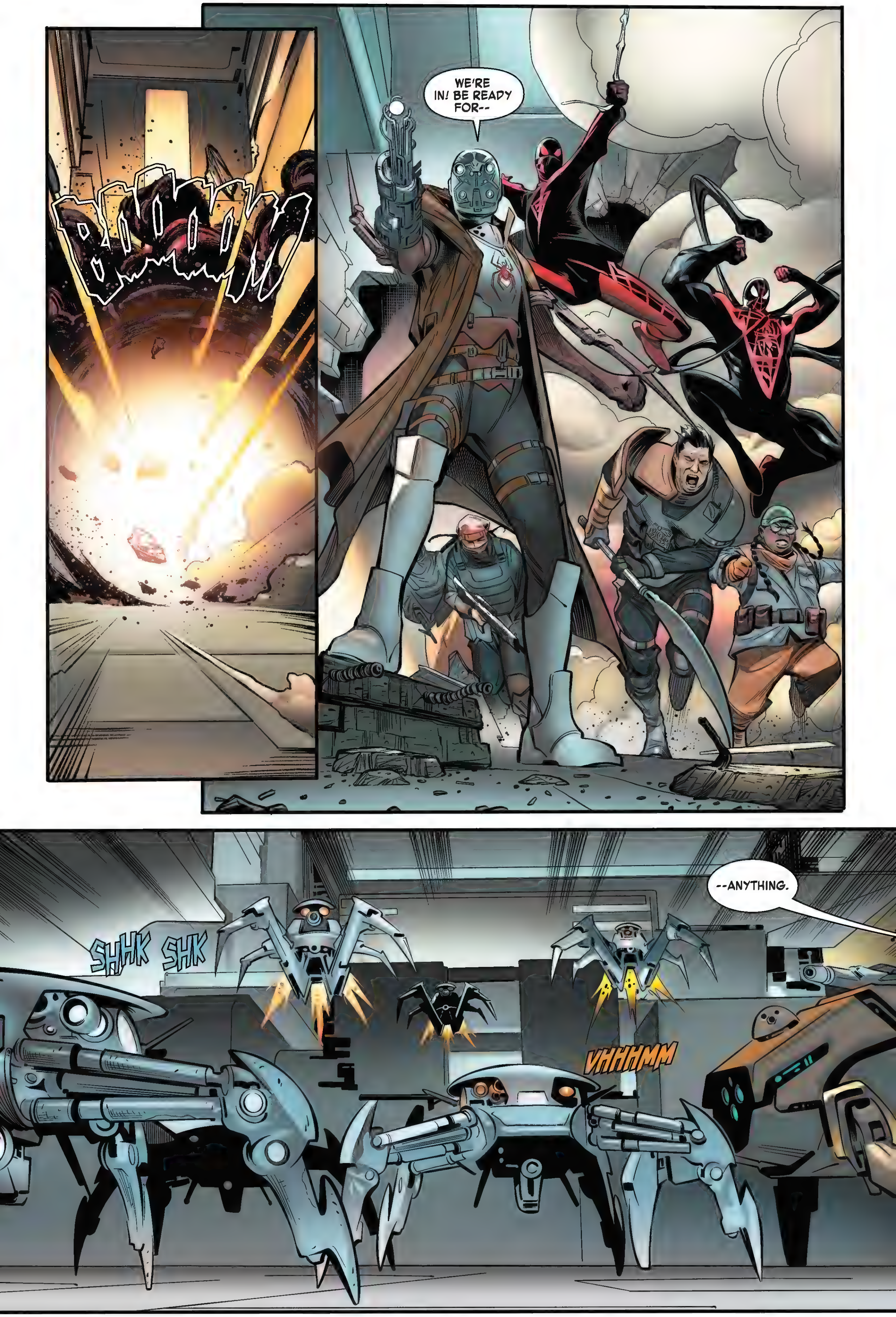

SO NO, I NEVER TOLD HER WHO SHE IS. HONESTLY? I'M *SCARED* TO.
THIS REALITY MADE HER *HARD*, HUH?
NOT GONNA LIE, GANKE, THIS TIMELINE'S *SCARY.*
IT IS. BUT ONE THING I'VE LEARNED? NO MATTER HOW SCARY THINGS ARE, PEOPLE FIND A WAY TO STEAL HAPPINESS.
EVEN WHEN EVERYTHING'S BURNING, WE DANCE. WE LAUGH...

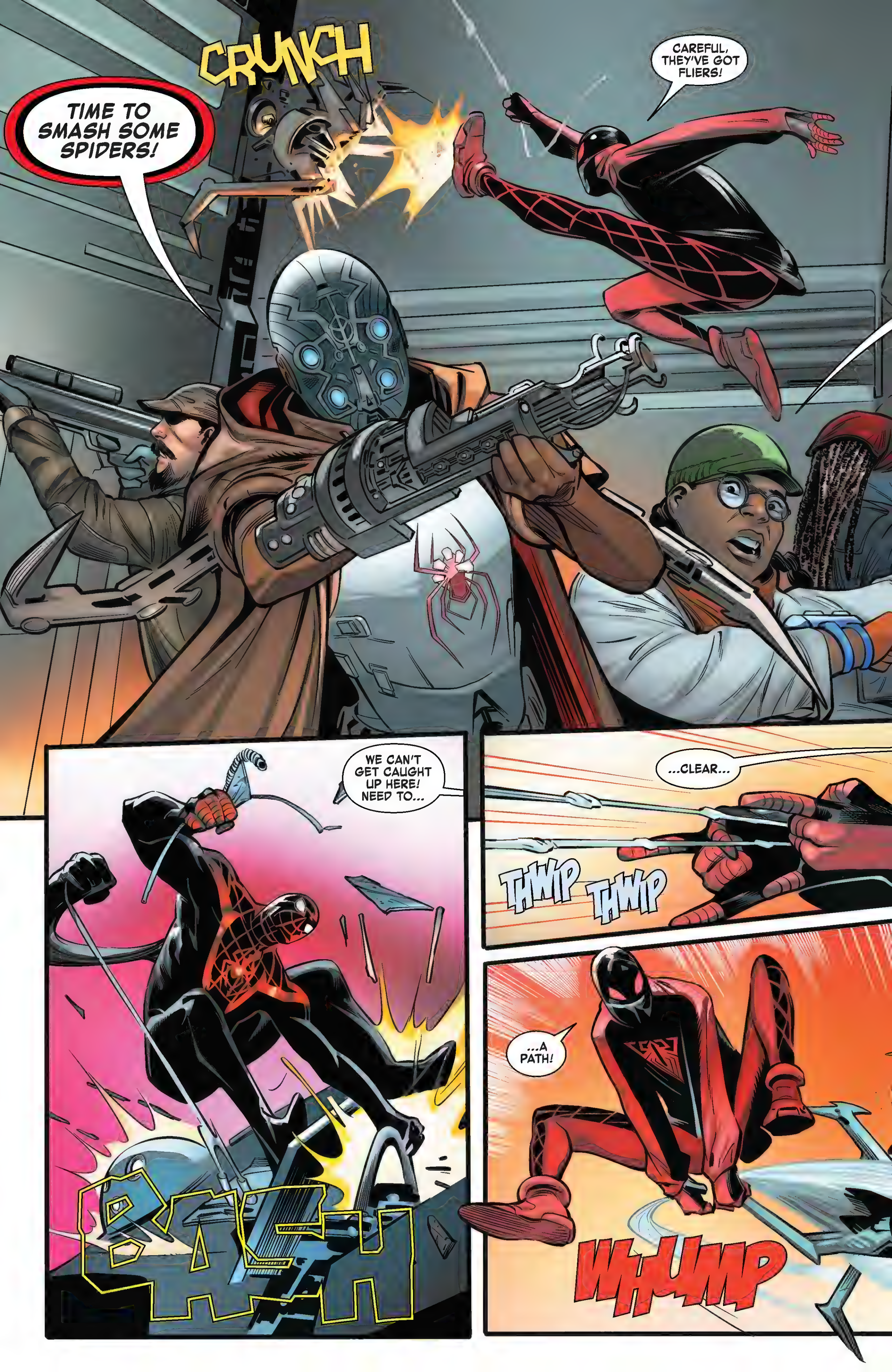

"WE LOVE..."
IT'S *SHIFT,* RIGHT?
GLURP.
I'M JOHNETTA.
YOU REALLY KICKED BUTT BACK THERE.
APPRECIATE THE SAVE.
GLURP.
OH, COME ON NOW. DON'T BE MODEST.

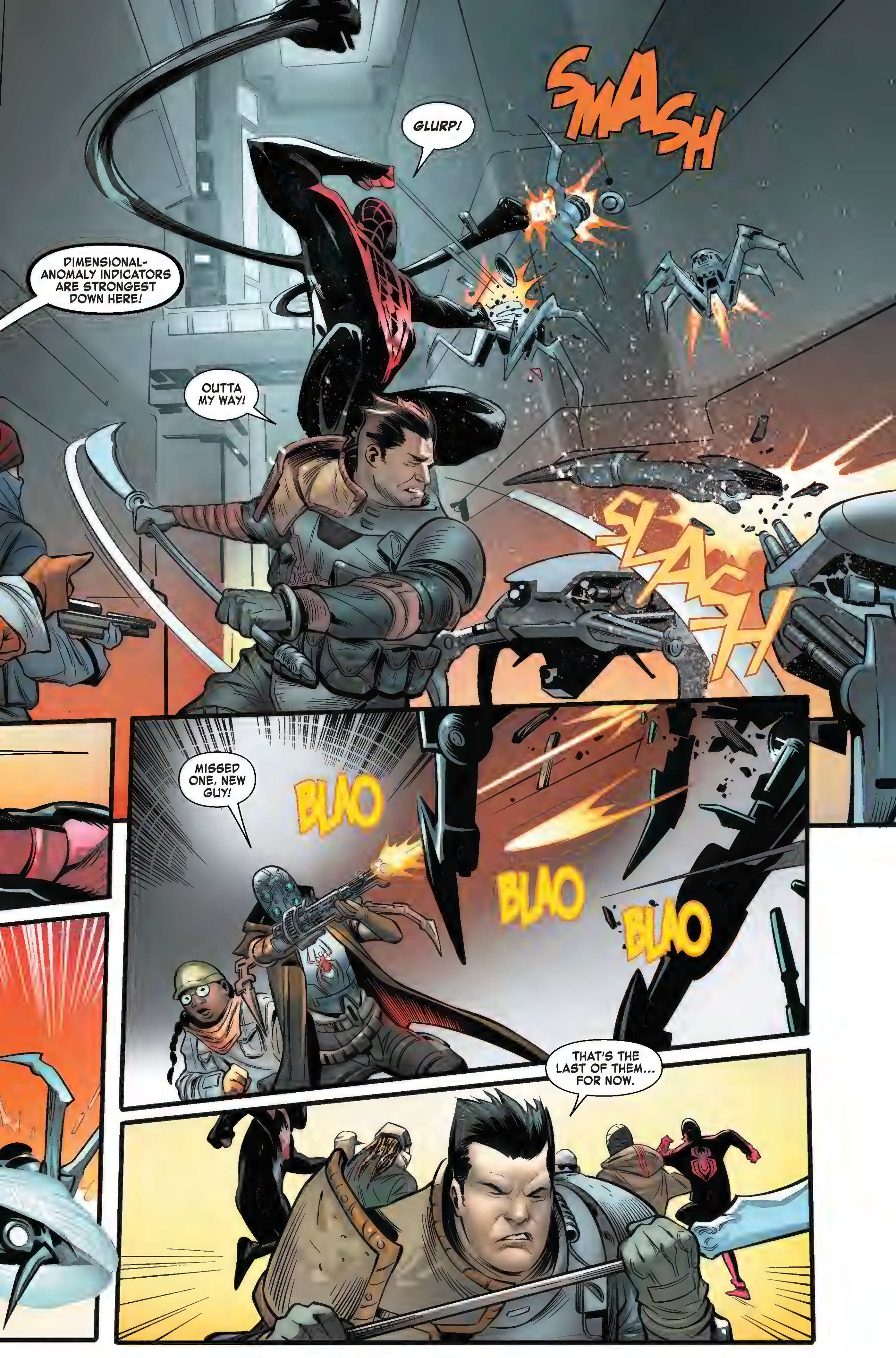

SOUNDS LIKE WE'VE GOT A BIG FIGHT COMING UP. ROLLING BACK OUT SOON.
GLURP.
WE GOT A COUPLE HOURS THOUGH. YOU SEEN THE GARDENS YET? YOU SHOULD IF YOU HAVEN'T.
MATTER OF FACT, I'LL SHOW YOU! COME ON!
GLURP.

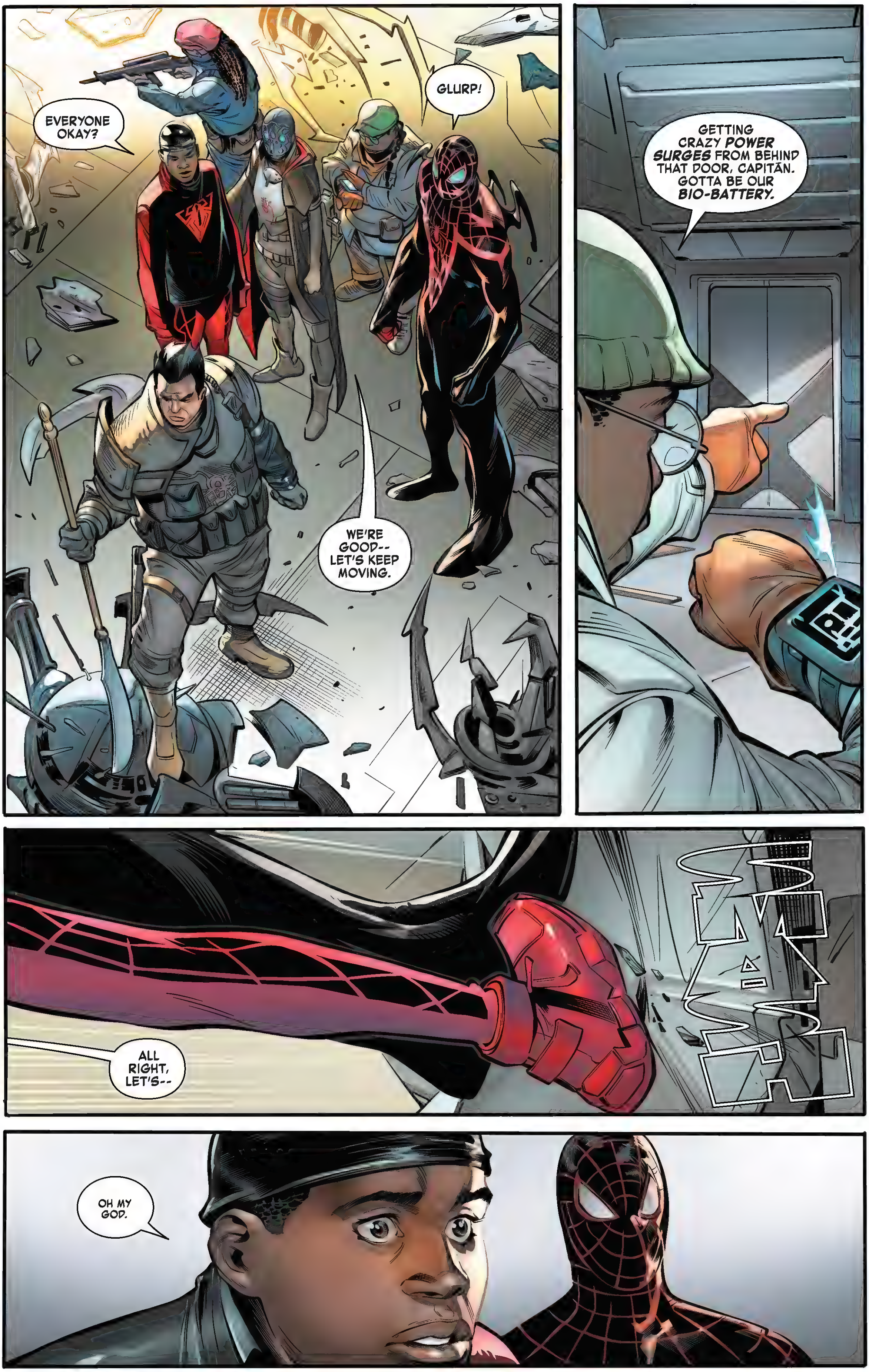

YOU READY?
I'M READY.
AND I'M GONNA RIP THAT SPIDER CLEAN OFF HIS CHEST.

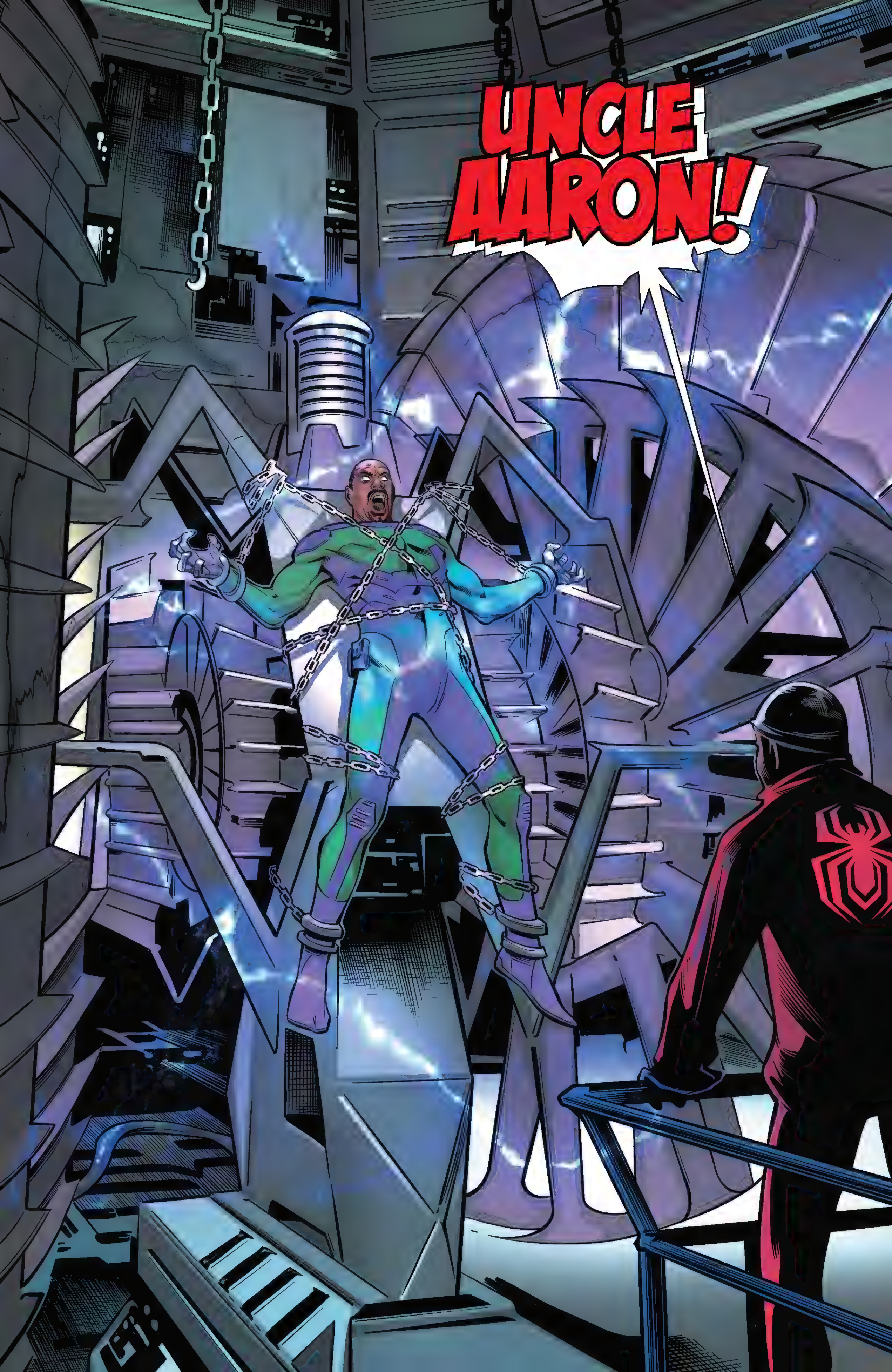

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS FOR *YEARS*--EXPANDING OLD UTILITY TUNNELS, QUIETLY MAPPING WITH SOUND AND HEAT IMAGING.
LONG STORY SHORT, WE'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO GET INTO THE PALACE FROM *BELOW.*
BUT THERE WAS NEVER ANY POINT. ASSASSINATION WAS A NONSTARTER GIVEN SELIM'S PERSONAL SECURITY MEASURES.
AND WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK BROOKLYN OUT OF THIS DIMENSIONAL PRISON.
UNTIL NOW.
OKAY, THIS IS THE SPOT.


BOOOOM
WE'RE IN! BE READY FOR--
SHHK SHK
--ANYTHING.
VHHHMM


CRUNCH
TIME TO SMASH SOME SPIDERS!
CAREFUL, THEY'VE GOT FLIERS!
WE CAN'T GET CAUGHT UP HERE! NEED TO...
BASH
...CLEAR...
THWIP THWIP
...A PATH!
WHUMP


DIMENSIONAL-ANOMALY INDICATORS ARE STRONGEST DOWN HERE!
GLURP!
SMASH
OUTTA MY WAY!
SLASH
MISSED ONE, NEW GUY!
BLAO
BLAO
BLAO
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM... FOR NOW.


EVERYONE OKAY?
GLURP!
WE'RE GOOD-- LET'S KEEP MOVING.
GETTING CRAZY **POWER SURGES** FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR, CAPITÁN. GOTTA BE OUR **BIO-BATTERY.**
ALL RIGHT, LET'S--
SMASH
OH MY GOD.


UNCLE AARON!

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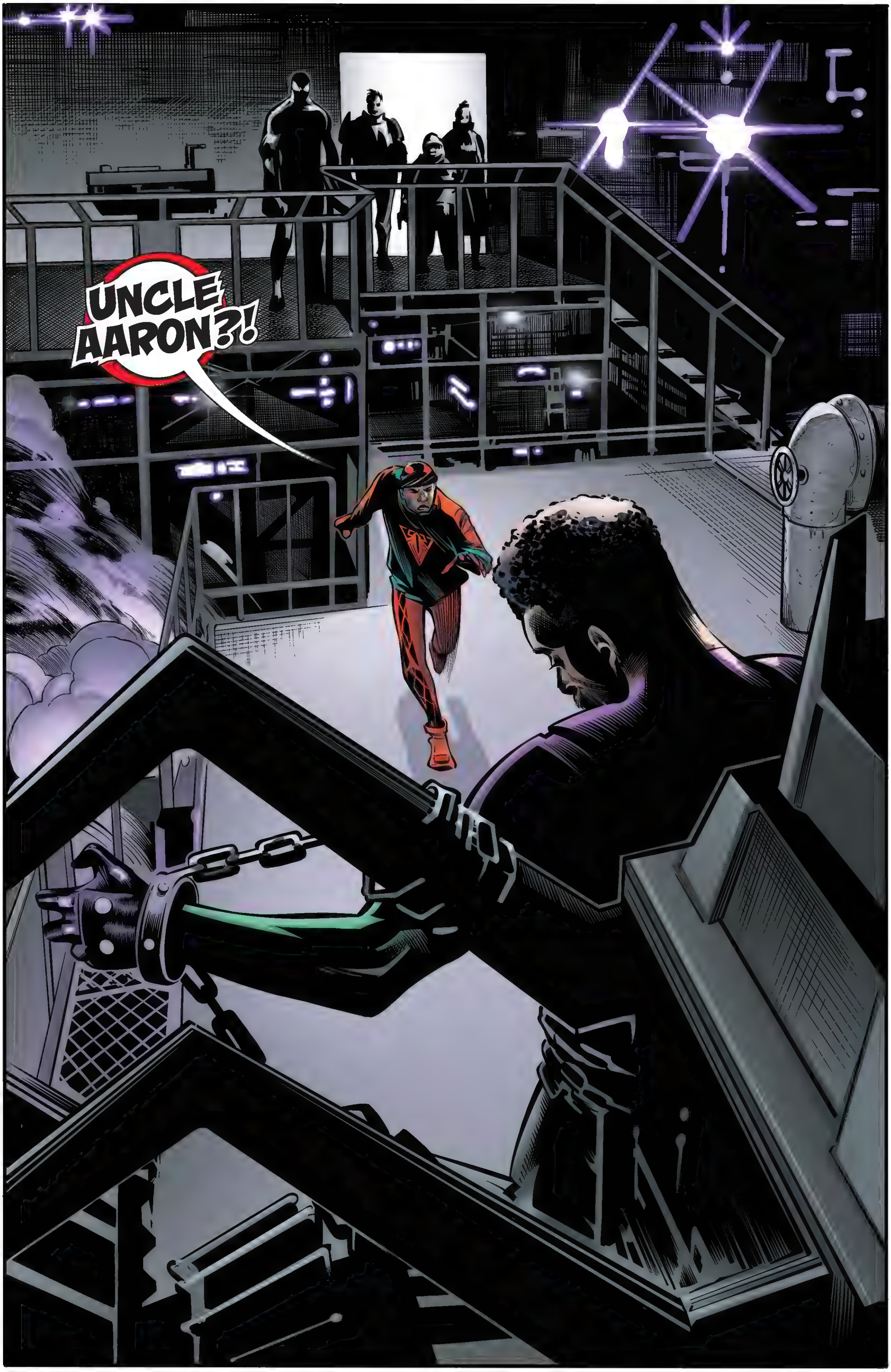
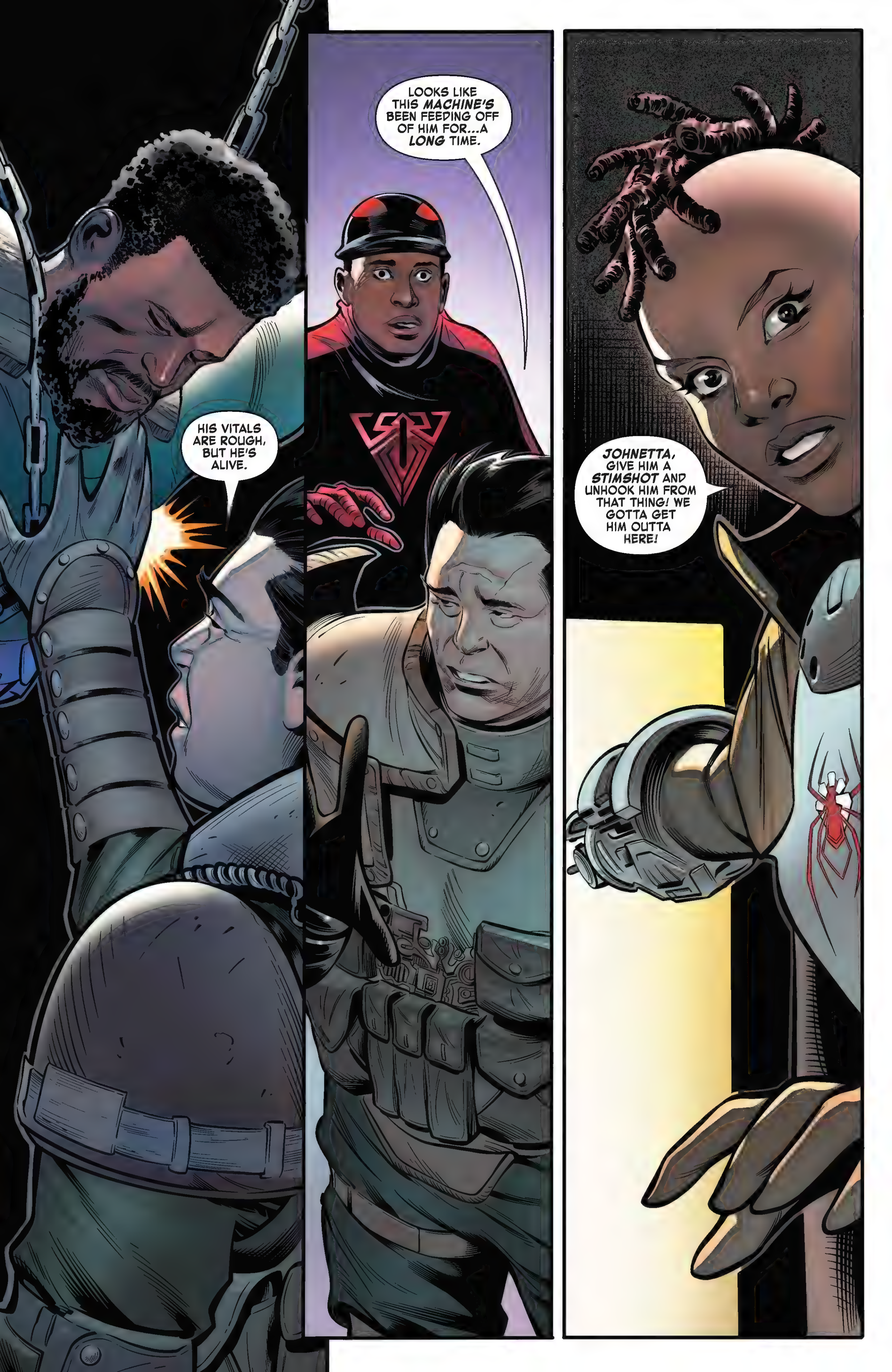
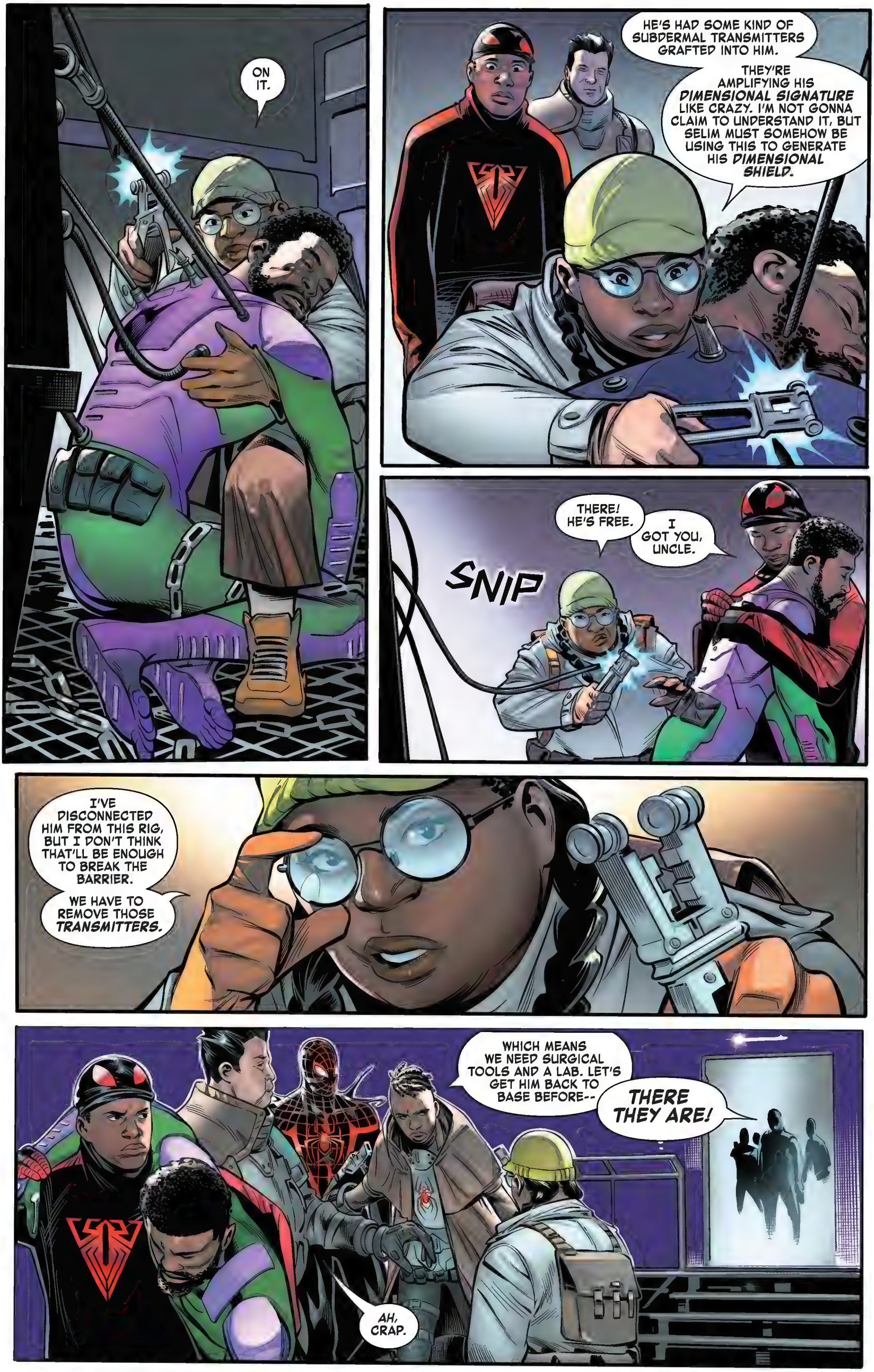
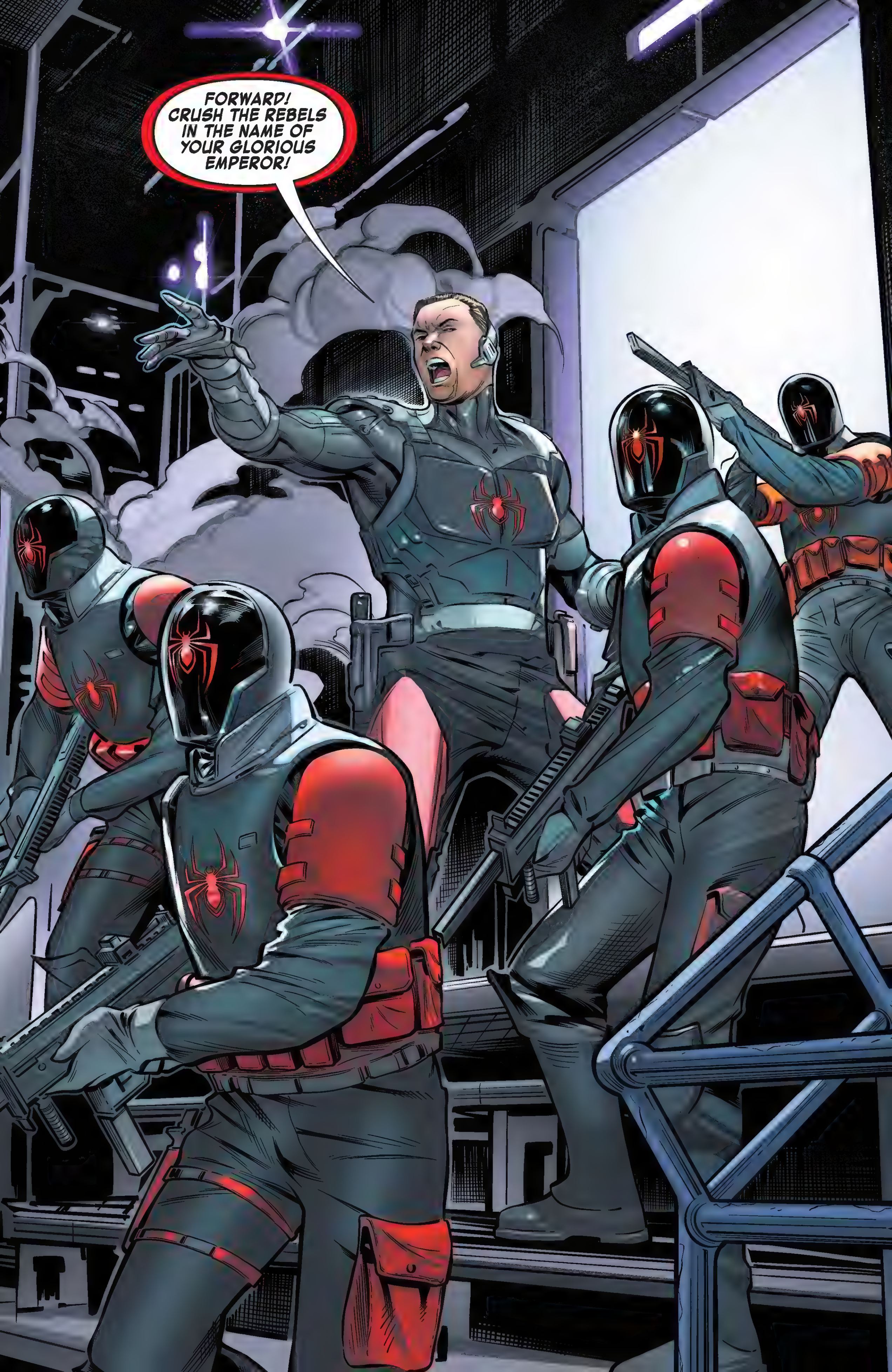
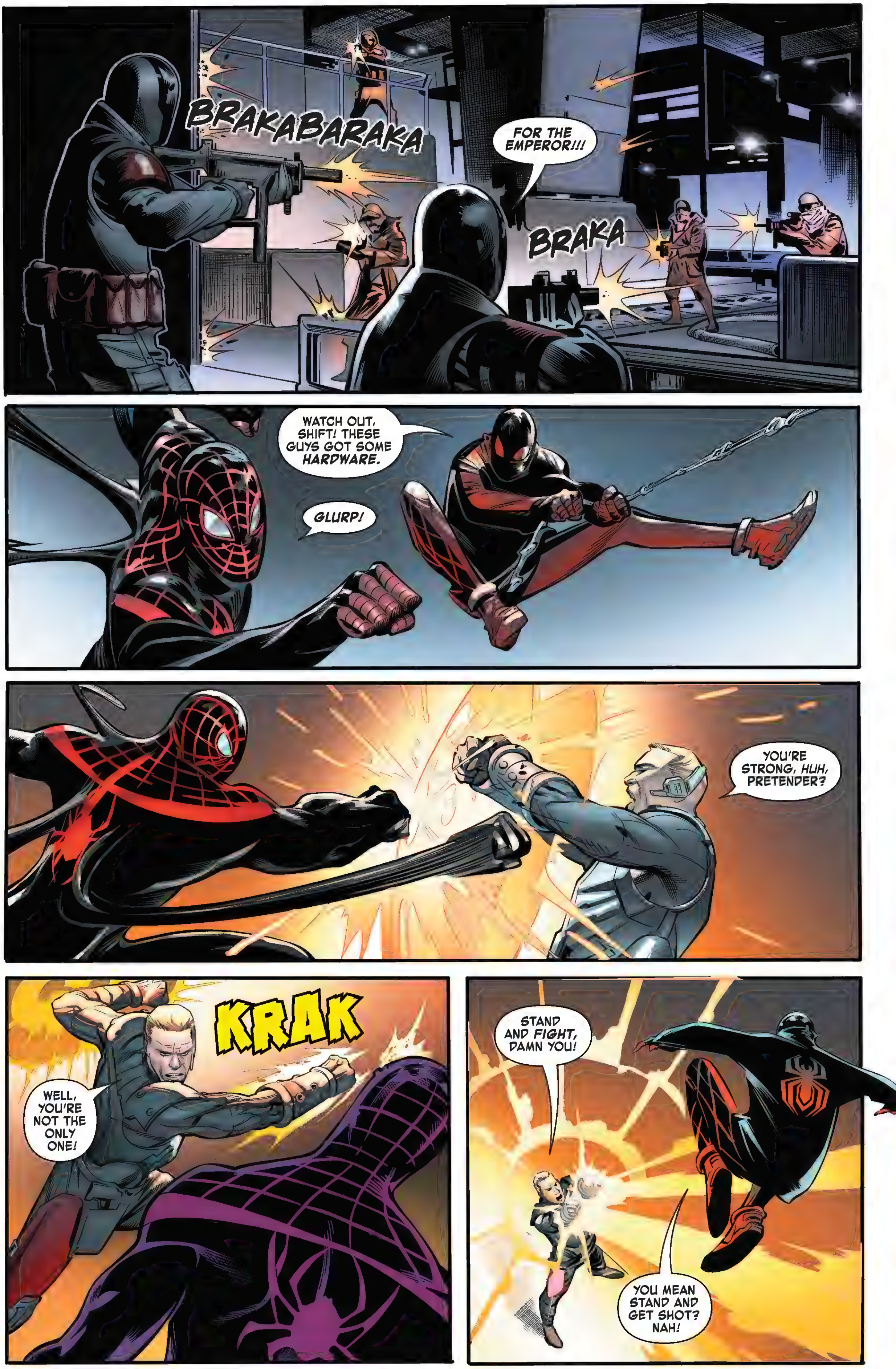
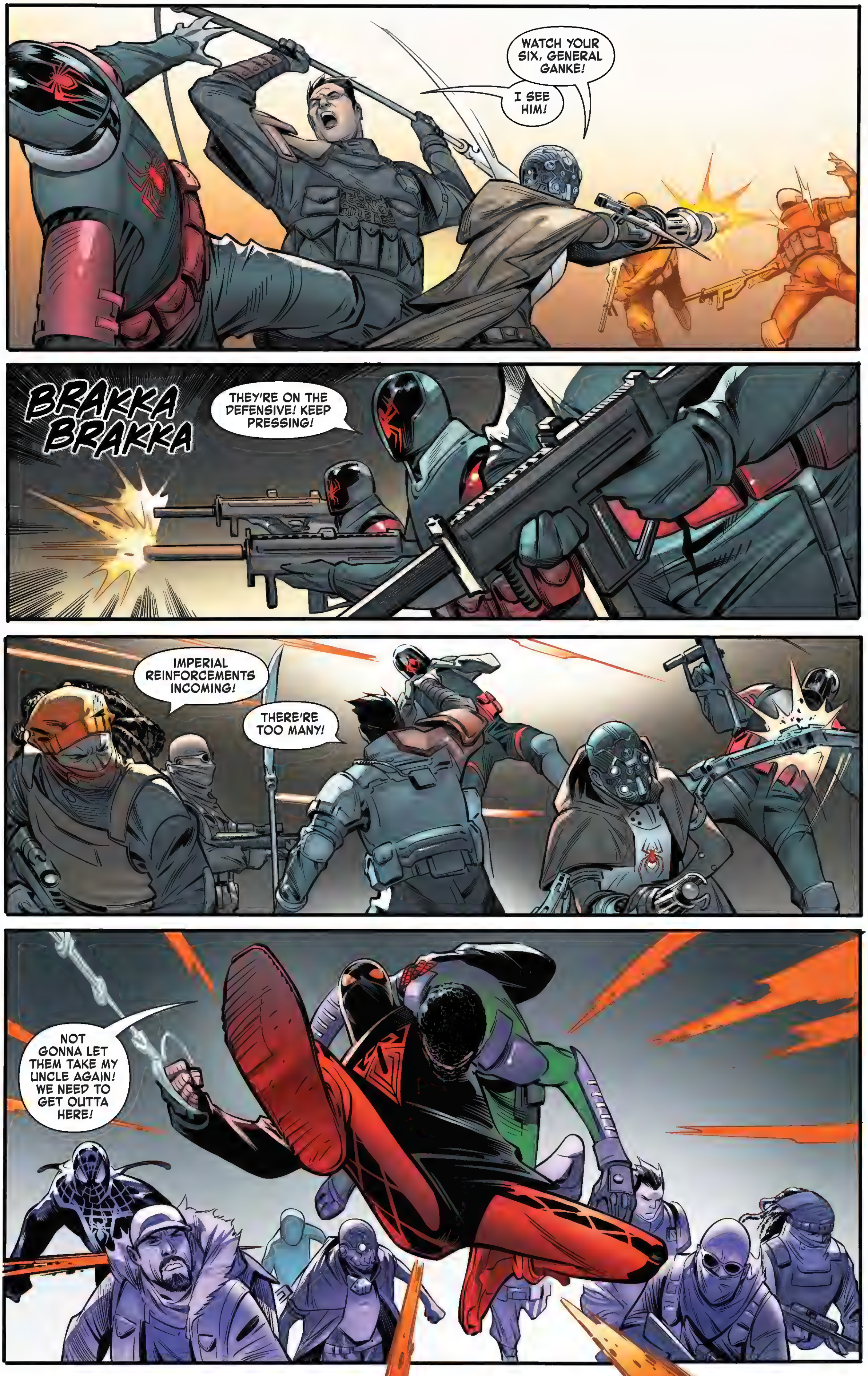

UNCLE AARON?!

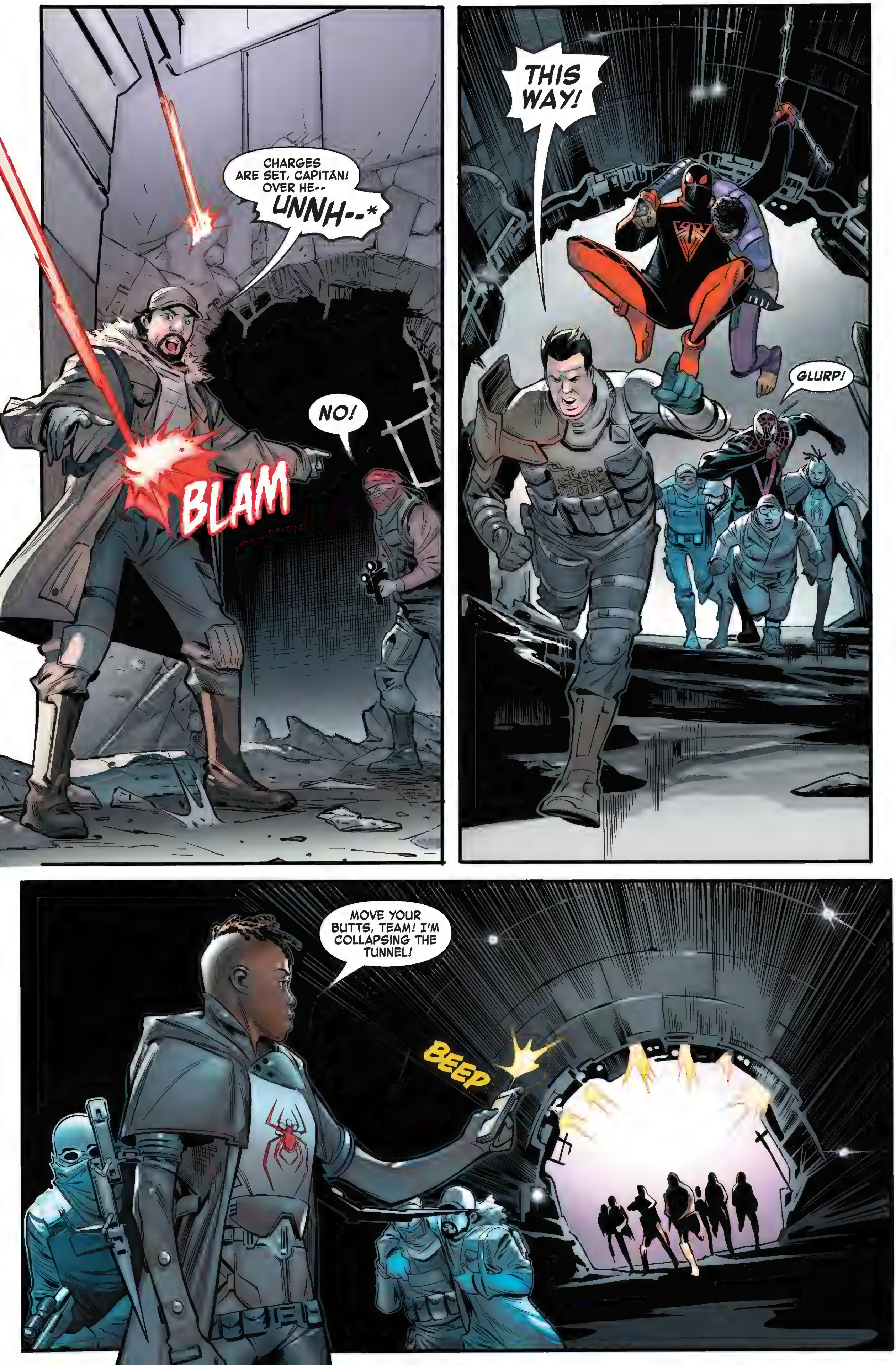

LOOKS LIKE THIS *MACHINE'S* BEEN FEEDING OFF OF HIM FOR...A *LONG* TIME.
HIS VITALS ARE ROUGH, BUT HE'S ALIVE.
JOHNETTA, GIVE HIM A ***STIMSHOT*** AND UNHOOK HIM FROM THAT THING! WE GOTTA GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

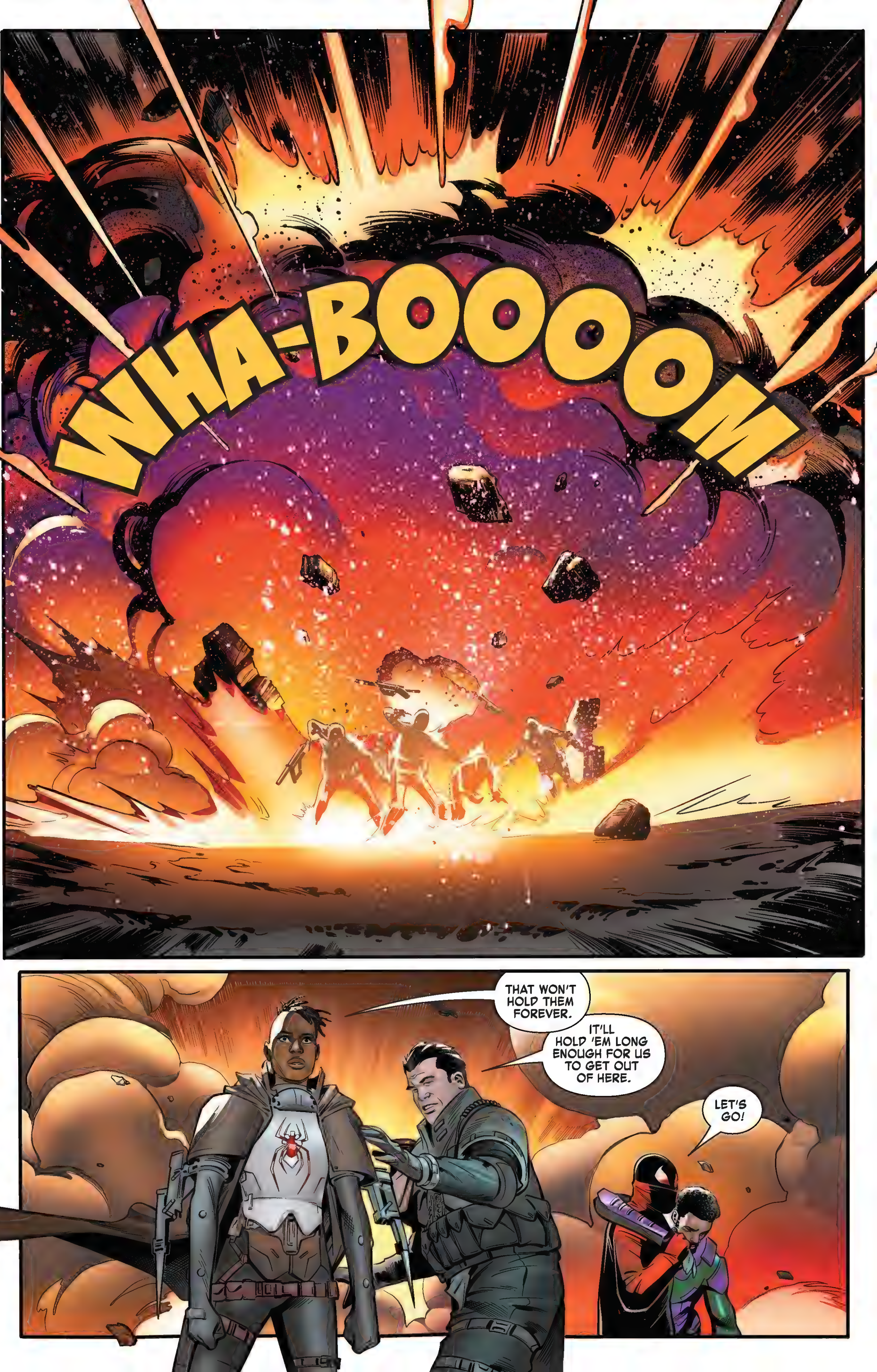

ON IT.
HE'S HAD SOME KIND OF SUBDERMAL TRANSMITTERS GRAFTED INTO HIM.
THEY'RE AMPLIFYING HIS ***DIMENSIONAL SIGNATURE*** LIKE CRAZY. I'M NOT GONNA CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND IT, BUT SELIM MUST SOMEHOW BE USING THIS TO GENERATE HIS ***DIMENSIONAL SHIELD.***
SNIP
THERE! HE'S FREE.
I GOT YOU, UNCLE.
I'VE DISCONNECTED HIM FROM THIS RIG, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'LL BE ENOUGH TO BREAK THE BARRIER.
WE HAVE TO REMOVE THOSE ***TRANSMITTERS.***
WHICH MEANS WE NEED SURGICAL TOOLS AND A LAB. LET'S GET HIM BACK TO BASE BEFORE--
THERE THEY ARE!
AH, CRAP.

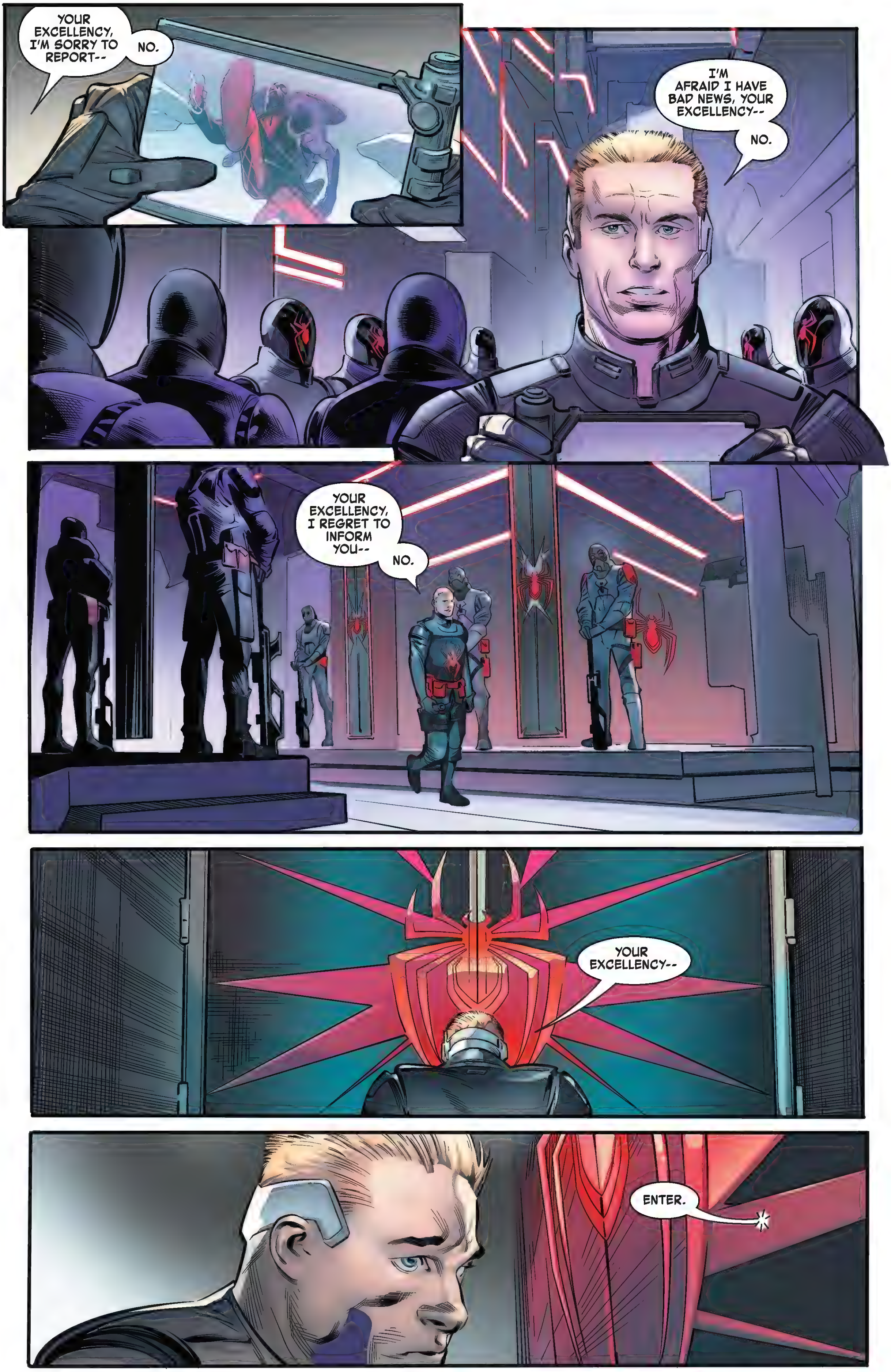

FORWARD! CRUSH THE REBELS IN THE NAME OF YOUR GLORIOUS EMPEROR!

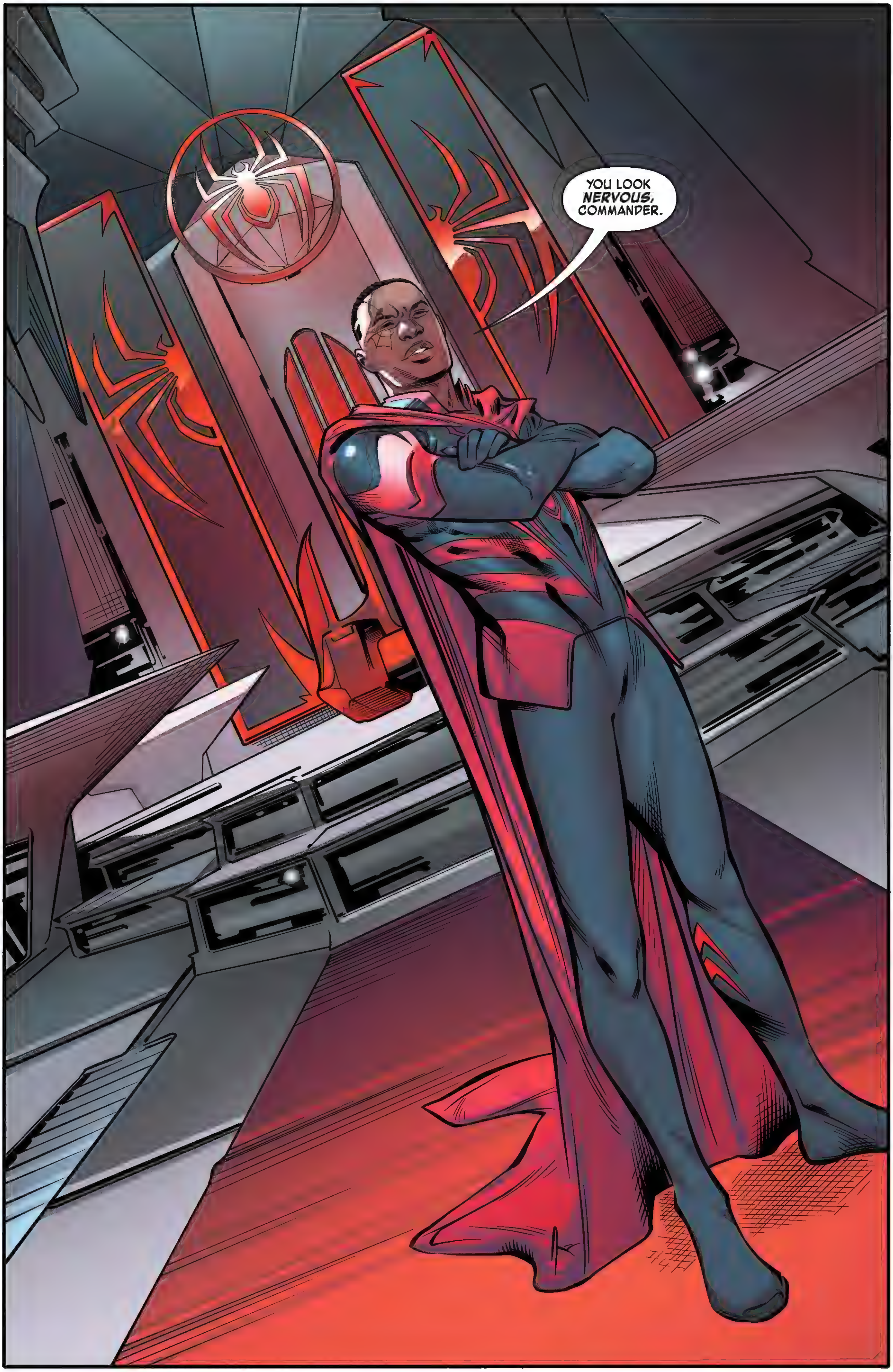

BRAKABARAKA
FOR THE EMPEROR!!!
BRAKA
WATCH OUT, SHIFT! THESE GUYS GOT SOME *HARDWARE.*
GLURP!
YOU'RE STRONG, *HUH,* PRETENDER?
KRAK
WELL, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE!
STAND AND *FIGHT,* DAMN YOU!
YOU MEAN STAND AND GET SHOT? NAH!

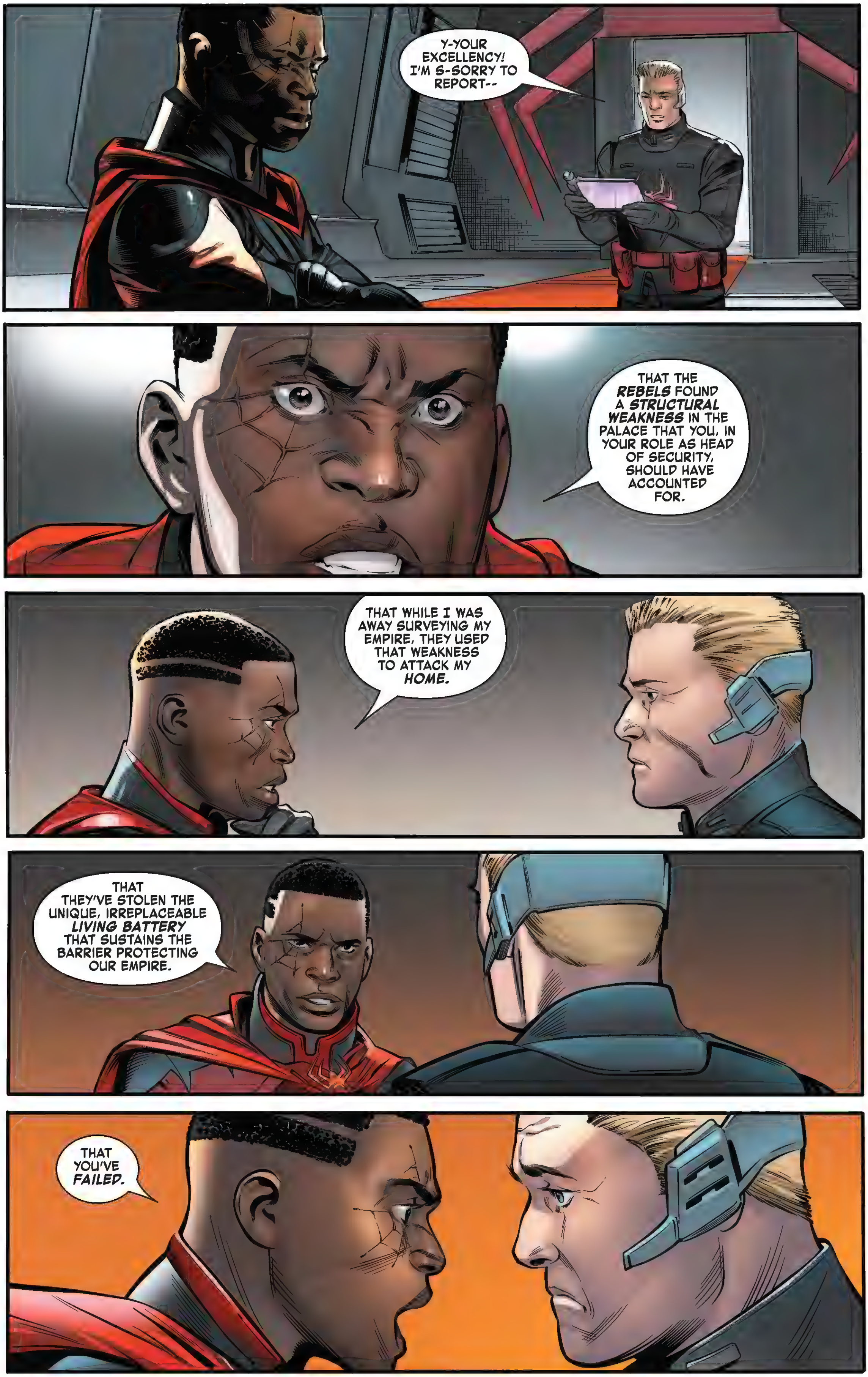

WATCH YOUR SIX, GENERAL GANKE!
I SEE HIM!
BRAKKA BRAKKA
THEY'RE ON THE DEFENSIVE! KEEP PRESSING!
IMPERIAL REINFORCEMENTS INCOMING!
THERE'RE TOO MANY!
NOT GONNA LET THEM TAKE MY UNCLE AGAIN! WE NEED TO GET OUTTA HERE!

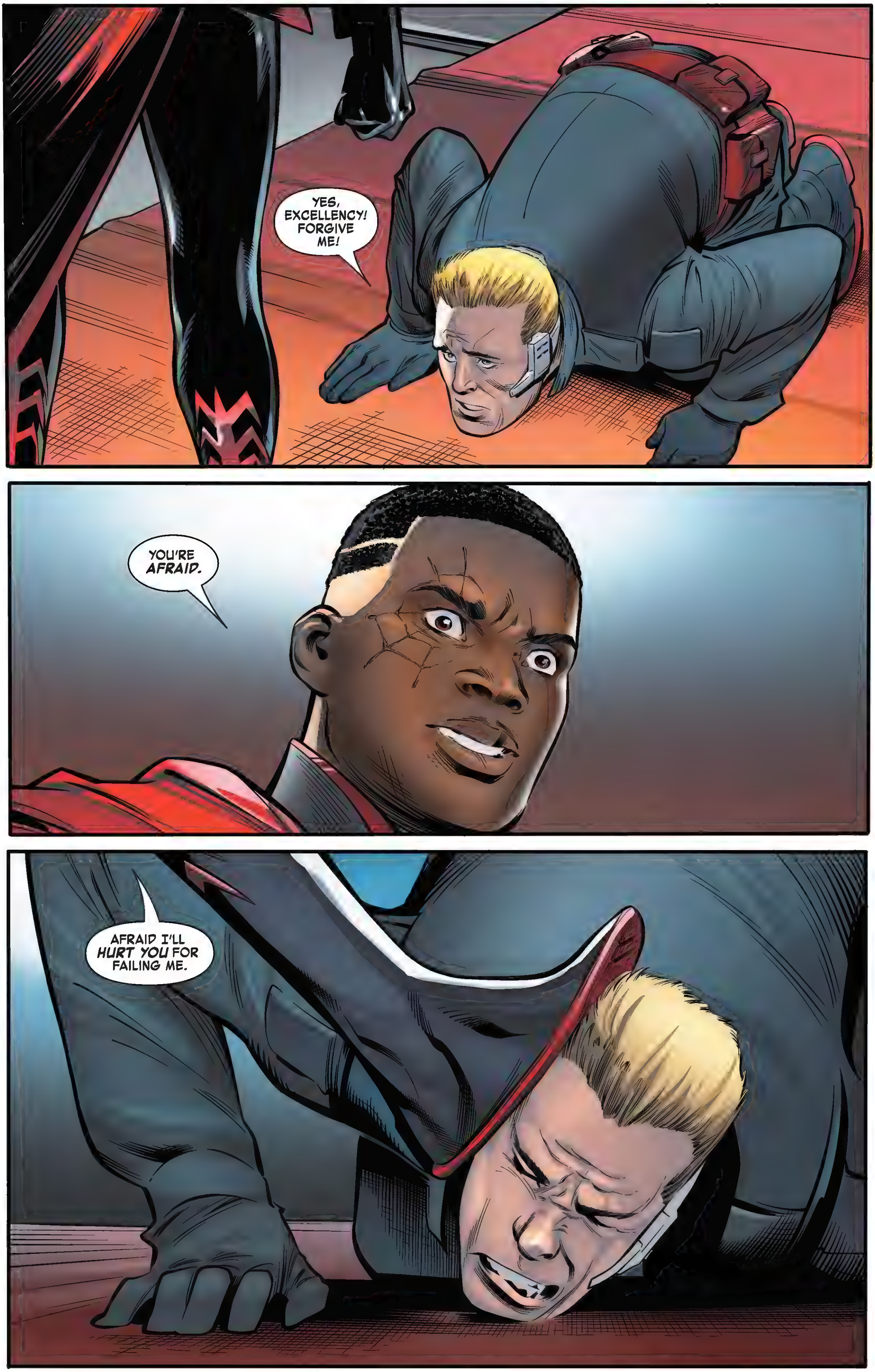

CHARGES ARE SET, CAPITÁN! OVER HE-- UNNH--*
NO!
BLAM
THIS WAY!
GLURP!
MOVE YOUR BUTTS, TEAM! I'M COLLAPSING THE TUNNEL!
BEEP

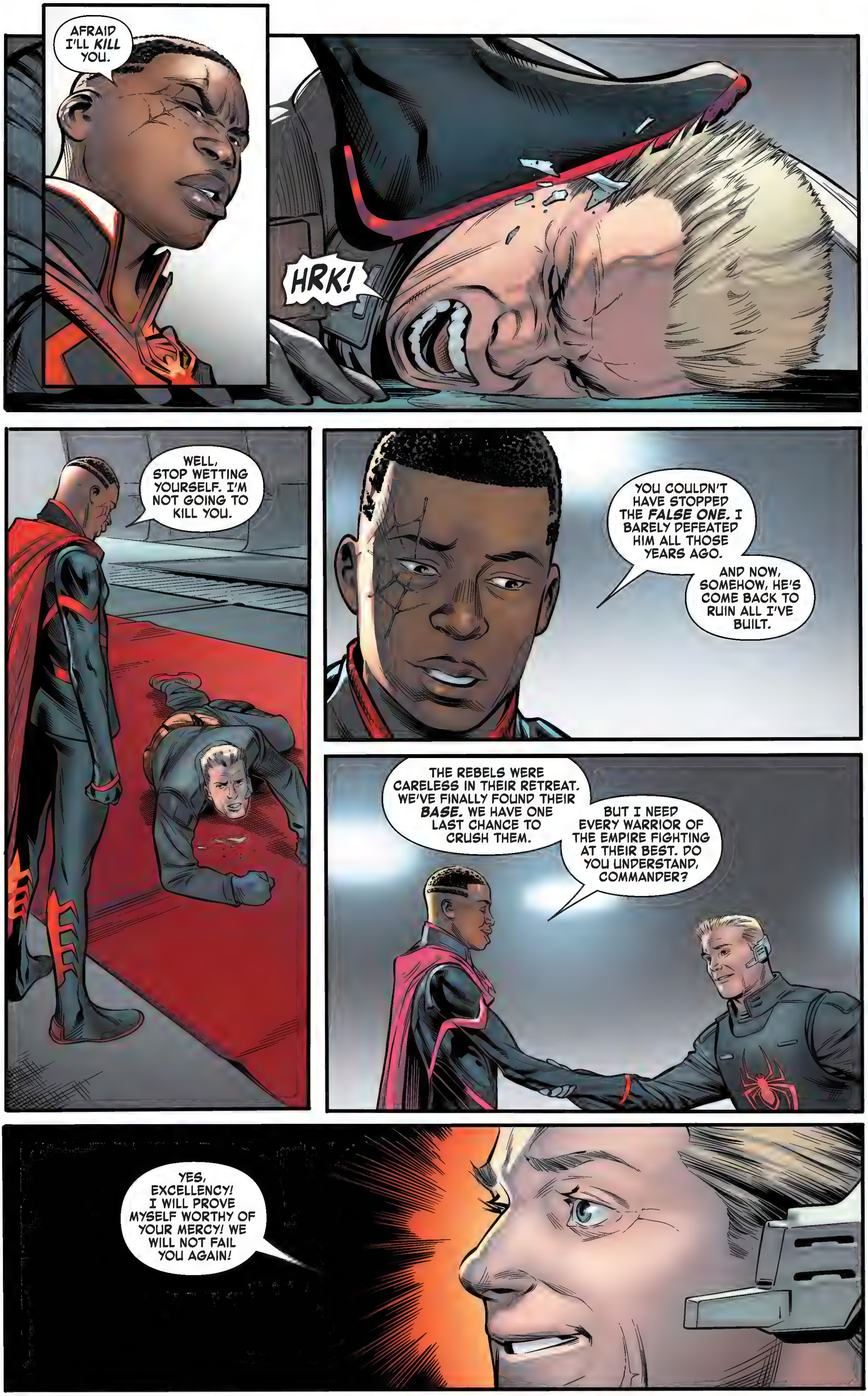

WHA-BOOOOOM
THAT WON'T HOLD THEM FOREVER.
IT'LL HOLD 'EM LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET OUT OF HERE.
LET'S GO!

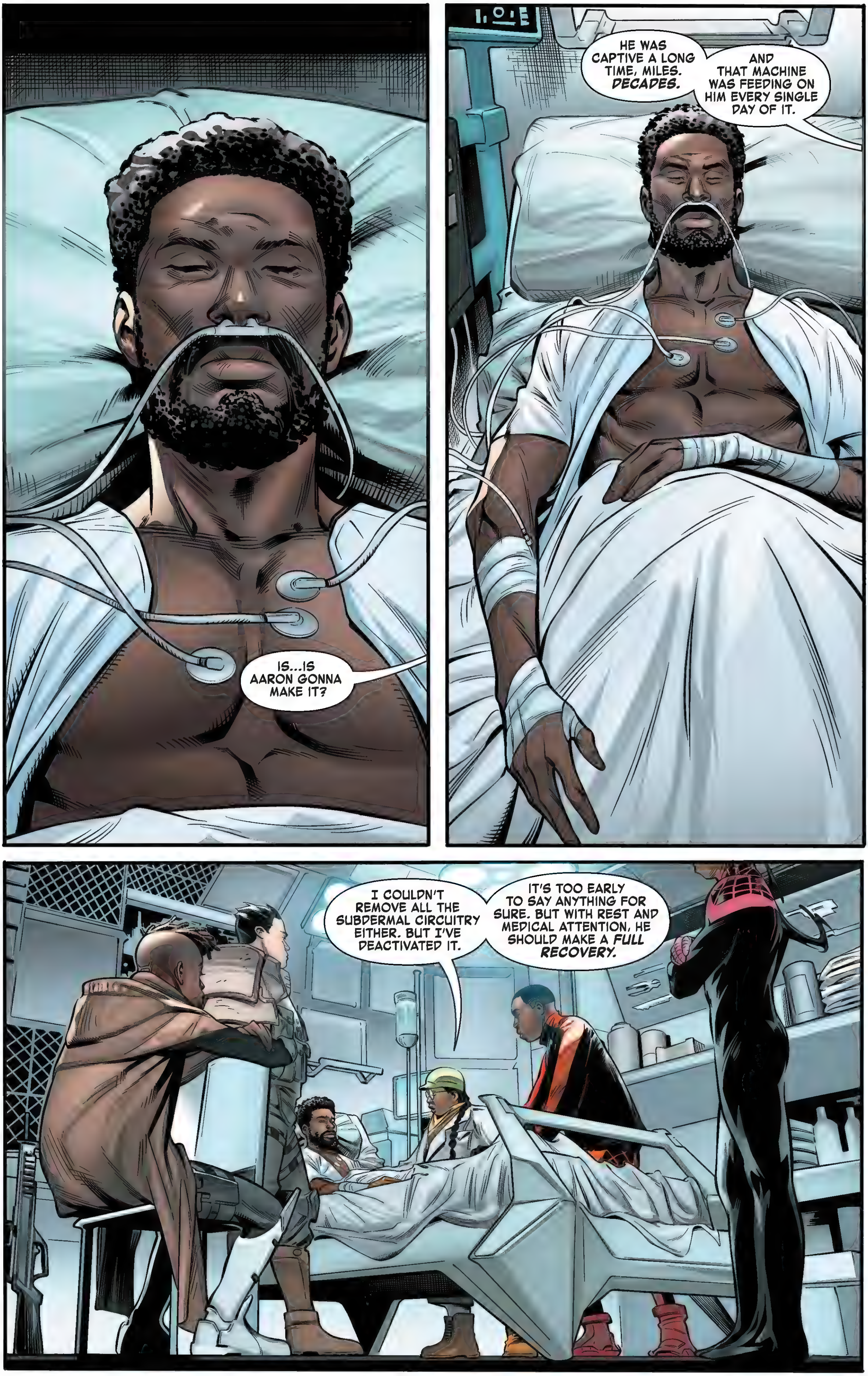

YOUR EXCELLENCY, I'M SORRY TO REPORT--
NO.
I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS, YOUR EXCELLENCY--
NO.
YOUR EXCELLENCY, I REGRET TO INFORM YOU--
NO.
YOUR EXCELLENCY--
ENTER.

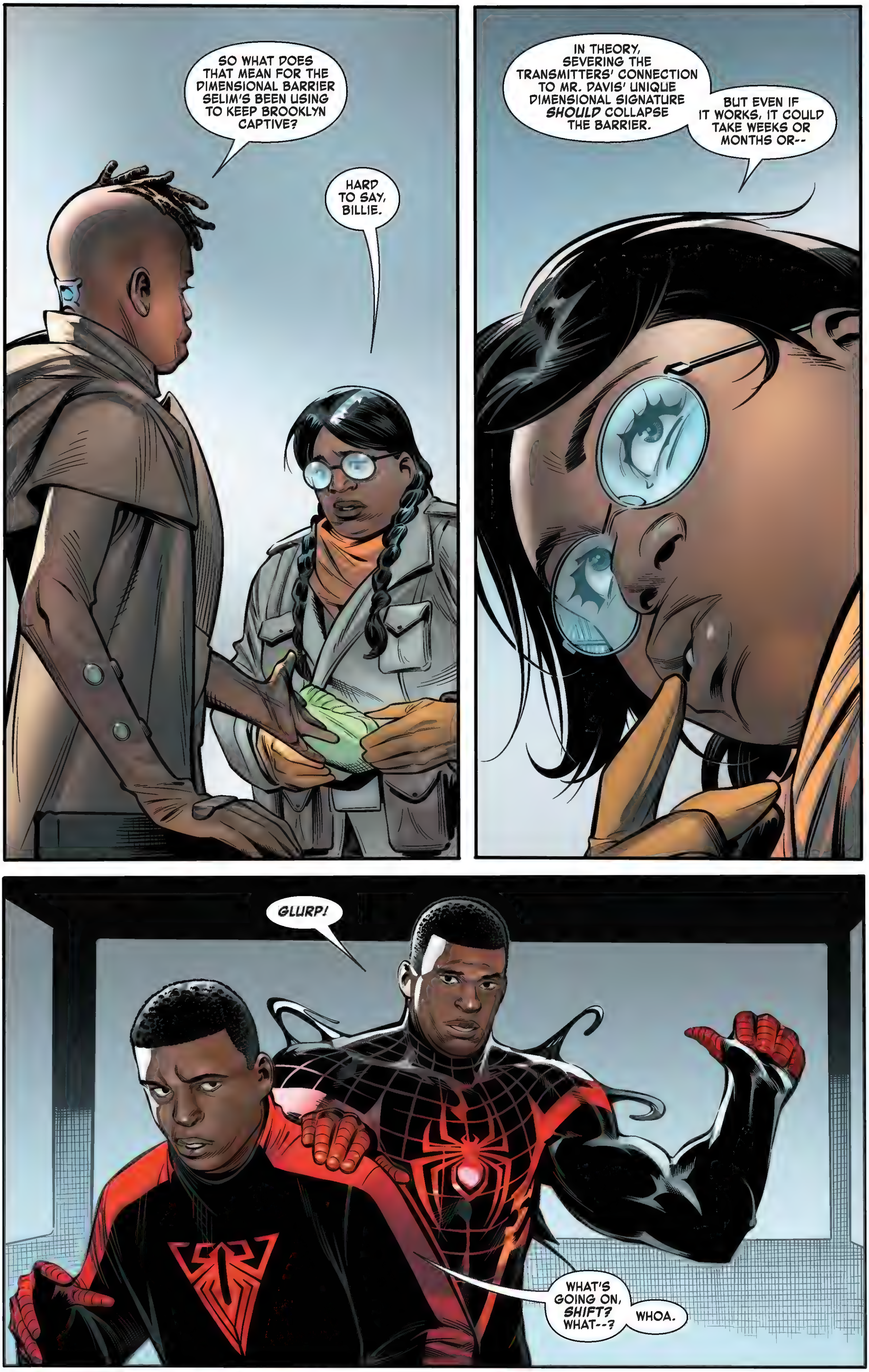

YOU LOOK *NERVOUS*, COMMANDER.

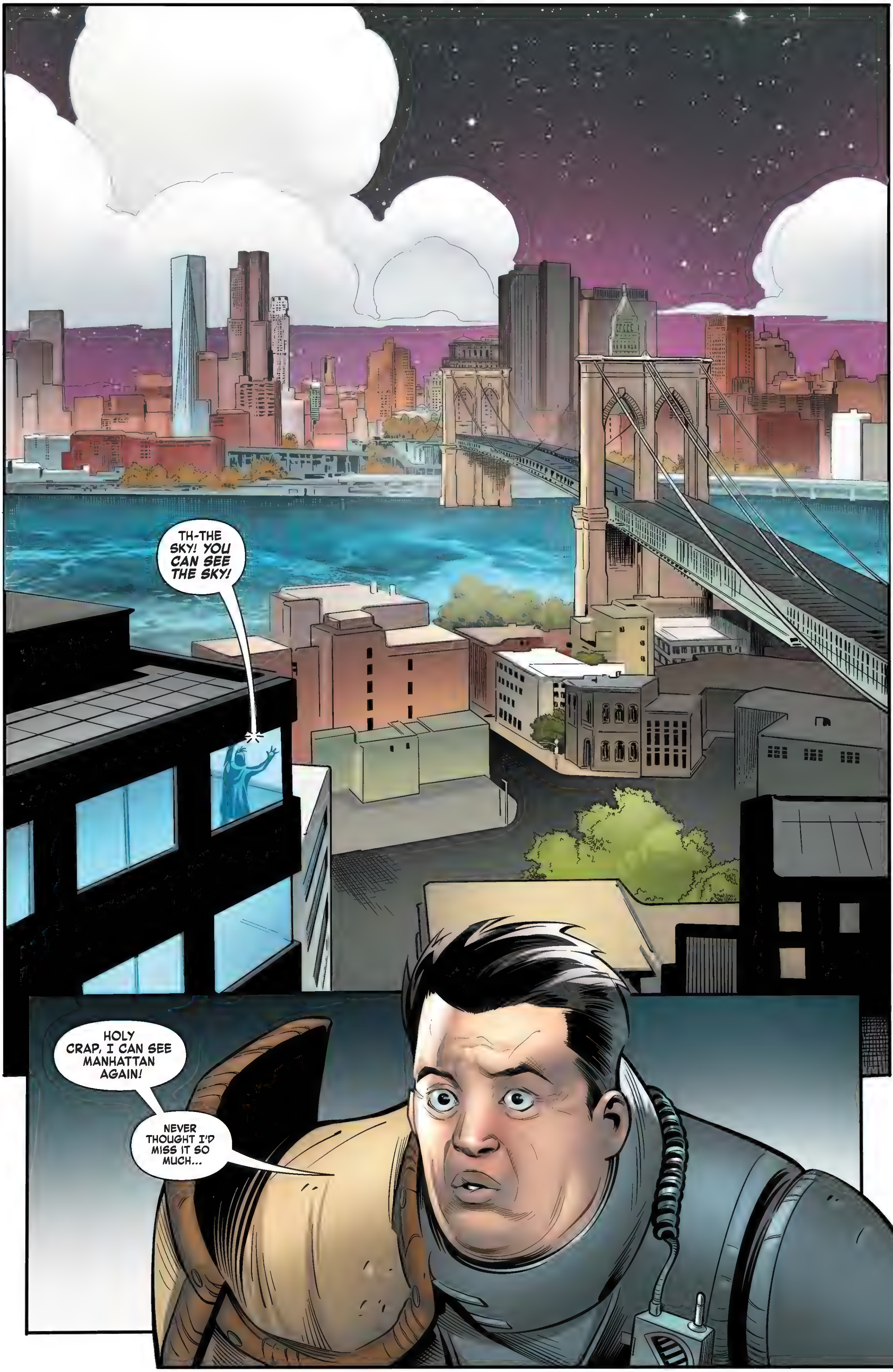

Y-YOUR EXCELLENCY! I'M S-SORRY TO REPORT--
THAT THE REBELS FOUND A STRUCTURAL WEAKNESS IN THE PALACE THAT YOU, IN YOUR ROLE AS HEAD OF SECURITY, SHOULD HAVE ACCOUNTED FOR.
THAT WHILE I WAS AWAY SURVEYING MY EMPIRE, THEY USED THAT WEAKNESS TO ATTACK MY HOME.
THAT THEY'VE STOLEN THE UNIQUE, IRREPLACEABLE LIVING BATTERY THAT SUSTAINS THE BARRIER PROTECTING OUR EMPIRE.
THAT YOU'VE FAILED.

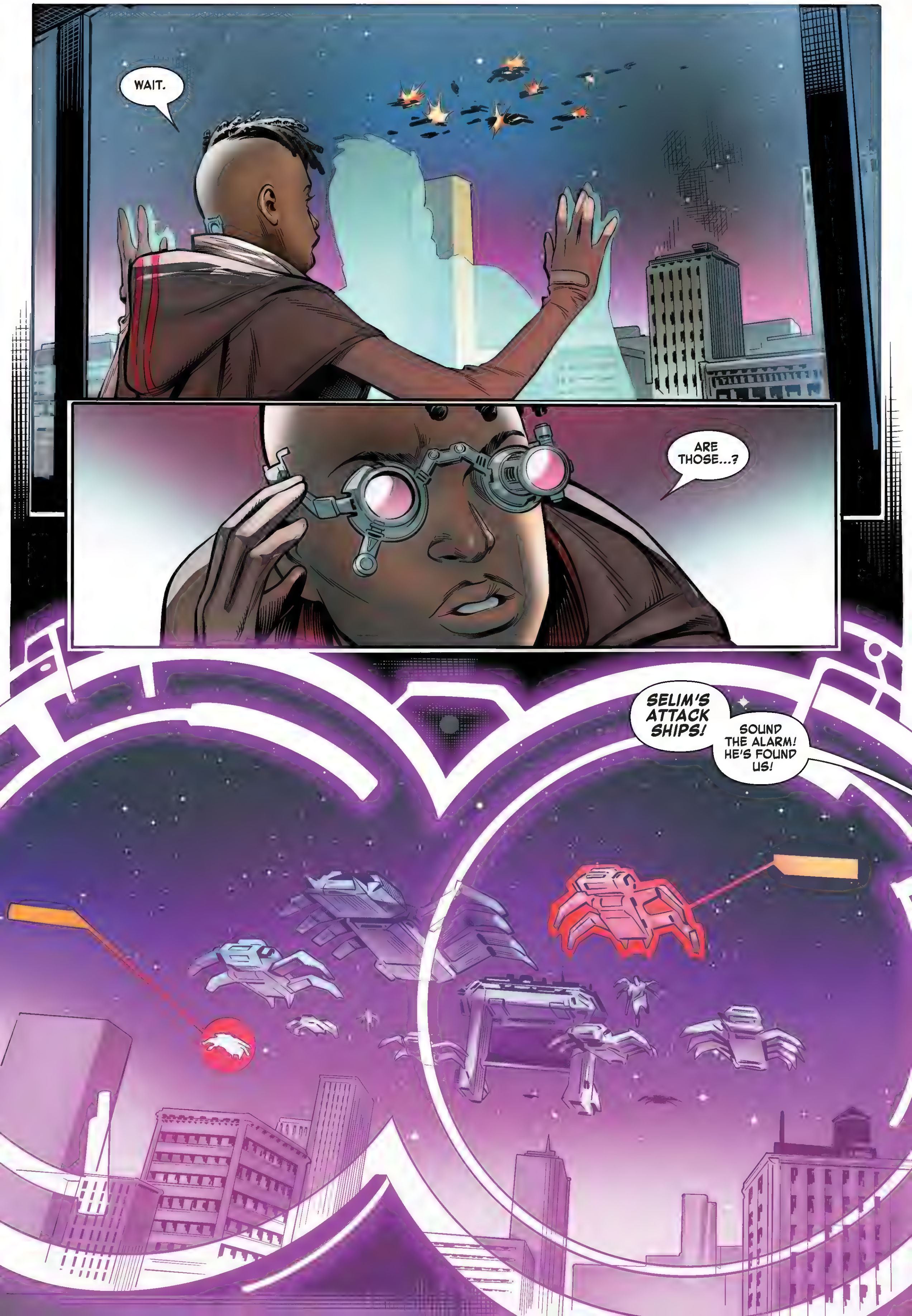

YES, EXCELLENCY! FORGIVE ME!
YOU'RE *AFRAID.*
AFRAID I'LL *HURT YOU* FOR FAILING ME.

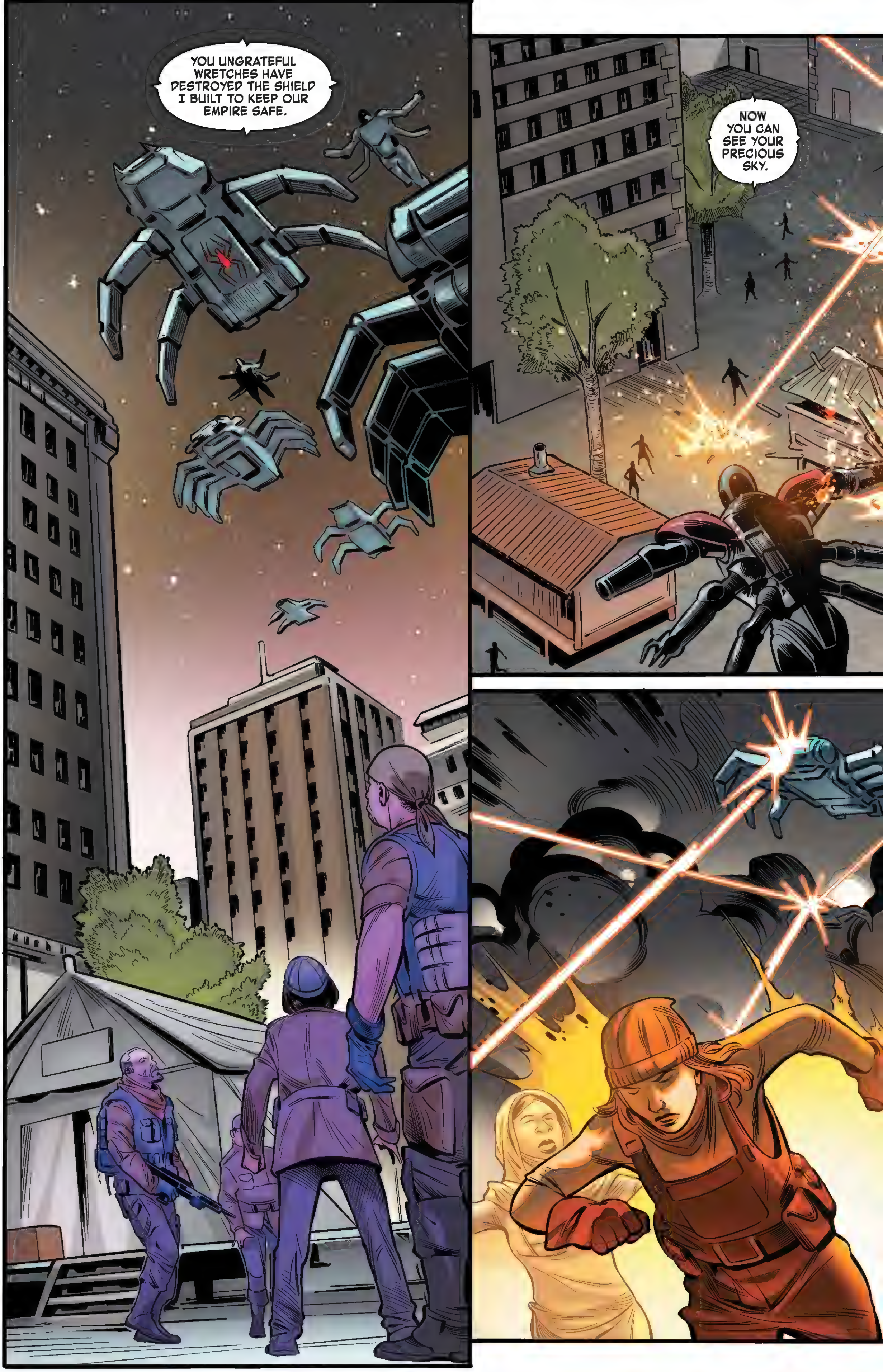

AFRAID I'LL *KILL* YOU.
HRK!
WELL, STOP WETTING YOURSELF. I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU.
YOU COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED THE *FALSE ONE.* I BARELY DEFEATED HIM ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.
AND NOW, SOMEHOW, HE'S COME BACK TO RUIN ALL I'VE BUILT.
THE REBELS WERE CARELESS IN THEIR RETREAT. WE'VE FINALLY FOUND THEIR *BASE.* WE HAVE ONE LAST CHANCE TO CRUSH THEM.
BUT I NEED EVERY WARRIOR OF THE EMPIRE FIGHTING AT THEIR BEST. DO YOU UNDERSTAND, COMMANDER?
YES, EXCELLENCY! I WILL PROVE MYSELF WORTHY OF YOUR MERCY! WE WILL NOT FAIL YOU AGAIN!

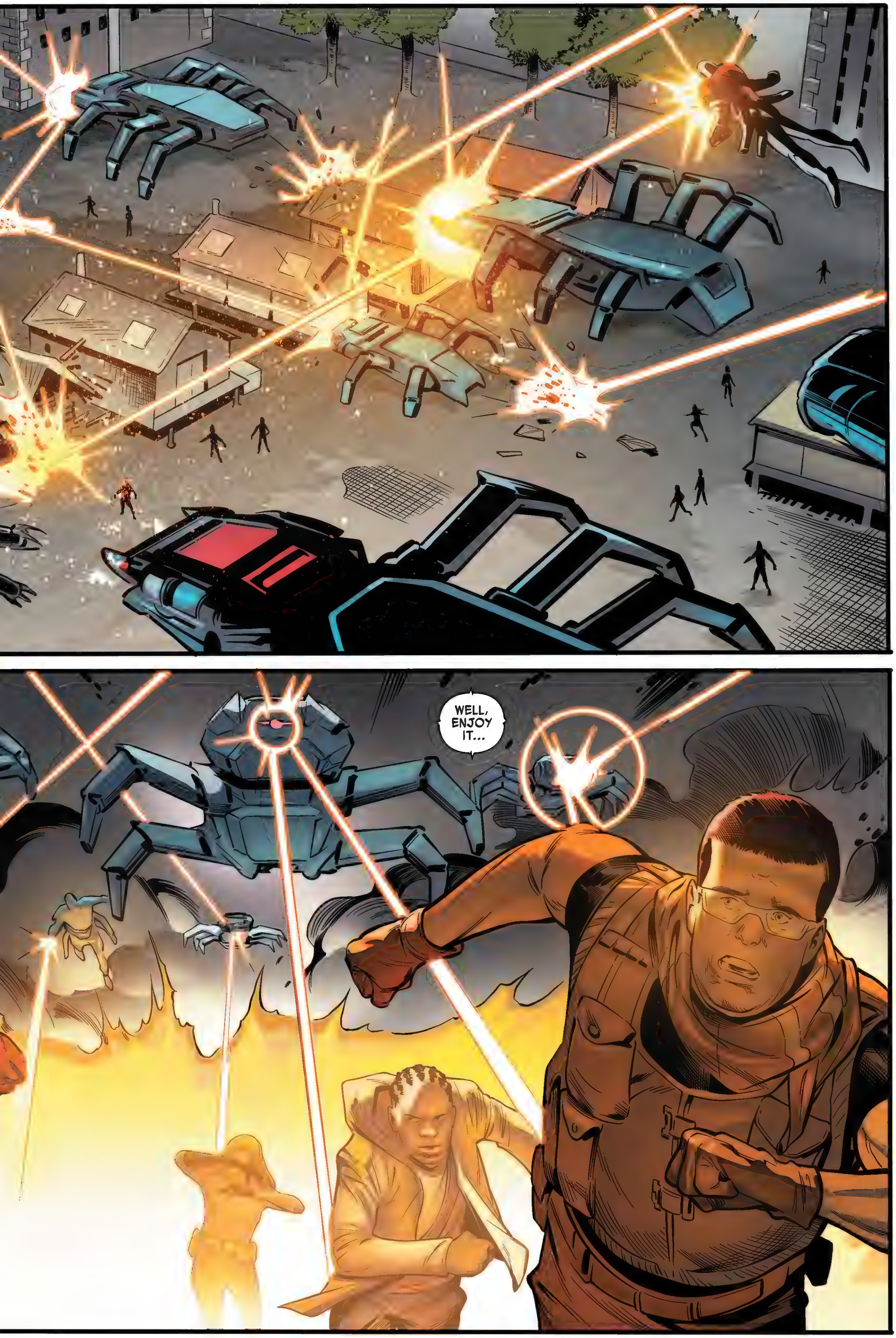

IS...IS AARON GONNA MAKE IT?
HE WAS CAPTIVE A LONG TIME, MILES. *DECADES.*
AND THAT MACHINE WAS FEEDING ON HIM EVERY SINGLE DAY OF IT.
I COULDN'T REMOVE ALL THE SUBDERMAL CIRCUITRY EITHER. BUT I'VE DEACTIVATED IT.
IT'S TOO EARLY TO SAY ANYTHING FOR SURE. BUT WITH REST AND MEDICAL ATTENTION, HE SHOULD MAKE A *FULL RECOVERY.*

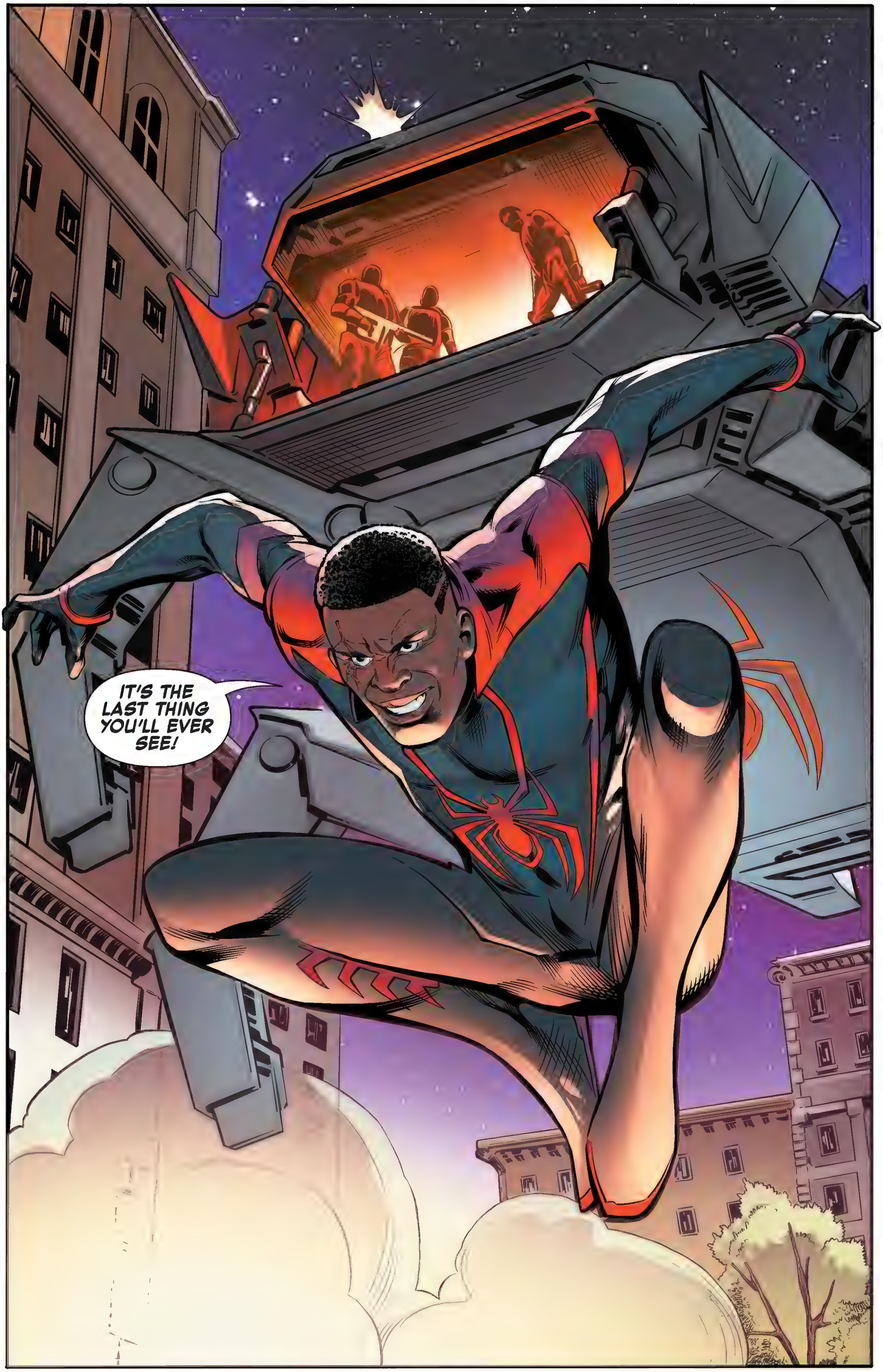

SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN FOR THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER SELIM'S BEEN USING TO KEEP BROOKLYN CAPTIVE?
HARD TO SAY, BILLIE.
IN THEORY, SEVERING THE TRANSMITTERS' CONNECTION TO MR. DAVIS' UNIQUE DIMENSIONAL SIGNATURE *SHOULD* COLLAPSE THE BARRIER.
BUT EVEN IF IT WORKS, IT COULD TAKE WEEKS OR MONTHS OR--
GLURP!
WHAT'S GOING ON, *SHIFT?* WHAT--?
WHOA.


TH-THE SKY! YOU CAN SEE THE SKY!
HOLY CRAP, I CAN SEE MANHATTAN AGAIN!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D MISS IT SO MUCH...


WAIT.
ARE THOSE...?
SELIM'S ATTACK SHIPS!
SOUND THE ALARM! HE'S FOUND US!


YOU UNGRATEFUL WRETCHES HAVE DESTROYED THE SHIELD I BUILT TO KEEP OUR EMPIRE SAFE.
NOW YOU CAN SEE YOUR PRECIOUS SKY.


WELL, ENJOY IT...


IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER SEE!

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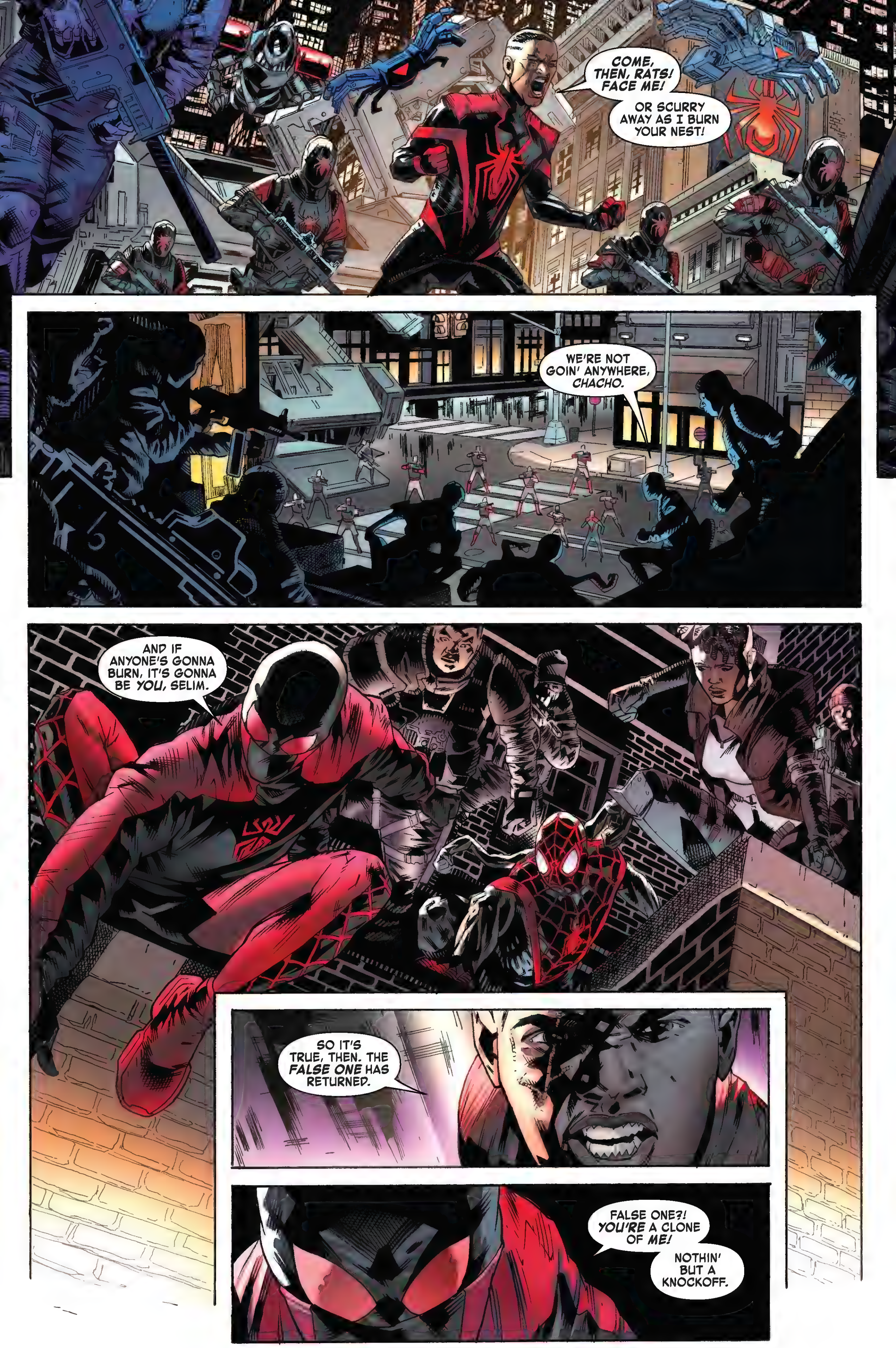
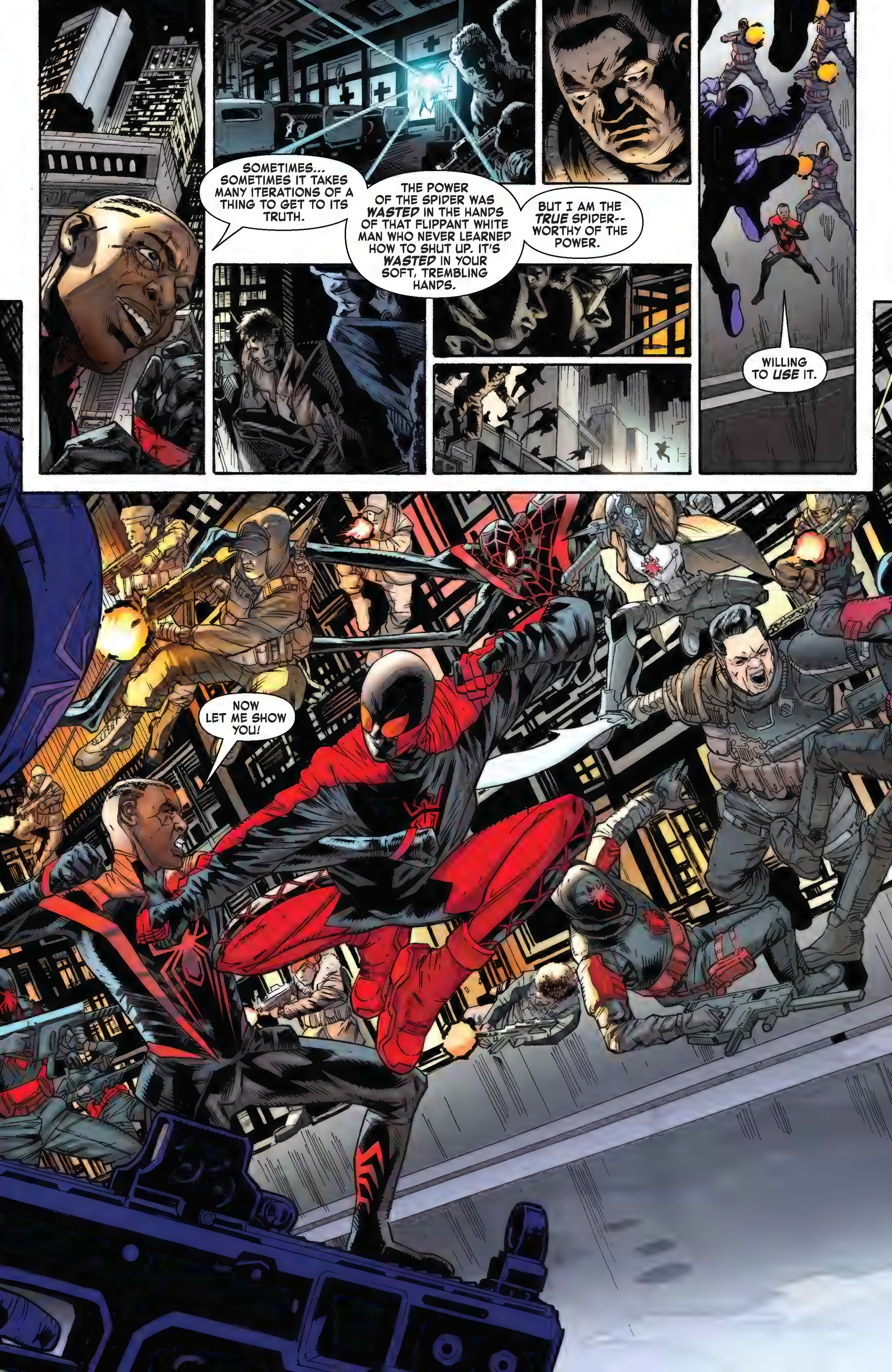
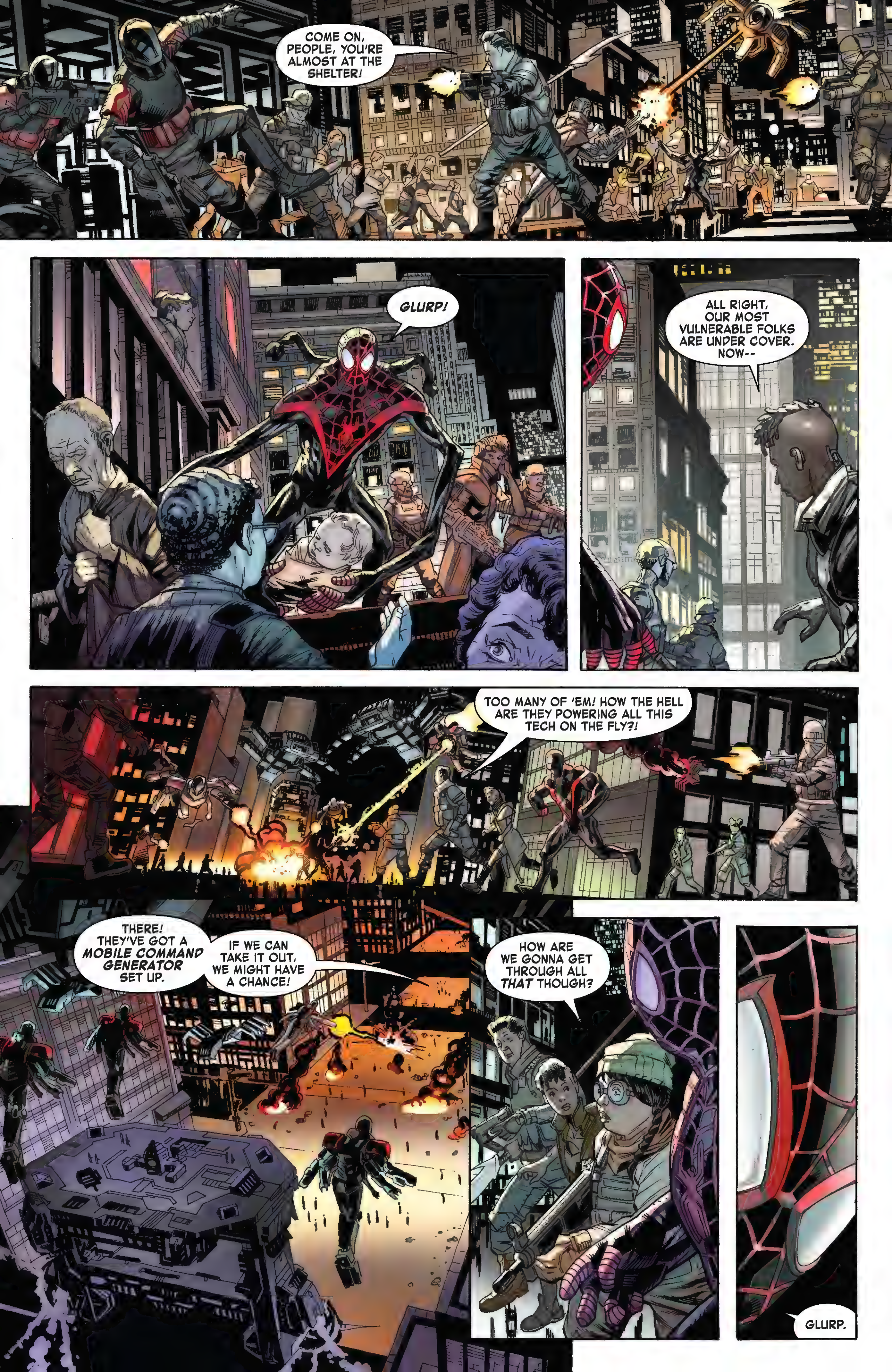
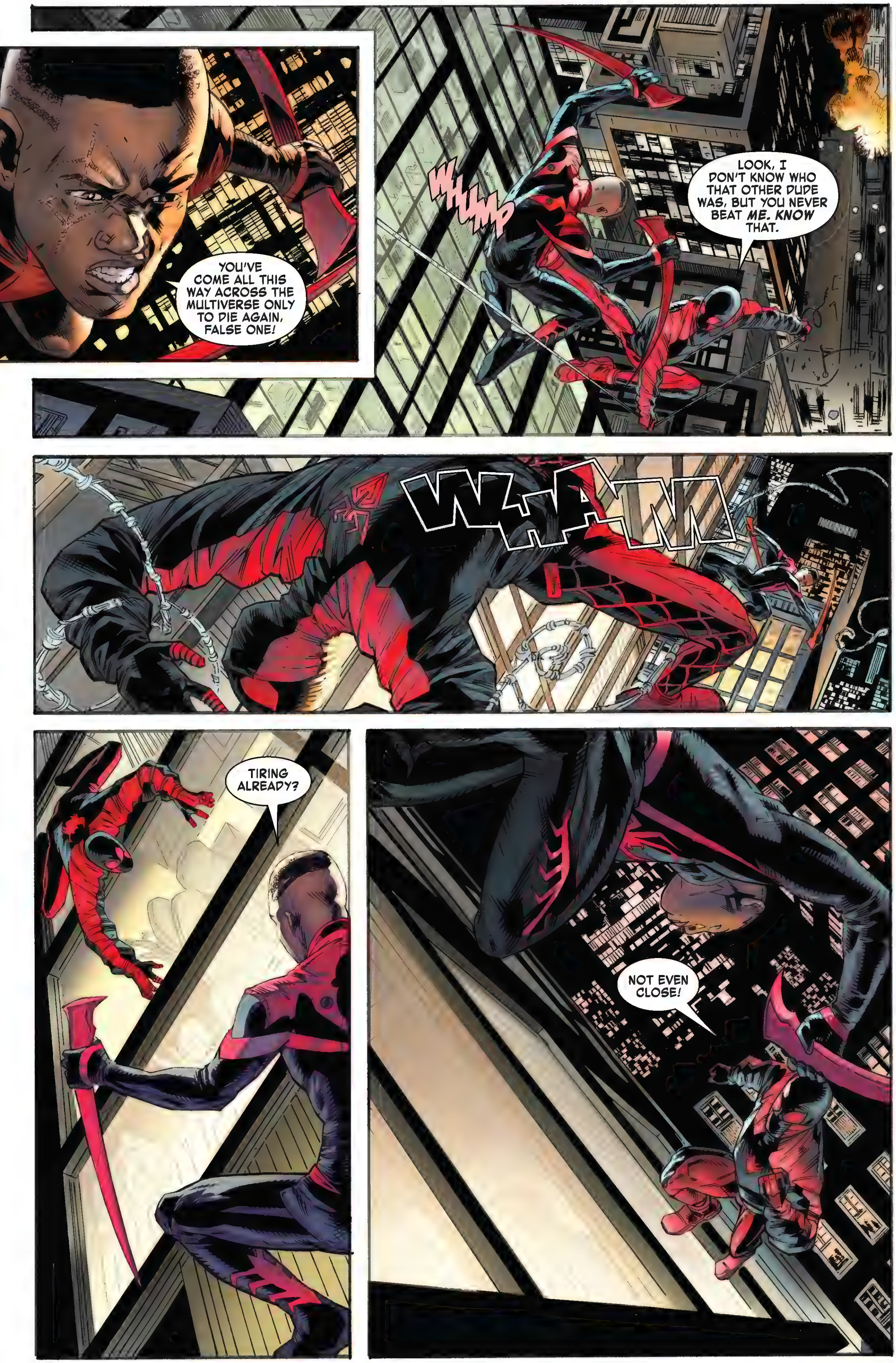
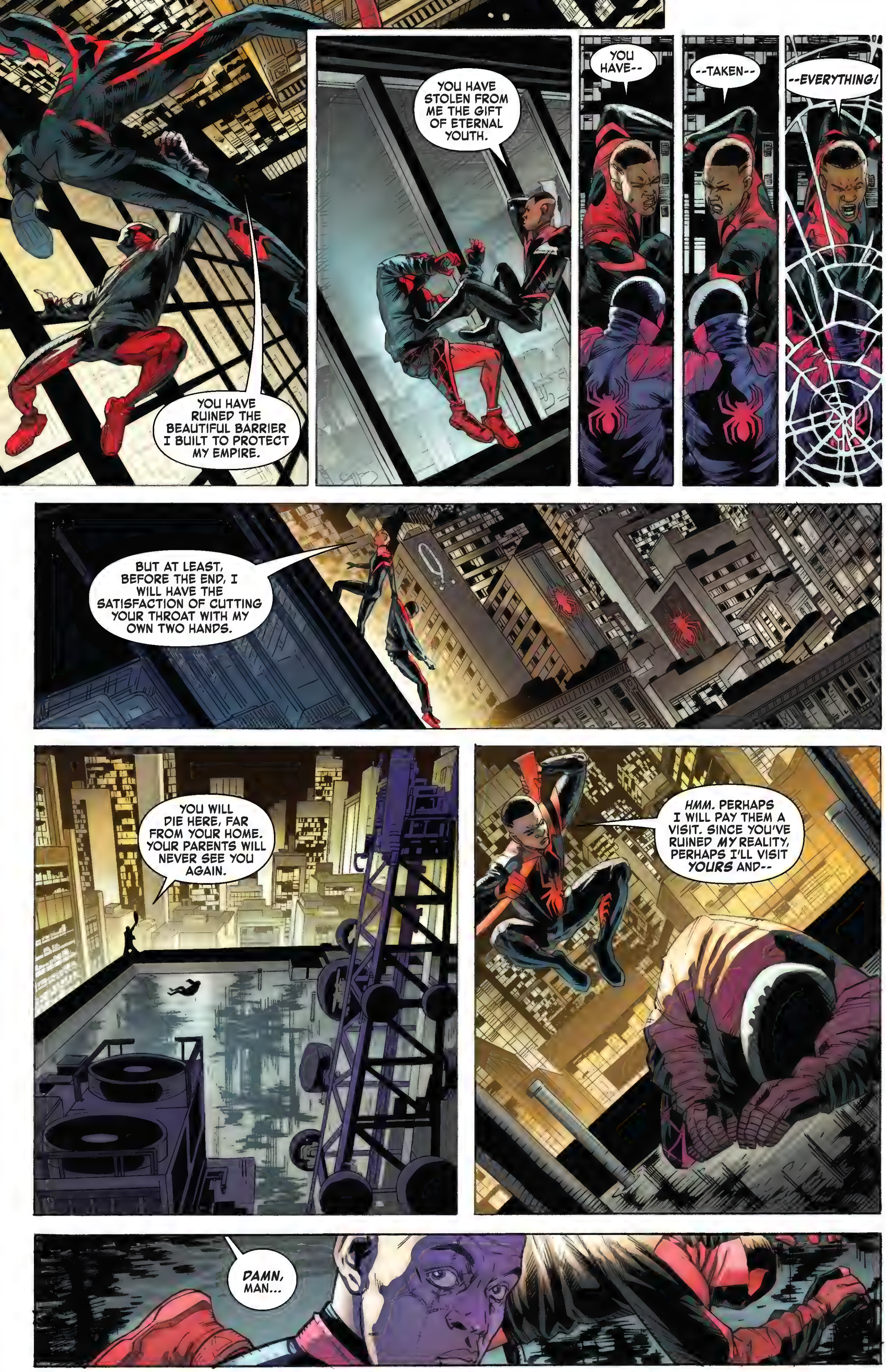
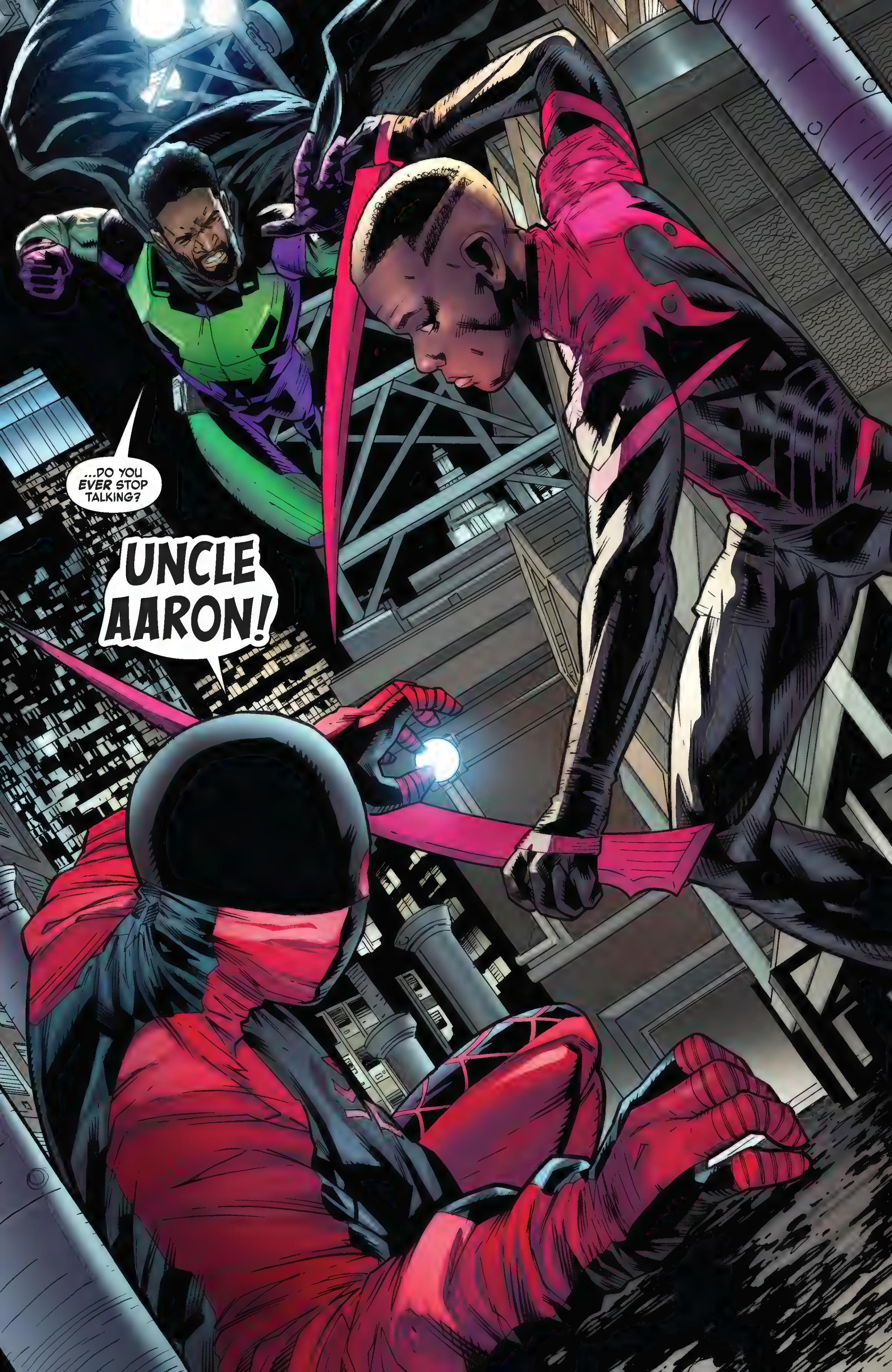

COME, THEN, RATS! FACE ME!
OR SCURRY AWAY AS I BURN YOUR NEST!
WE'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE, *CHACHO.*
AND IF ANYONE'S GONNA BURN, IT'S GONNA BE *YOU*, SELIM.
SO IT'S TRUE, THEN. THE *FALSE ONE* HAS RETURNED.
FALSE ONE?! *YOU'RE* A CLONE OF *ME!*
NOTHIN' BUT A KNOCKOFF.

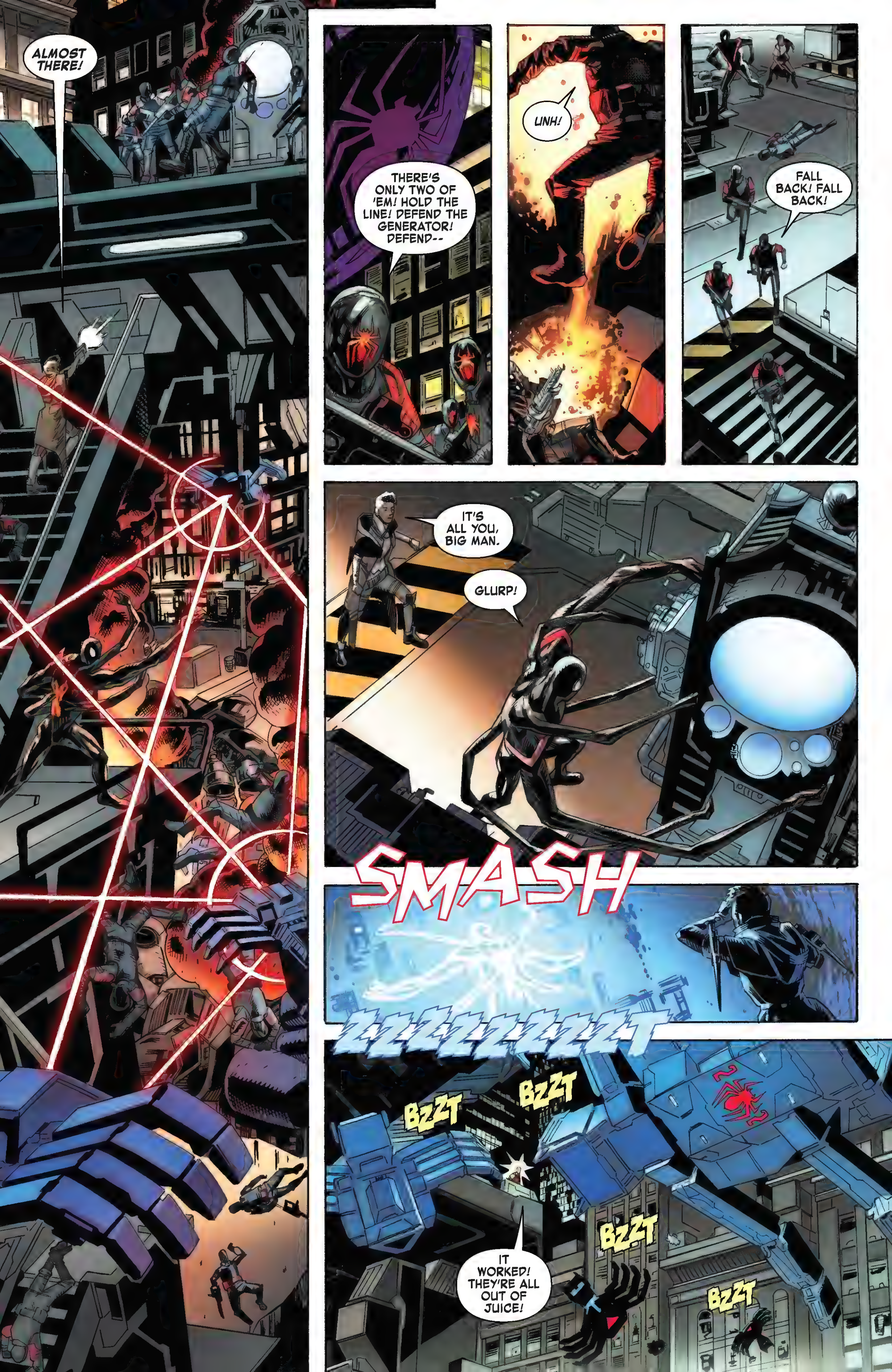

SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES IT TAKES MANY ITERATIONS OF A THING TO GET TO ITS TRUTH.
THE POWER OF THE SPIDER WAS *WASTED* IN THE HANDS OF THAT FLIPPANT WHITE MAN WHO NEVER LEARNED HOW TO SHUT UP. IT'S *WASTED* IN YOUR SOFT, TREMBLING HANDS.
BUT I AM THE *TRUE* SPIDER-- WORTHY OF THE POWER.
WILLING TO *USE* IT.
NOW LET ME SHOW YOU!

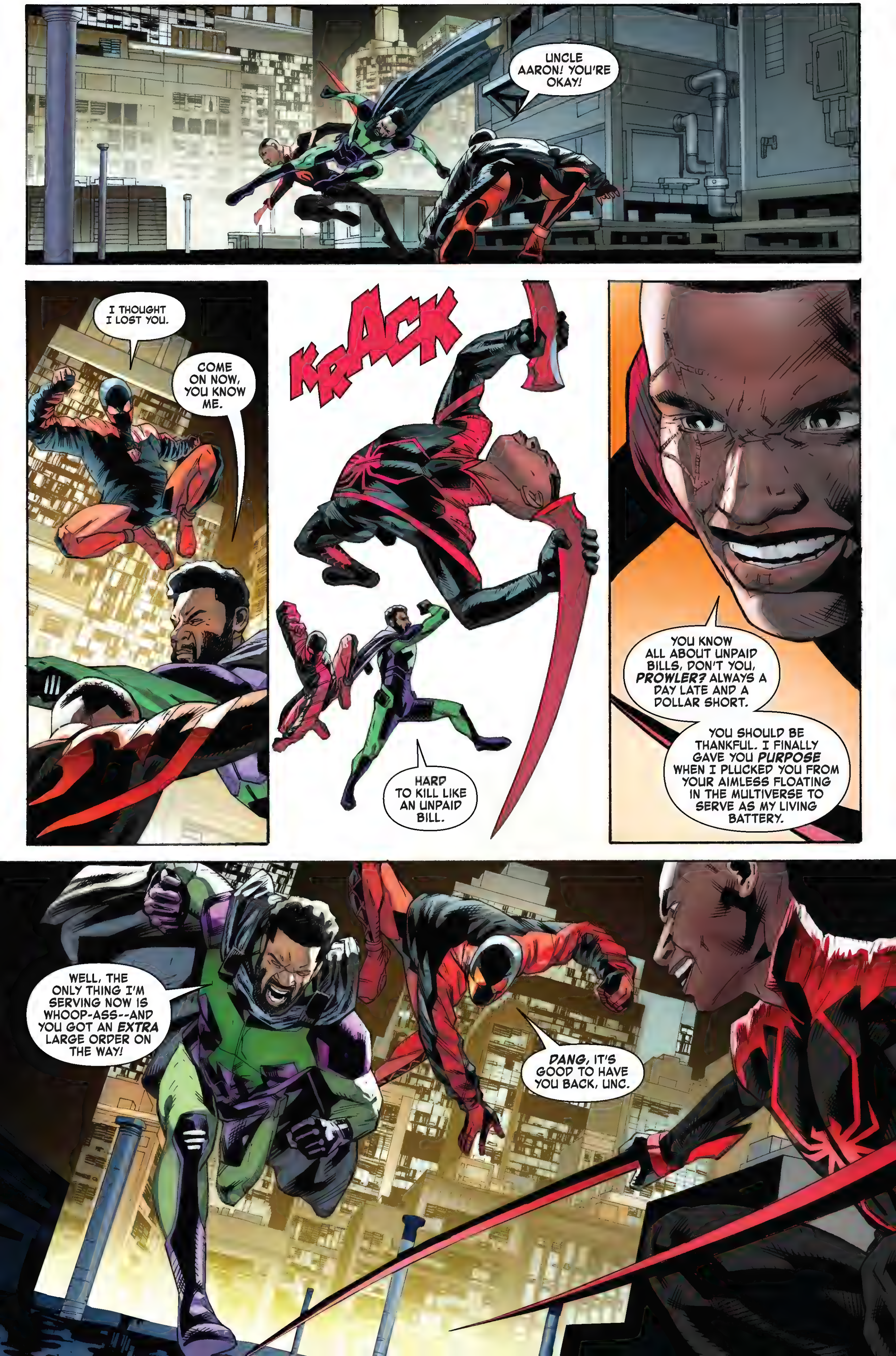

COME ON, PEOPLE, YOU'RE ALMOST AT THE SHELTER!
GLURP!
ALL RIGHT, OUR MOST VULNERABLE FOLKS ARE UNDER COVER. NOW--
TOO MANY OF 'EM! HOW THE HELL ARE THEY POWERING ALL THIS TECH ON THE FLY?!
THERE! THEY'VE GOT A *MOBILE COMMAND GENERATOR* SET UP.
IF WE CAN TAKE IT OUT, WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE!
HOW ARE WE GONNA GET THROUGH ALL *THAT* THOUGH?
GLURP.

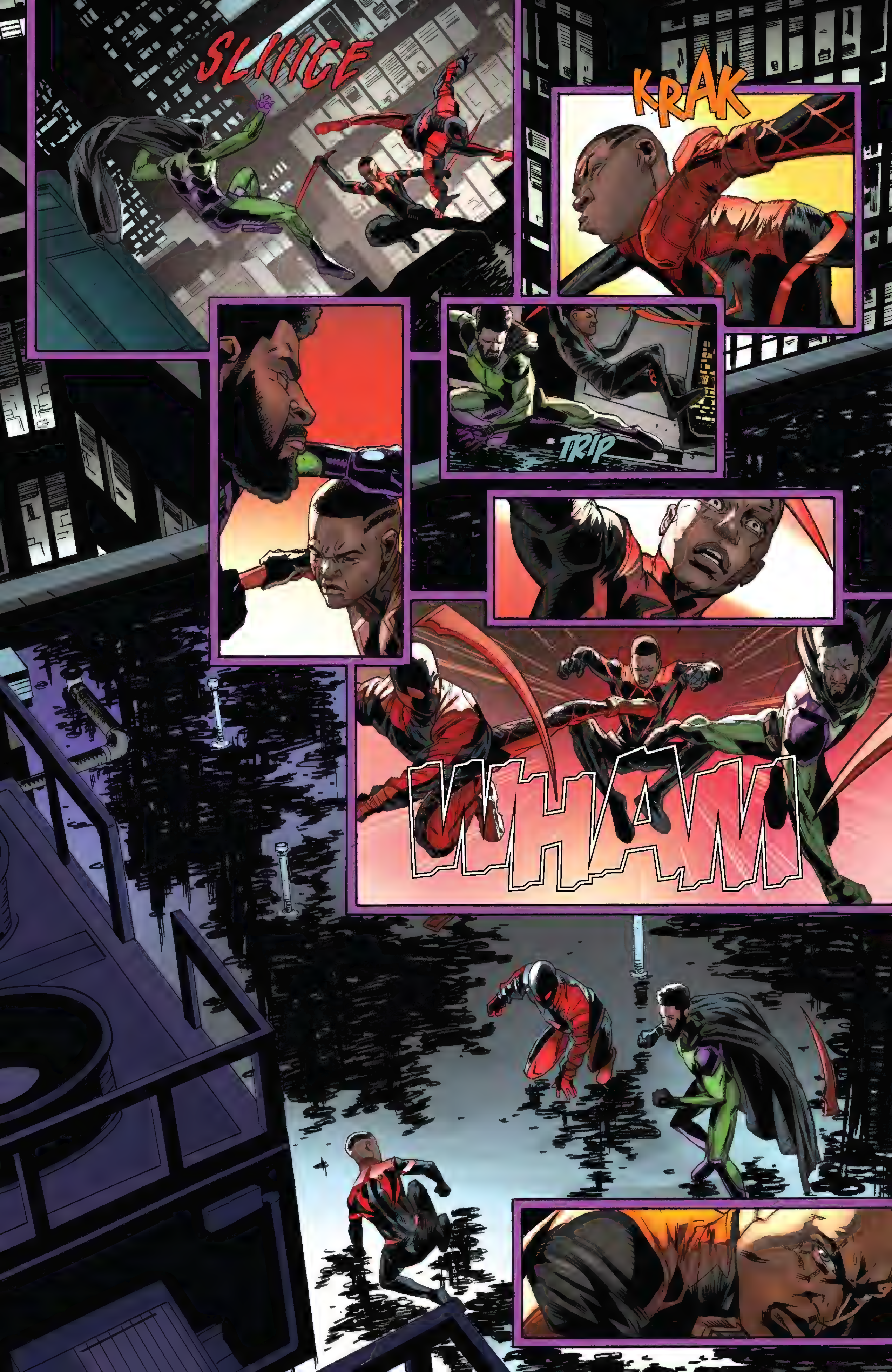

YOU'VE COME ALL THIS WAY ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE ONLY TO DIE AGAIN, FALSE ONE!
WHUMP
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT OTHER DUDE WAS, BUT YOU NEVER BEAT *ME. KNOW* THAT.
WHAM
TIRING ALREADY?
NOT EVEN CLOSE!

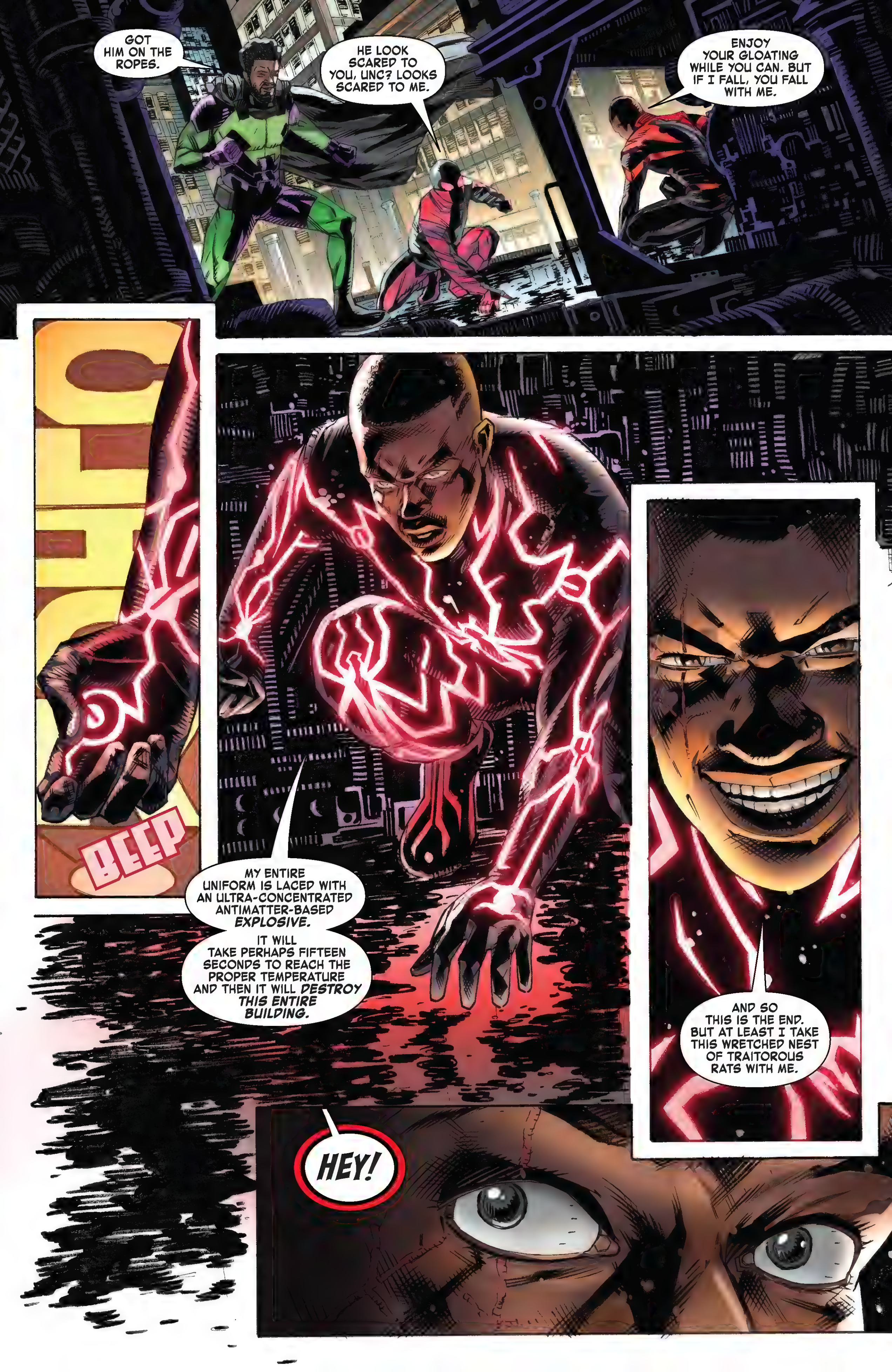

YOU HAVE RUINED THE BEAUTIFUL BARRIER I BUILT TO PROTECT MY EMPIRE.
YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM ME THE GIFT OF ETERNAL YOUTH.
YOU HAVE--
--TAKEN--
--*EVERYTHING!*
BUT AT LEAST, BEFORE THE END, I WILL HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF CUTTING YOUR THROAT WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS.
YOU WILL DIE HERE, FAR FROM YOUR HOME. YOUR PARENTS WILL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.
HMM. PERHAPS I WILL PAY THEM A VISIT. SINCE YOU'VE RUINED *MY* REALITY, PERHAPS I'LL VISIT *YOURS* AND--
DAMN, MAN...

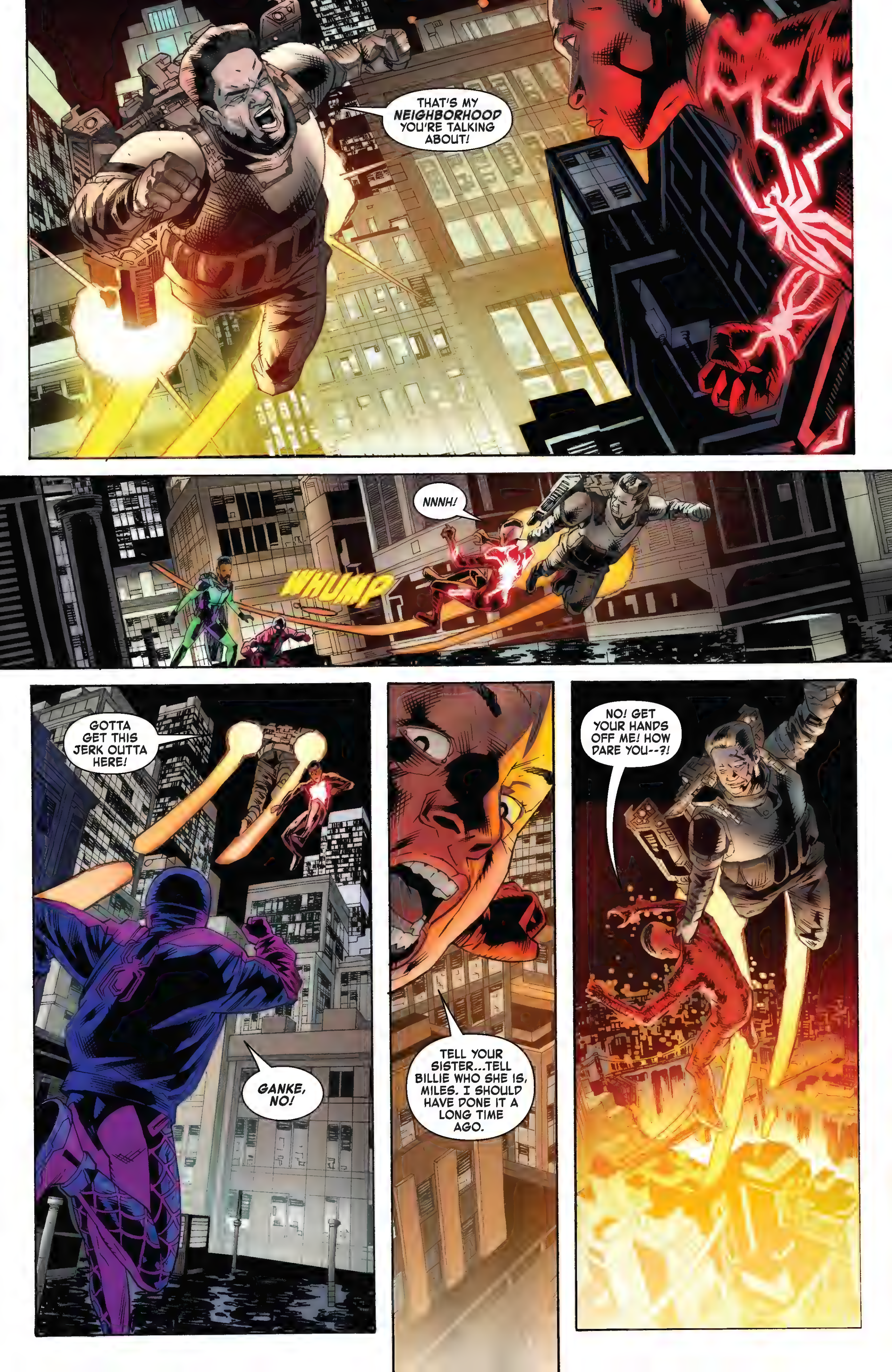

...DO YOU *EVER* STOP TALKING?
UNCLE AARON!

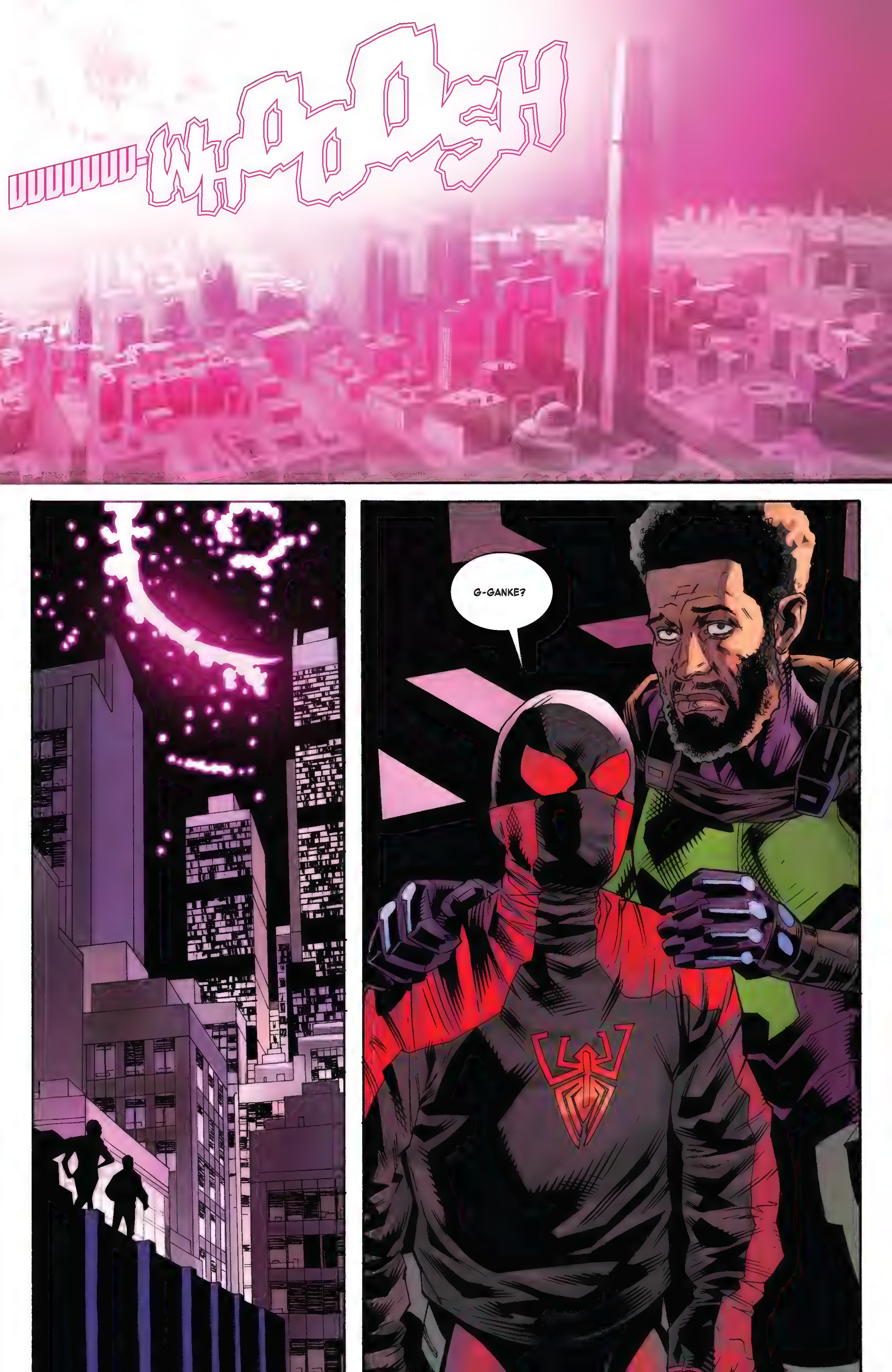

ALMOST THERE!
THERE'S ONLY TWO OF 'EM! HOLD THE LINE! DEFEND THE GENERATOR! DEFEND--
UNH!
FALL BACK! FALL BACK!
IT'S ALL YOU, BIG MAN.
GLURP!
SMASH
ZZZZZZZZZT
BZZT
BZZT
BZZT
BZZT
IT WORKED! THEY'RE ALL OUT OF JUICE!

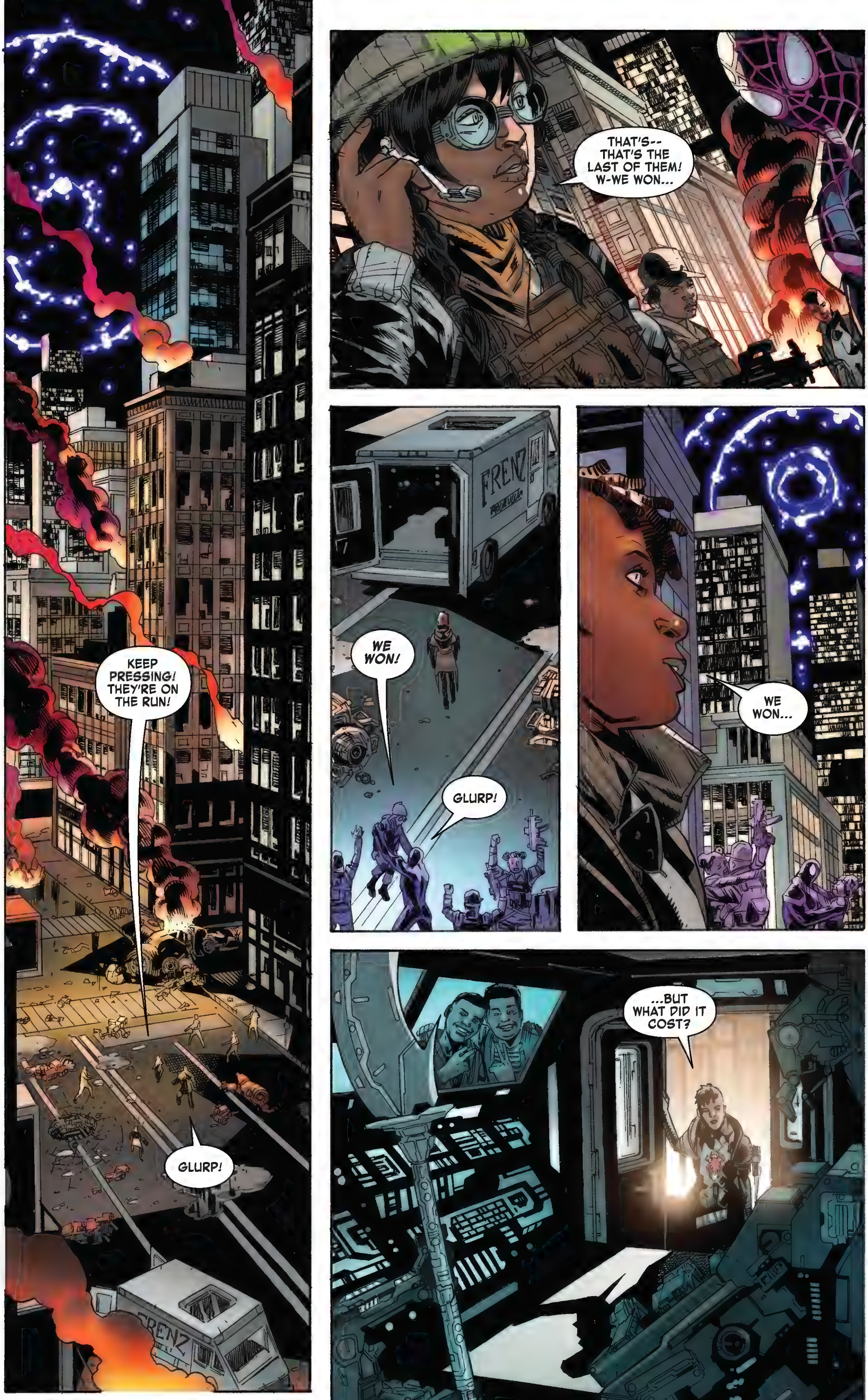

UNCLE AARON! YOU'RE OKAY!
I THOUGHT I LOST YOU.
COME ON NOW, YOU KNOW ME.
KRACK
HARD TO KILL LIKE AN UNPAID BILL.
YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT UNPAID BILLS, DON'T YOU, PROWLER? ALWAYS A DAY LATE AND A DOLLAR SHORT.
YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL. I FINALLY GAVE YOU PURPOSE WHEN I PLUCKED YOU FROM YOUR AIMLESS FLOATING IN THE MULTIVERSE TO SERVE AS MY LIVING BATTERY.
WELL, THE ONLY THING I'M SERVING NOW IS WHOOP-ASS--AND YOU GOT AN EXTRA LARGE ORDER ON THE WAY!
DANG, IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, UNC.

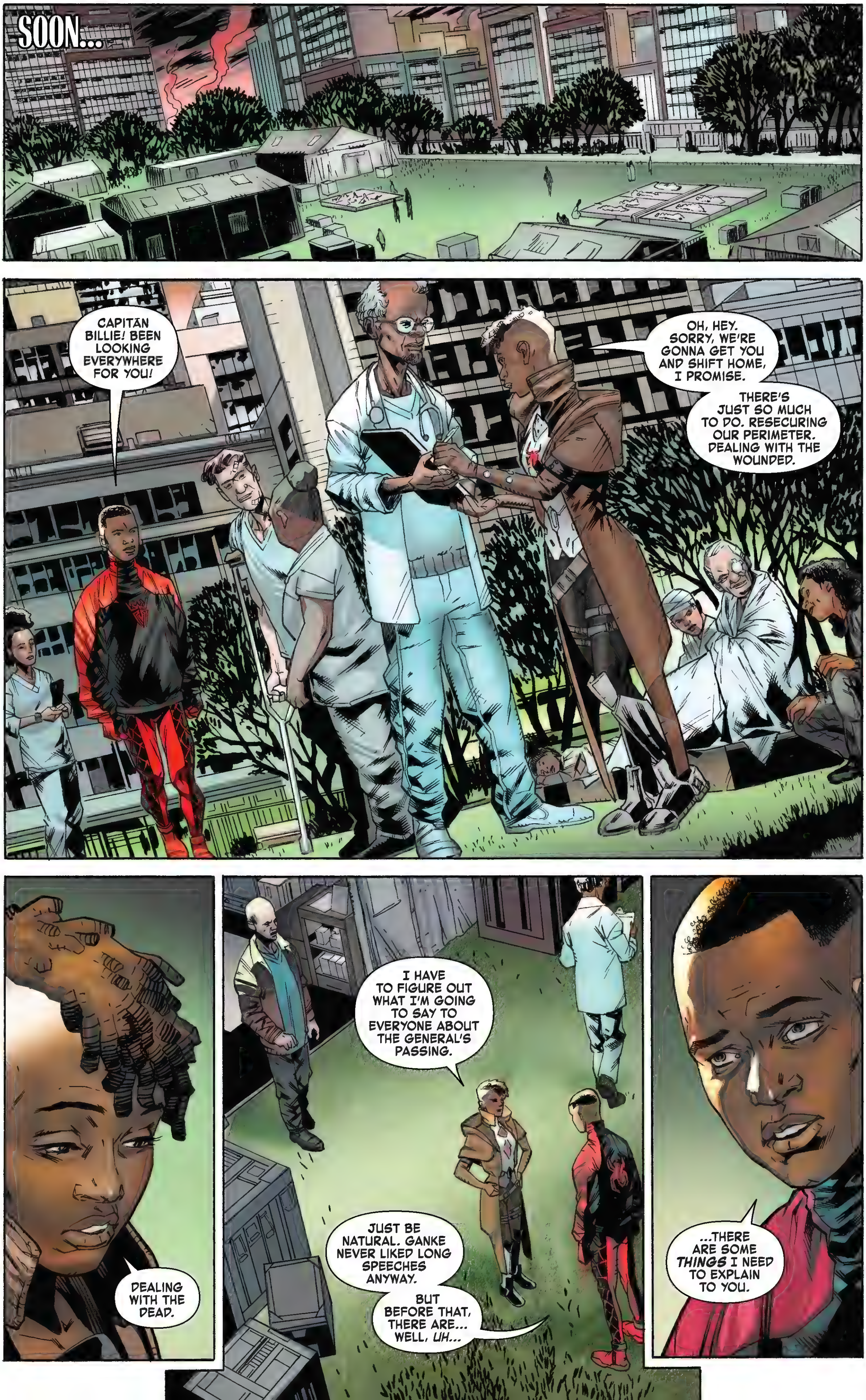

SLIIICE
KRAK
TRIP
WHAM

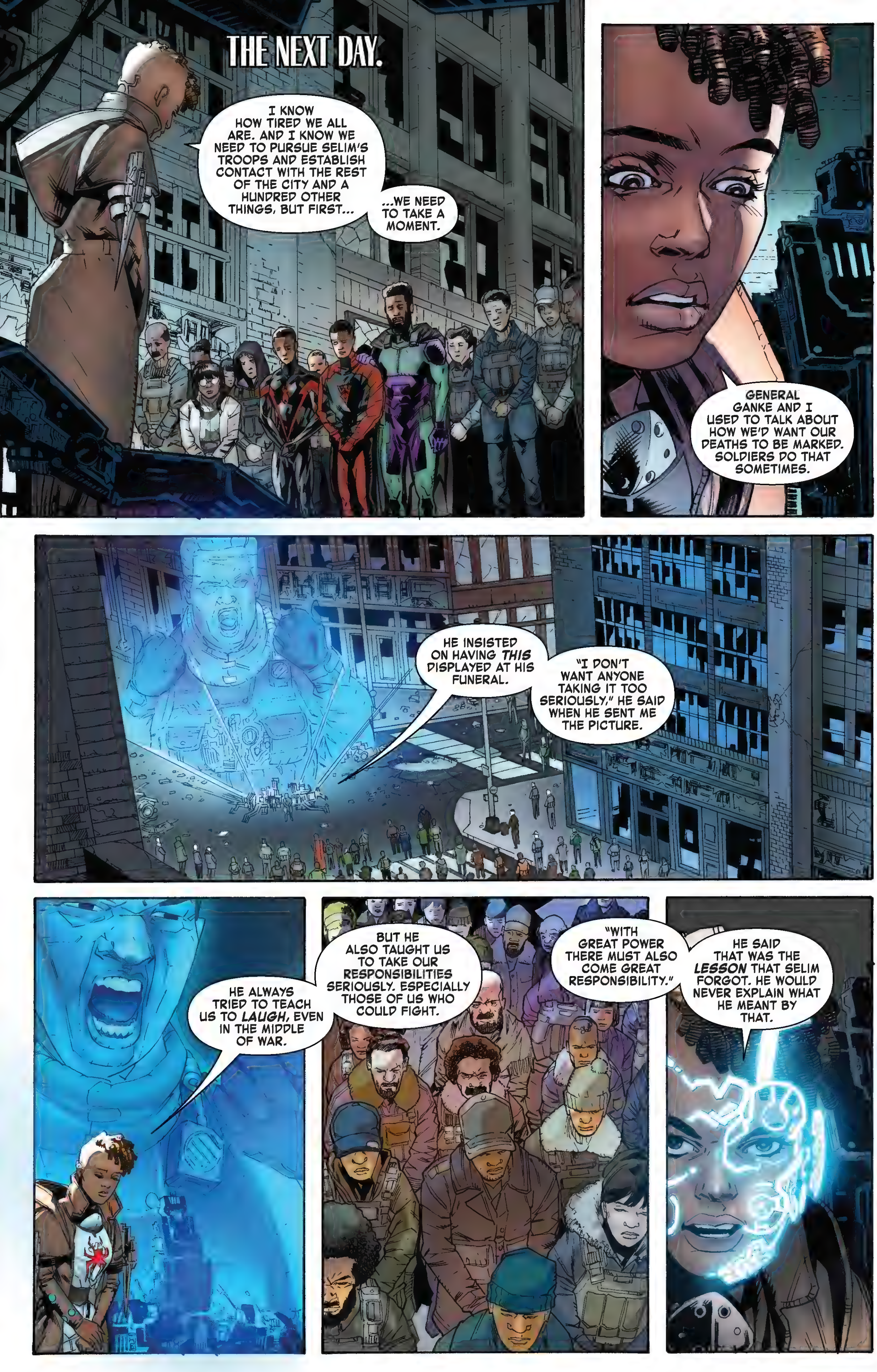

GOT HIM ON THE ROPES.
HE LOOK SCARED TO YOU, UNC? LOOKS SCARED TO ME.
ENJOY YOUR GLOATING WHILE YOU CAN. BUT IF I FALL, YOU FALL WITH ME.
BEEP
MY ENTIRE UNIFORM IS LACED WITH AN ULTRA-CONCENTRATED ANTIMATTER-BASED *EXPLOSIVE.*
IT WILL TAKE PERHAPS FIFTEEN SECONDS TO REACH THE PROPER TEMPERATURE AND THEN IT WILL *DESTROY THIS ENTIRE BUILDING.*
AND SO THIS IS THE END. BUT AT LEAST I TAKE THIS WRETCHED NEST OF TRAITOROUS RATS WITH ME.
HEY!

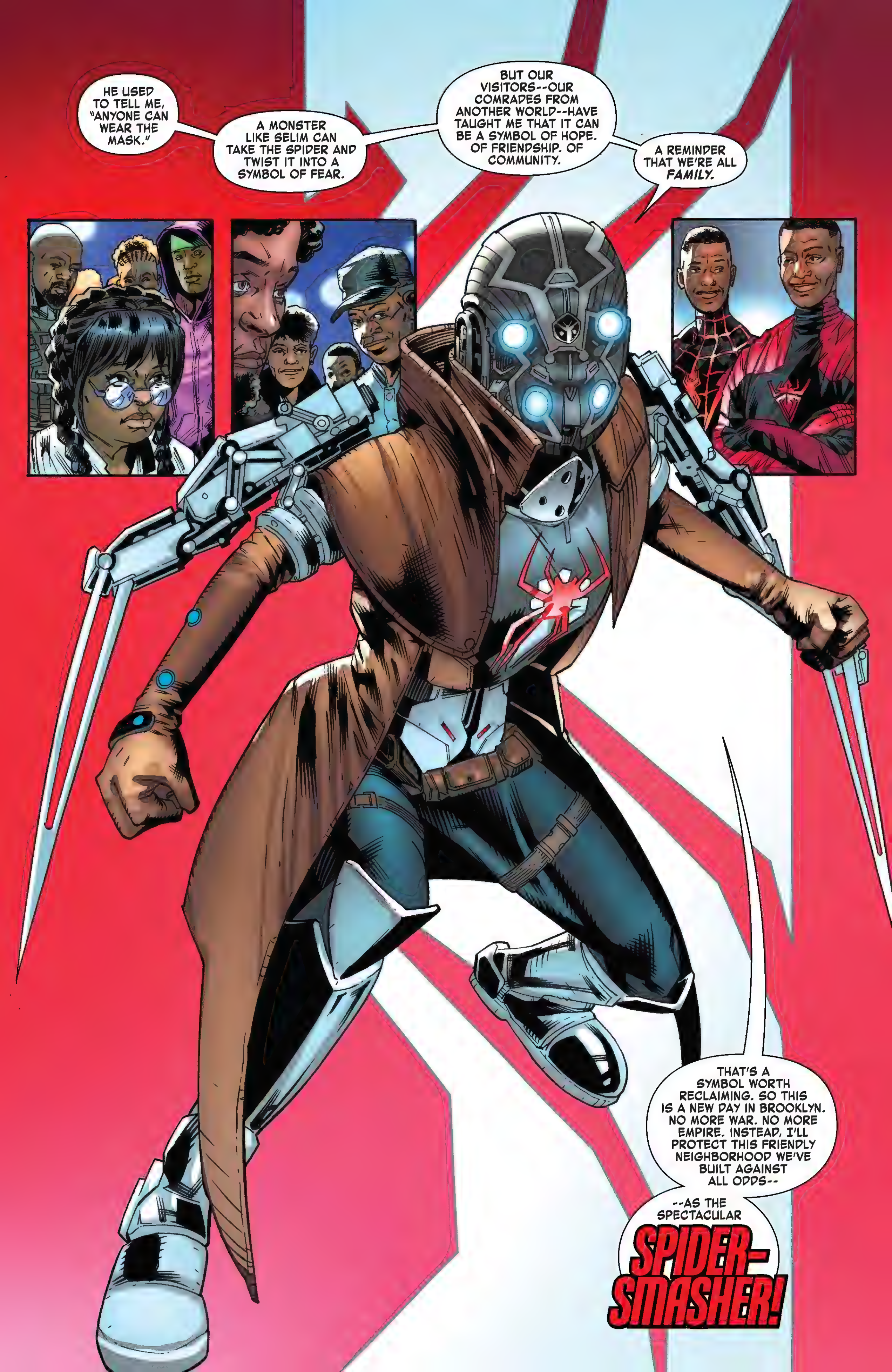

THAT'S MY *NEIGHBORHOOD* YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
NNNH!
WHUMP
GOTTA GET THIS JERK OUTTA HERE!
GANKE, NO!
TELL YOUR SISTER...TELL BILLIE WHO SHE IS, MILES. I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT A LONG TIME AGO.
NO! GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! HOW DARE YOU--?!

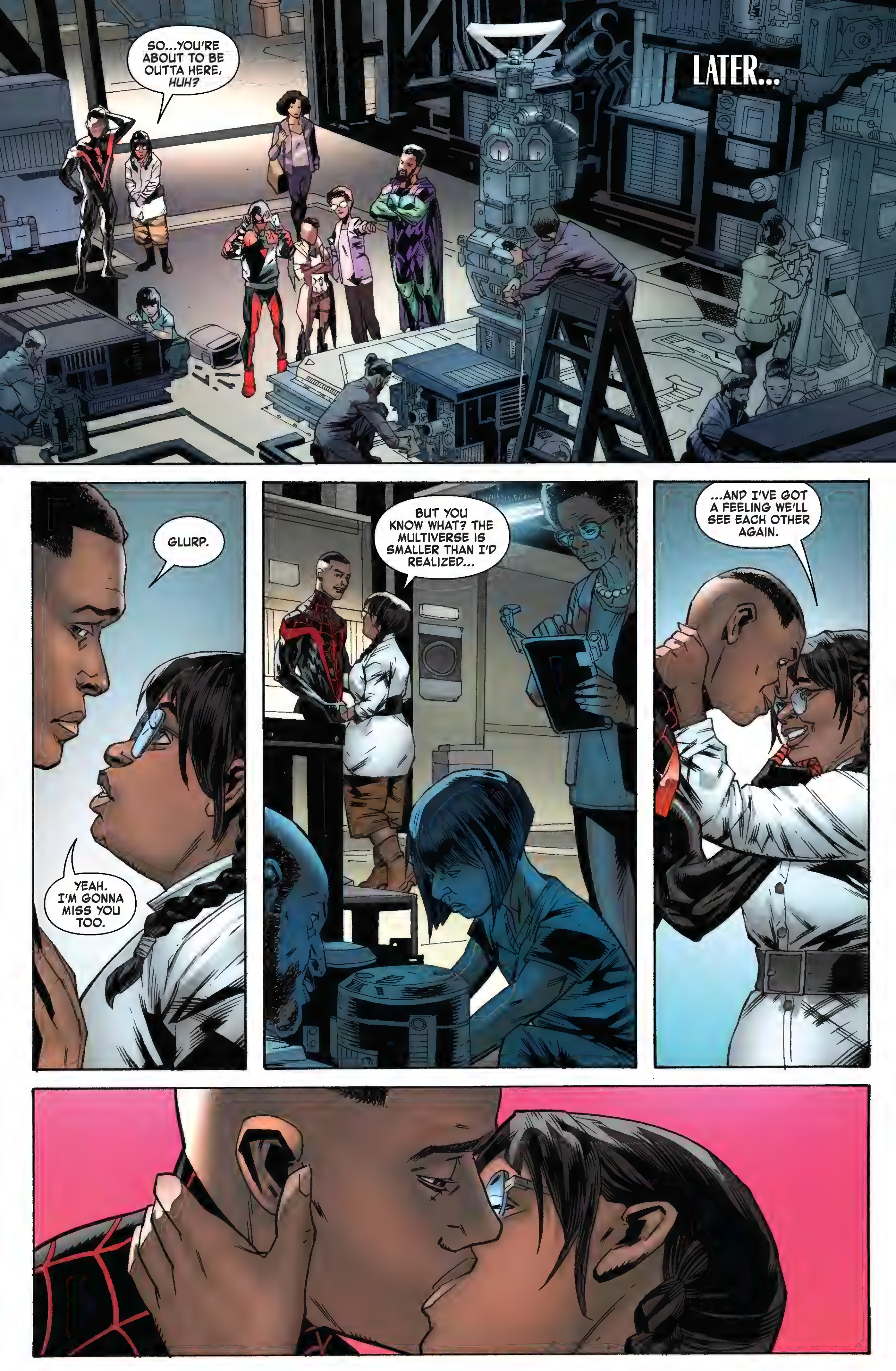

UUUUUUU-WHOOOSH
G-GANKE?

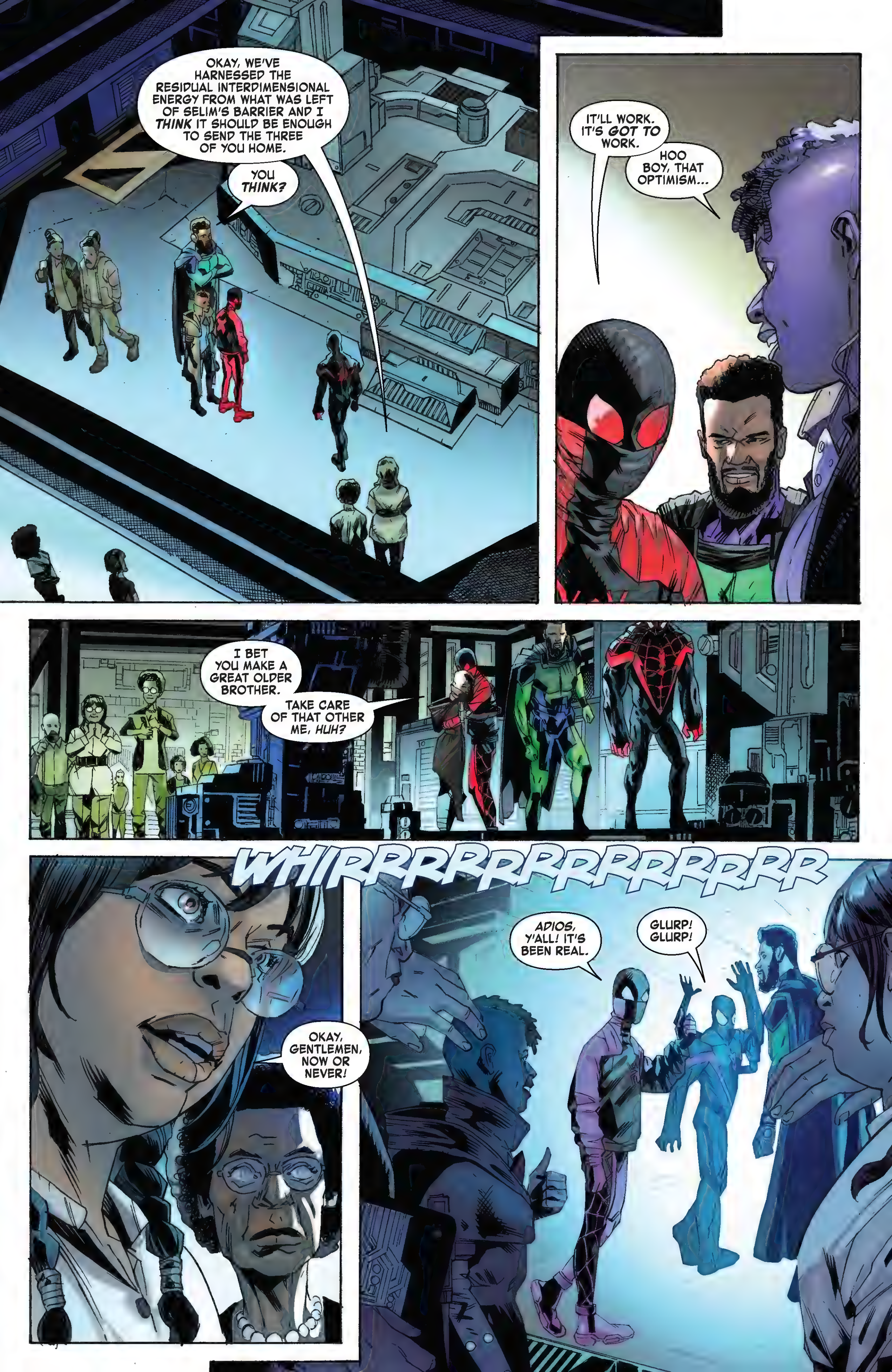

KEEP PRESSING! THEY'RE ON THE RUN!
GLURP!
FRENZ
THAT'S-- THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! W-WE WON...
FRENZ
WE WON!
GLURP!
WE WON...
...BUT WHAT DID IT COST?

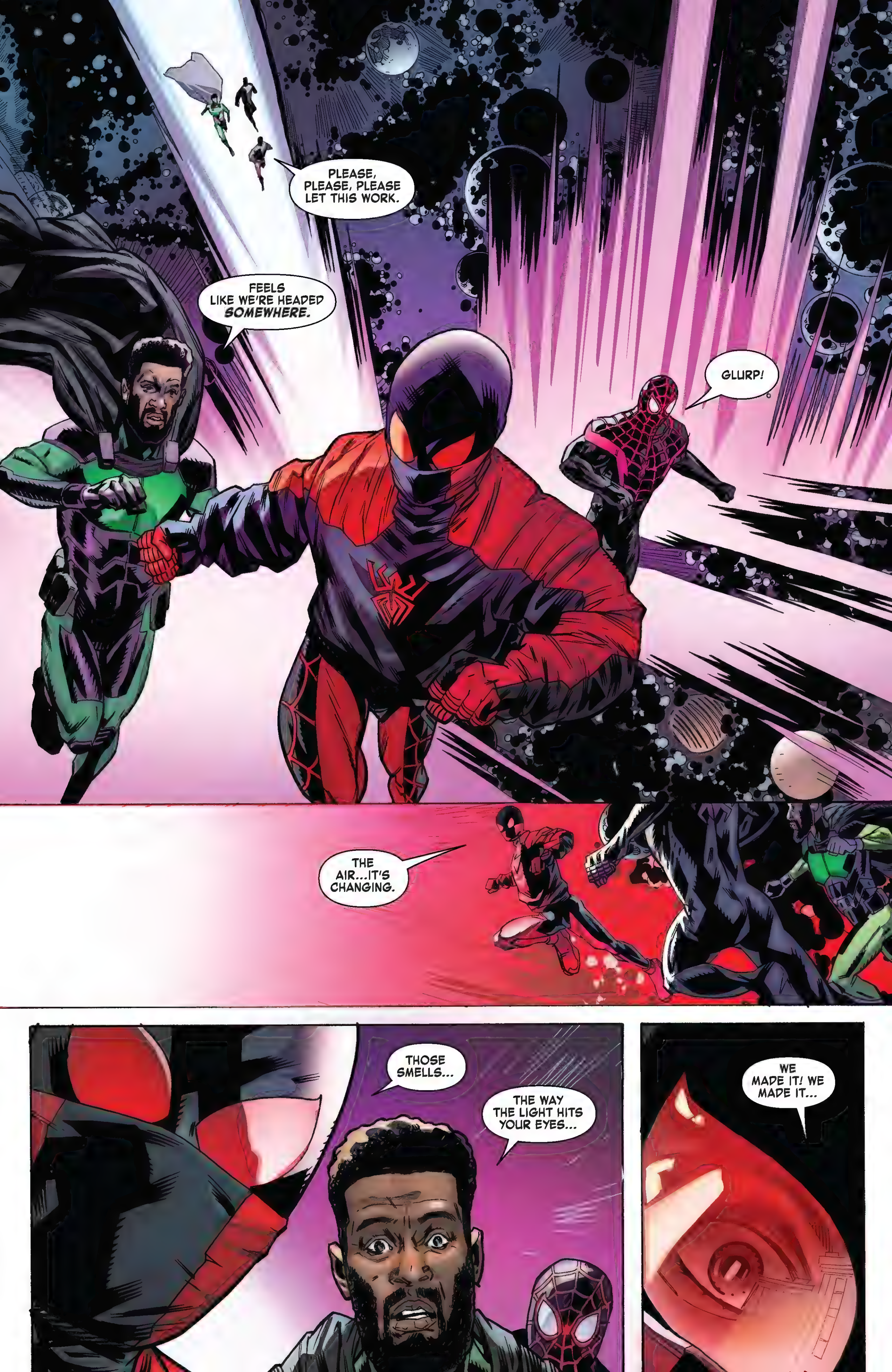

SOON...
CAPITÁN BILLIE! BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!
OH, HEY. SORRY, WE'RE GONNA GET YOU AND SHIFT HOME, I PROMISE.
THERE'S JUST SO MUCH TO DO. RESECURING OUR PERIMETER. DEALING WITH THE WOUNDED.
DEALING WITH THE DEAD.
I HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY TO EVERYONE ABOUT THE GENERAL'S PASSING.
JUST BE NATURAL. GANKE NEVER LIKED LONG SPEECHES ANYWAY.
BUT BEFORE THAT, THERE ARE... WELL, *UH*...
...THERE ARE SOME *THINGS* I NEED TO EXPLAIN TO YOU.

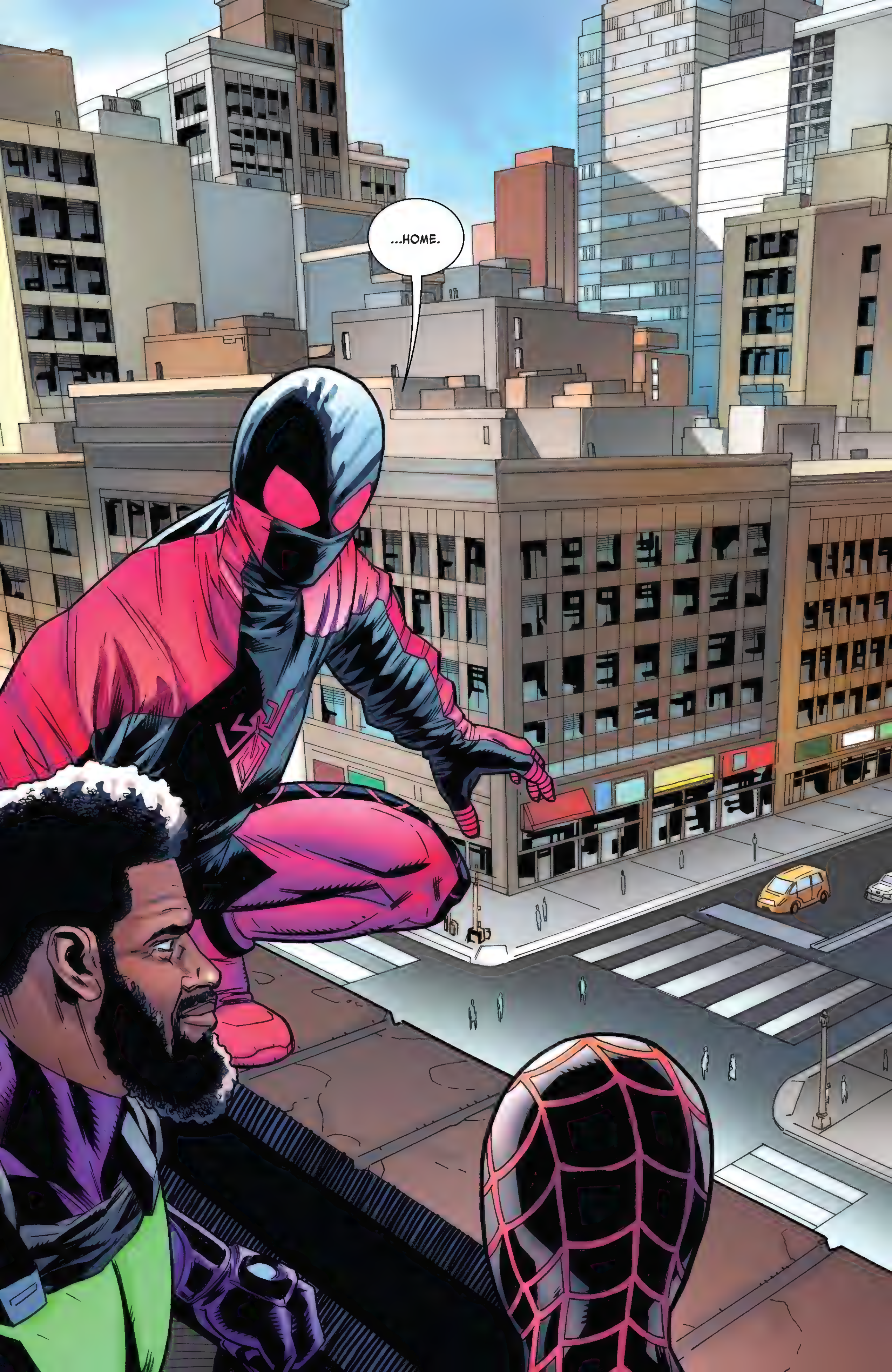

THE NEXT DAY.
I KNOW HOW TIRED WE ALL ARE. AND I KNOW WE NEED TO PURSUE SELIM'S TROOPS AND ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH THE REST OF THE CITY AND A HUNDRED OTHER THINGS, BUT FIRST...
...WE NEED TO TAKE A MOMENT.
GENERAL GANKE AND I USED TO TALK ABOUT HOW WE'D WANT OUR DEATHS TO BE MARKED. SOLDIERS DO THAT SOMETIMES.
HE INSISTED ON HAVING *THIS* DISPLAYED AT HIS FUNERAL.
"I DON'T WANT ANYONE TAKING IT TOO SERIOUSLY," HE SAID WHEN HE SENT ME THE PICTURE.
HE ALWAYS TRIED TO TEACH US TO *LAUGH*, EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF WAR.
BUT HE ALSO TAUGHT US TO TAKE OUR RESPONSIBILITIES SERIOUSLY. ESPECIALLY THOSE OF US WHO COULD FIGHT.
"WITH GREAT POWER THERE MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY."
HE SAID THAT WAS THE *LESSON* THAT SELIM FORGOT. HE WOULD NEVER EXPLAIN WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT.


HE USED TO TELL ME, "ANYONE CAN WEAR THE MASK."
A MONSTER LIKE SELIM CAN TAKE THE SPIDER AND TWIST IT INTO A SYMBOL OF FEAR.
BUT OUR VISITORS--OUR COMRADES FROM ANOTHER WORLD--HAVE TAUGHT ME THAT IT CAN BE A SYMBOL OF HOPE. OF FRIENDSHIP. OF COMMUNITY.
A REMINDER THAT WE'RE ALL *FAMILY.*
THAT'S A SYMBOL WORTH RECLAIMING. SO THIS IS A NEW DAY IN BROOKLYN. NO MORE WAR. NO MORE EMPIRE. INSTEAD, I'LL PROTECT THIS FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WE'VE BUILT AGAINST ALL ODDS--
--AS THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-SMASHER!

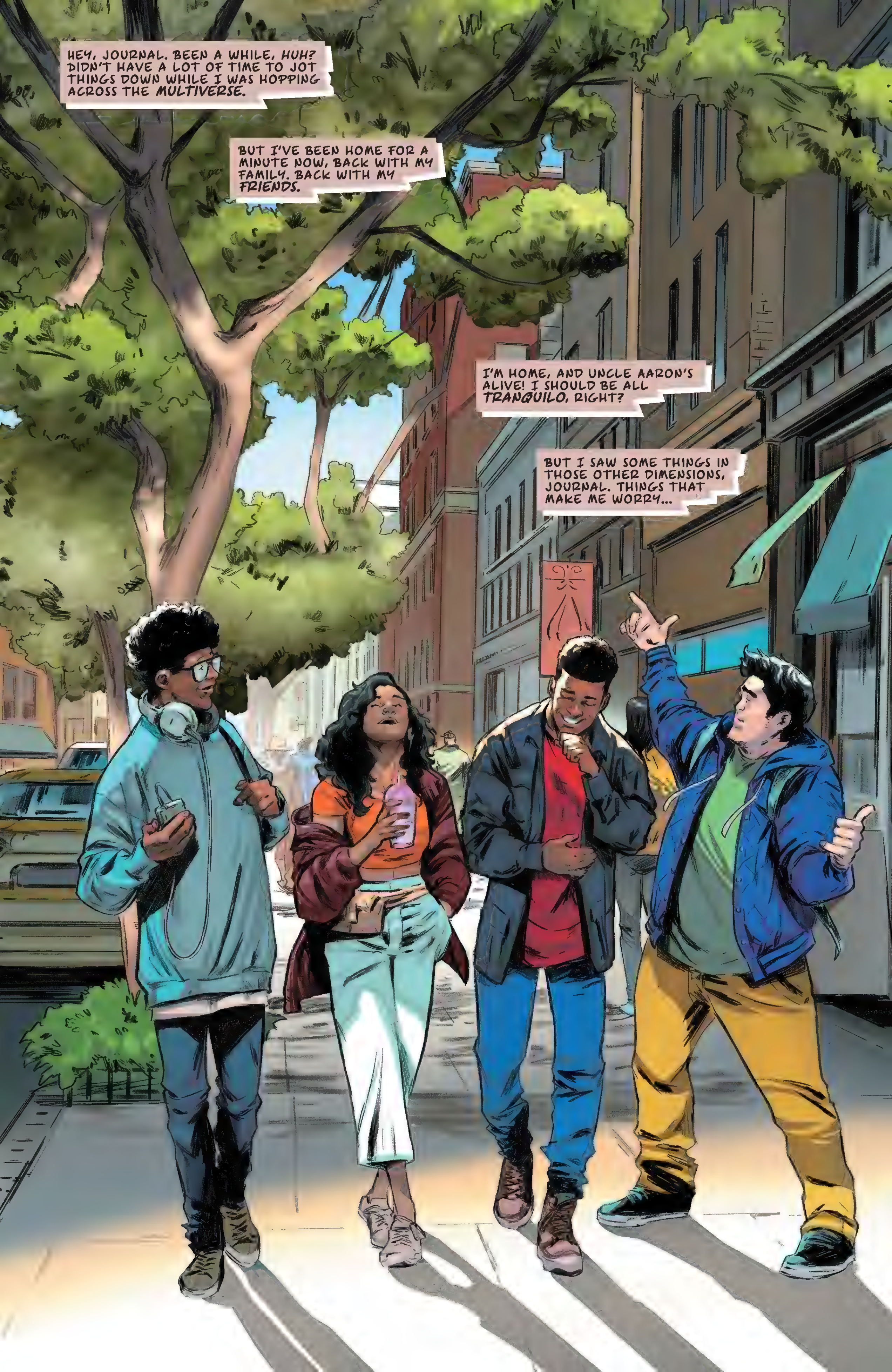

LATER...
SO...YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE OUTTA HERE, *HUH?*
GLURP.
YEAH. I'M GONNA MISS YOU TOO.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? THE MULTIVERSE IS SMALLER THAN I'D REALIZED...
...AND I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

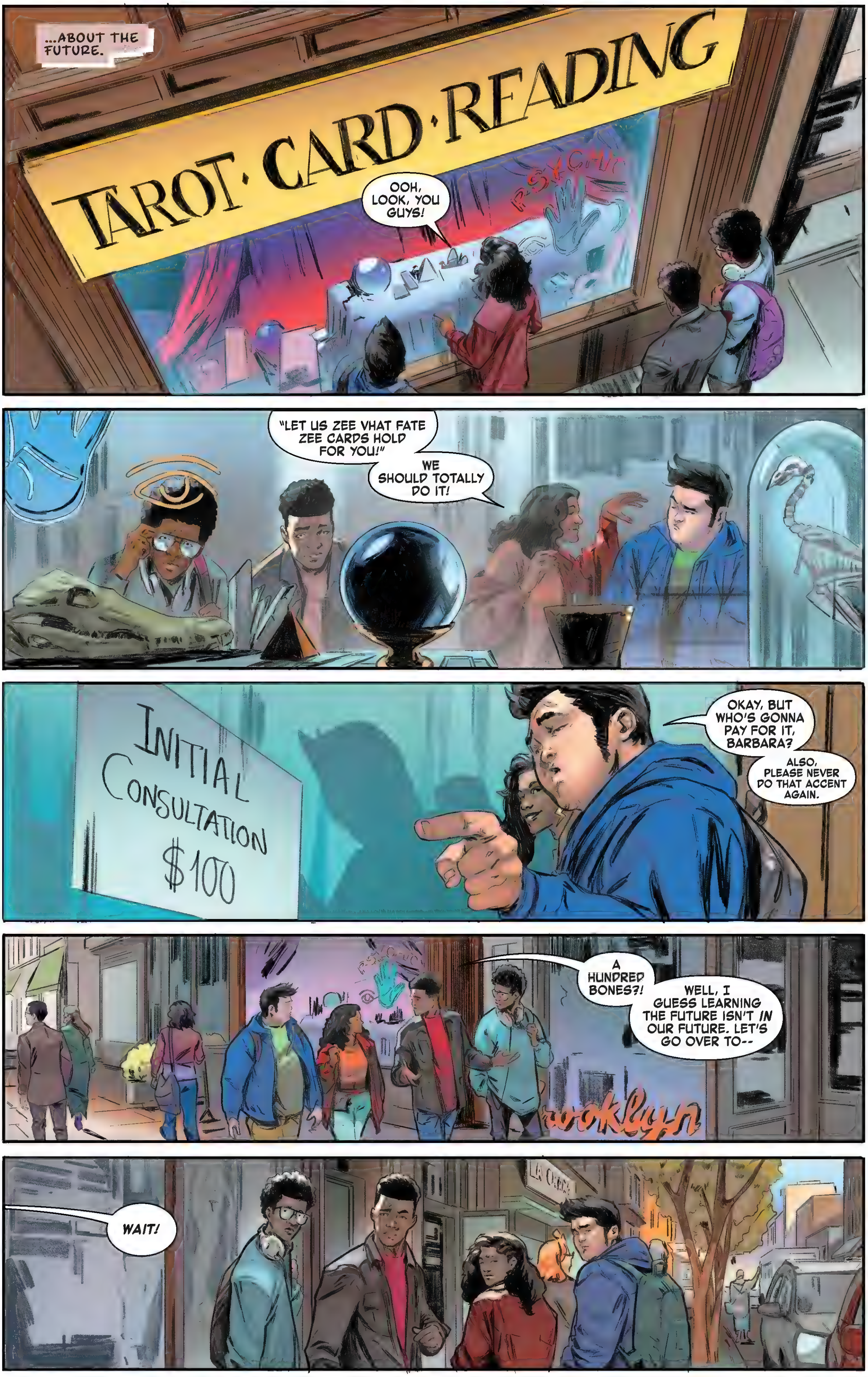

OKAY, WE'VE HARNESSED THE RESIDUAL INTERDIMENSIONAL ENERGY FROM WHAT WAS LEFT OF SELIM'S BARRIER AND I *THINK* IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO SEND THE THREE OF YOU HOME.
YOU *THINK?*
IT'LL WORK. IT'S *GOT TO* WORK.
HOO BOY, THAT OPTIMISM...
I BET YOU MAKE A GREAT OLDER BROTHER.
TAKE CARE OF THAT OTHER ME, *HUH?*
WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRR
OKAY, GENTLEMEN, NOW OR NEVER!
ADIOS, Y'ALL! IT'S BEEN REAL.
GLURP! GLURP!

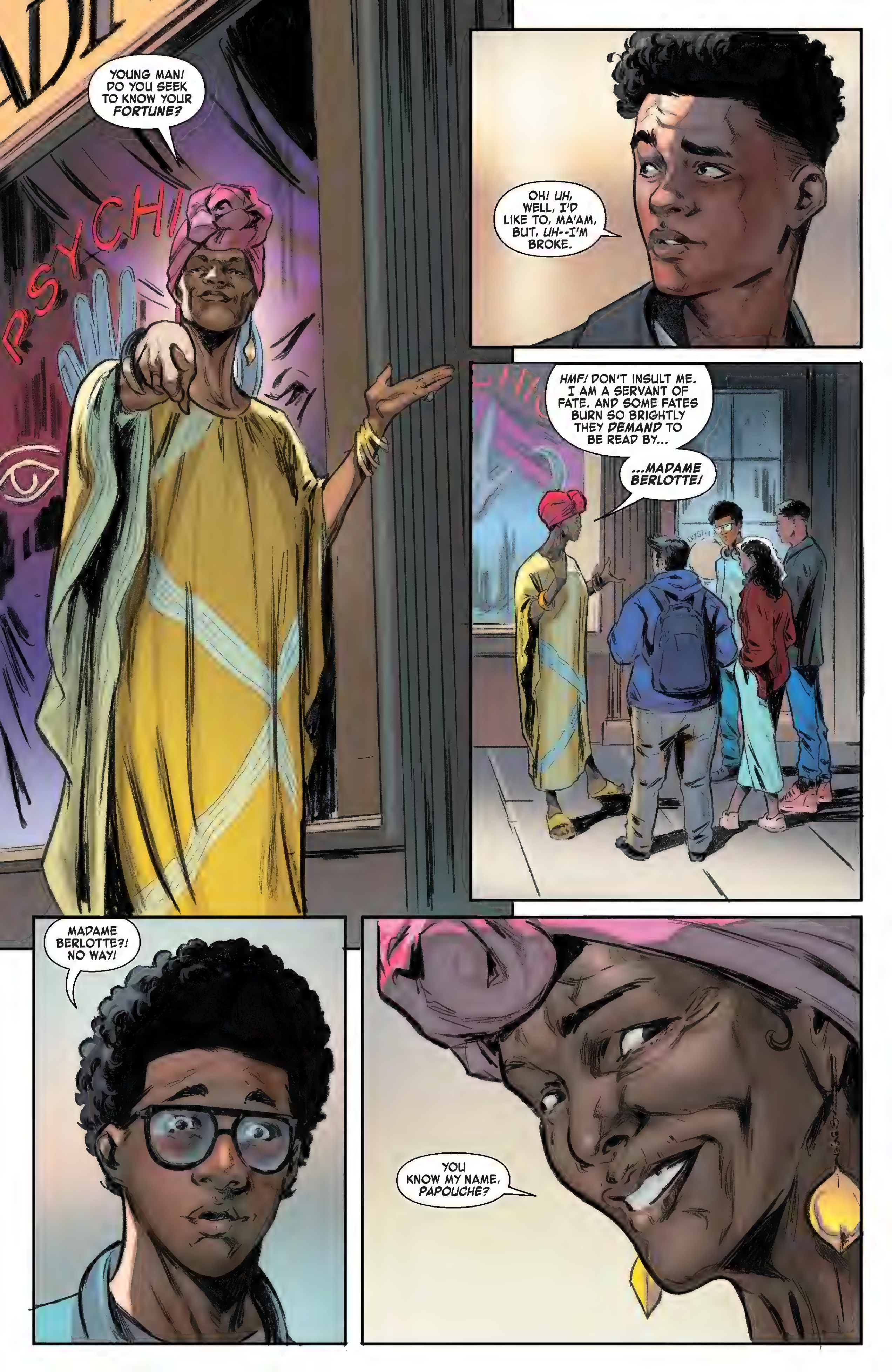

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE LET THIS WORK.
FEELS LIKE WE'RE HEADED *SOMEWHERE.*
GLURP!
THE AIR...IT'S CHANGING.
THOSE SMELLS...
THE WAY THE LIGHT HITS YOUR EYES...
WE MADE IT! WE MADE IT...

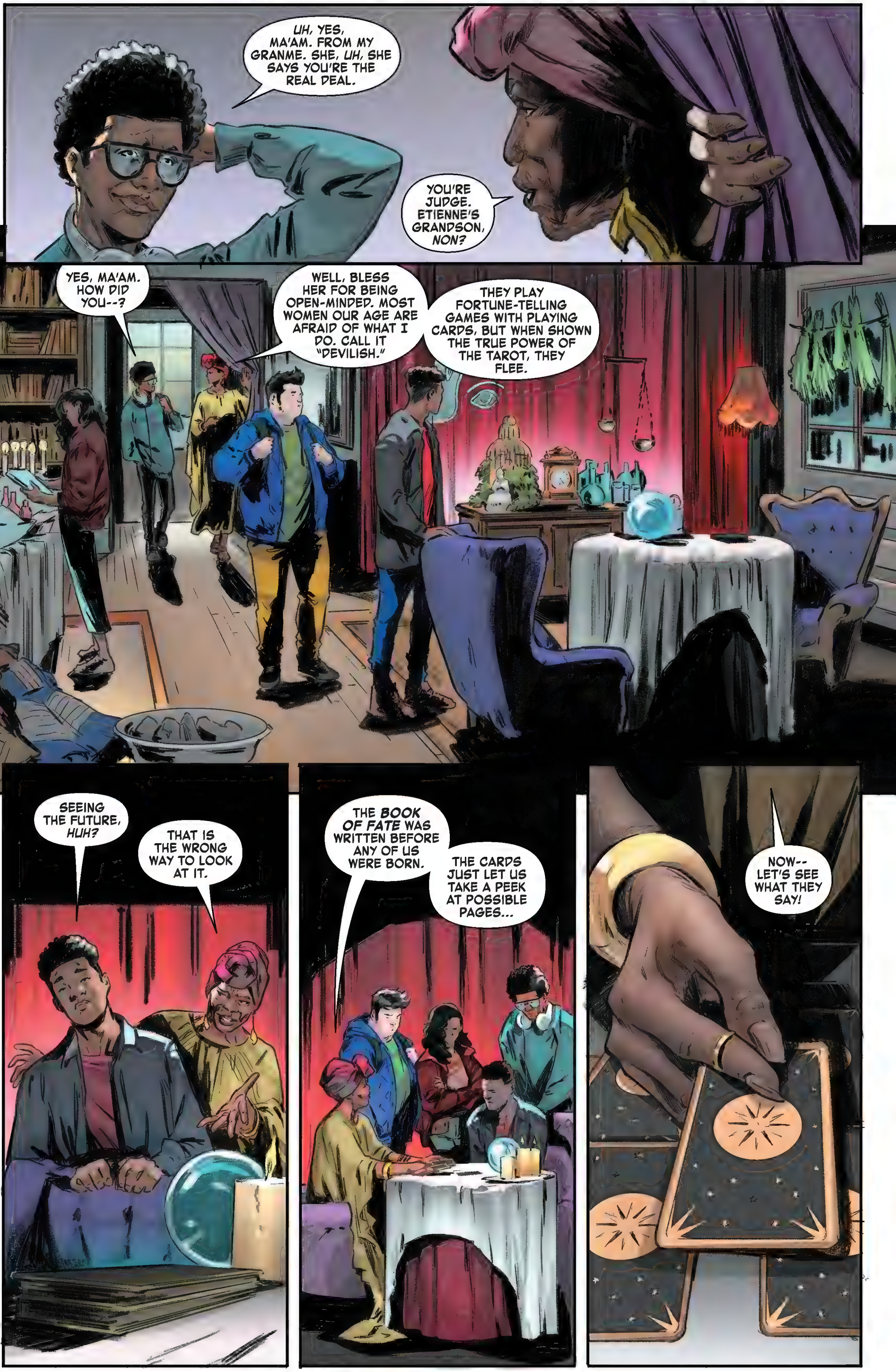

...HOME.

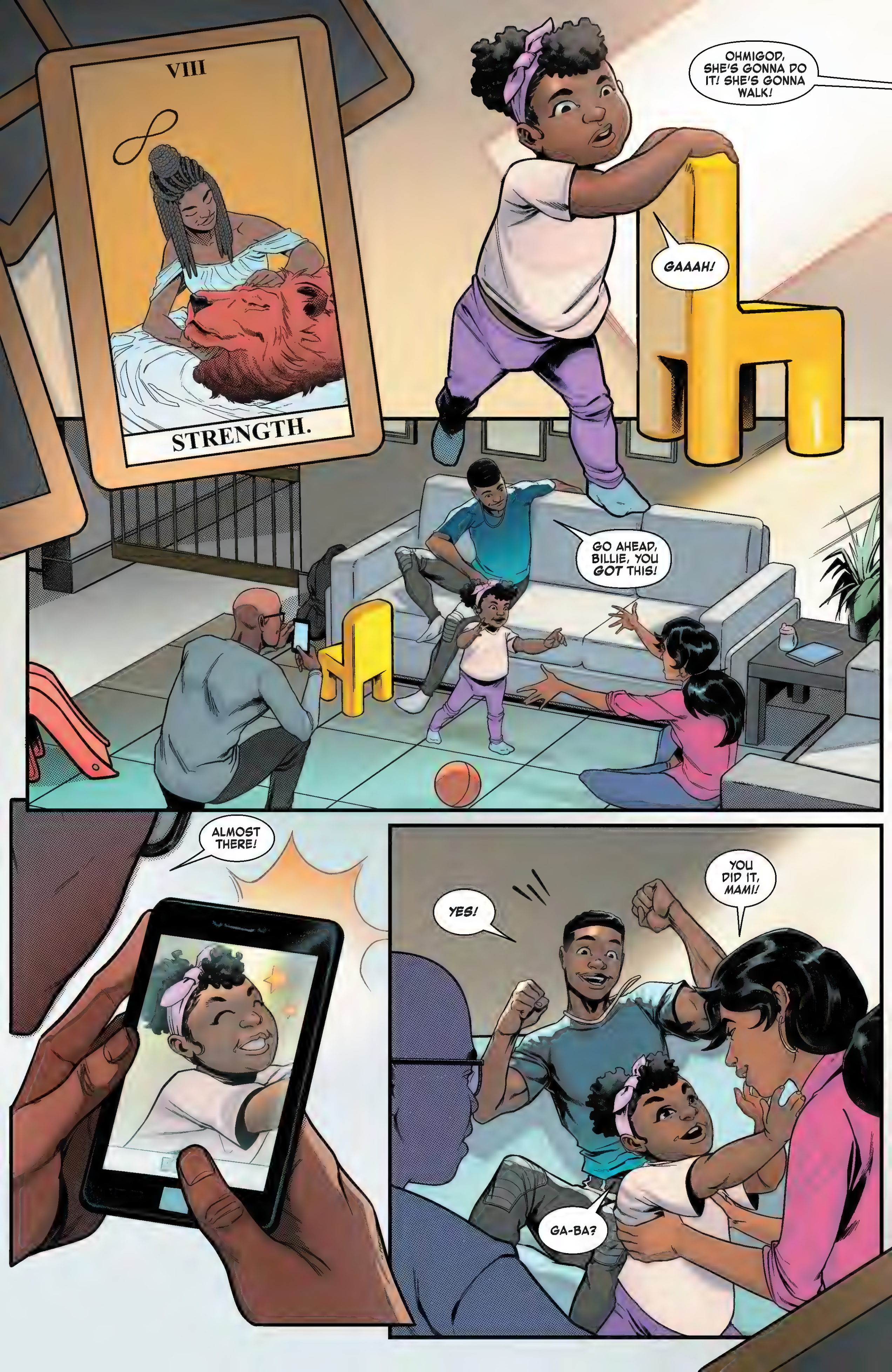
42
XVII
The Star
JUSTI
VI
OVERS
XIII
THE HANGED
VIII
STRENGTH
THREE OF WANDS
X

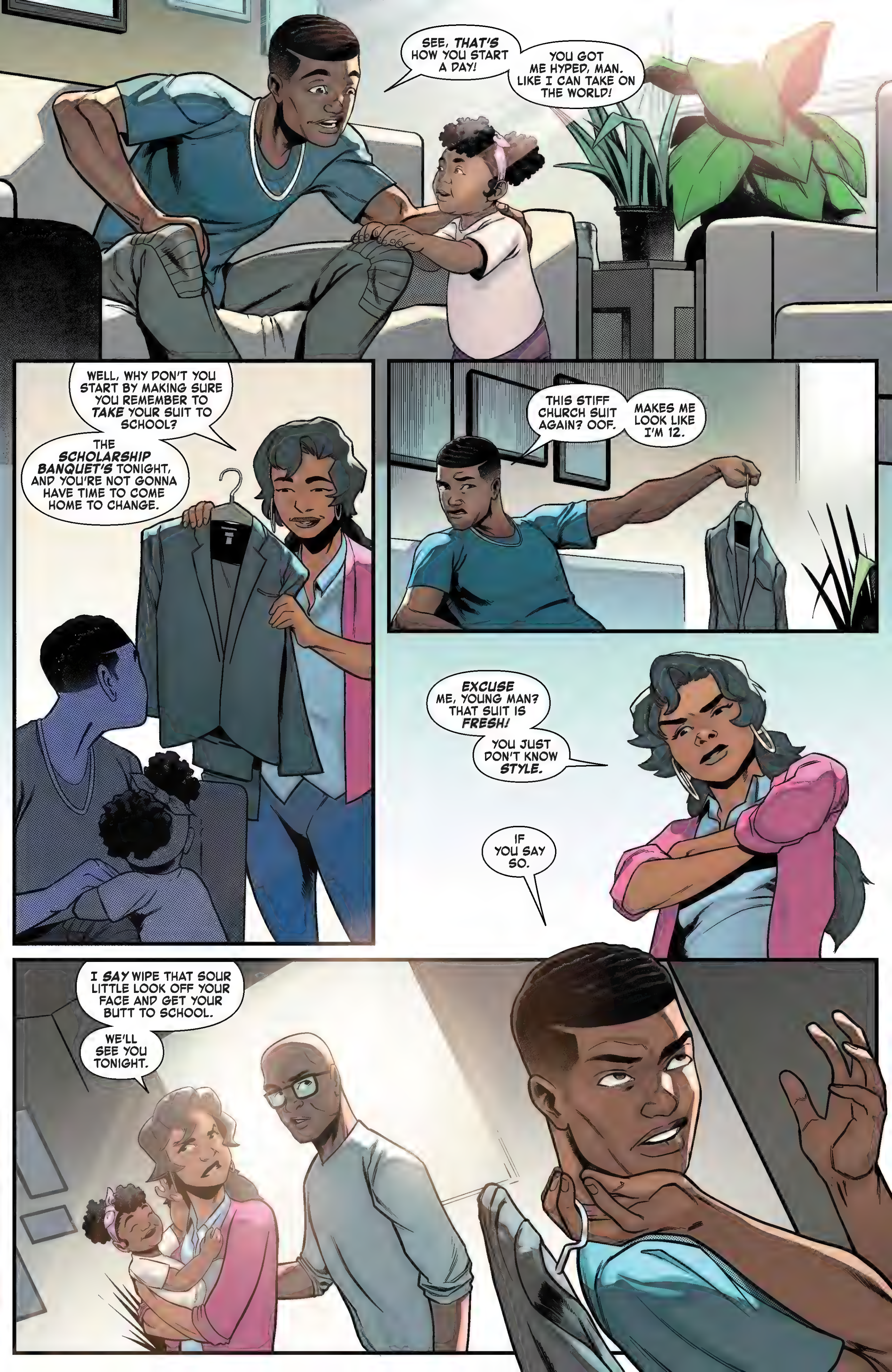

HEY, JOURNAL. BEEN A WHILE, HUH? DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME TO JOT THINGS DOWN WHILE I WAS HOPPING ACROSS THE *MULTIVERSE*.
BUT I'VE BEEN HOME FOR A MINUTE NOW, BACK WITH MY FAMILY. BACK WITH MY *FRIENDS*.
I'M HOME, AND UNCLE AARON'S ALIVE! I SHOULD BE ALL *TRANQUILO*, RIGHT?
BUT I SAW SOME THINGS IN THOSE OTHER DIMENSIONS, JOURNAL. THINGS THAT MAKE ME WORRY...

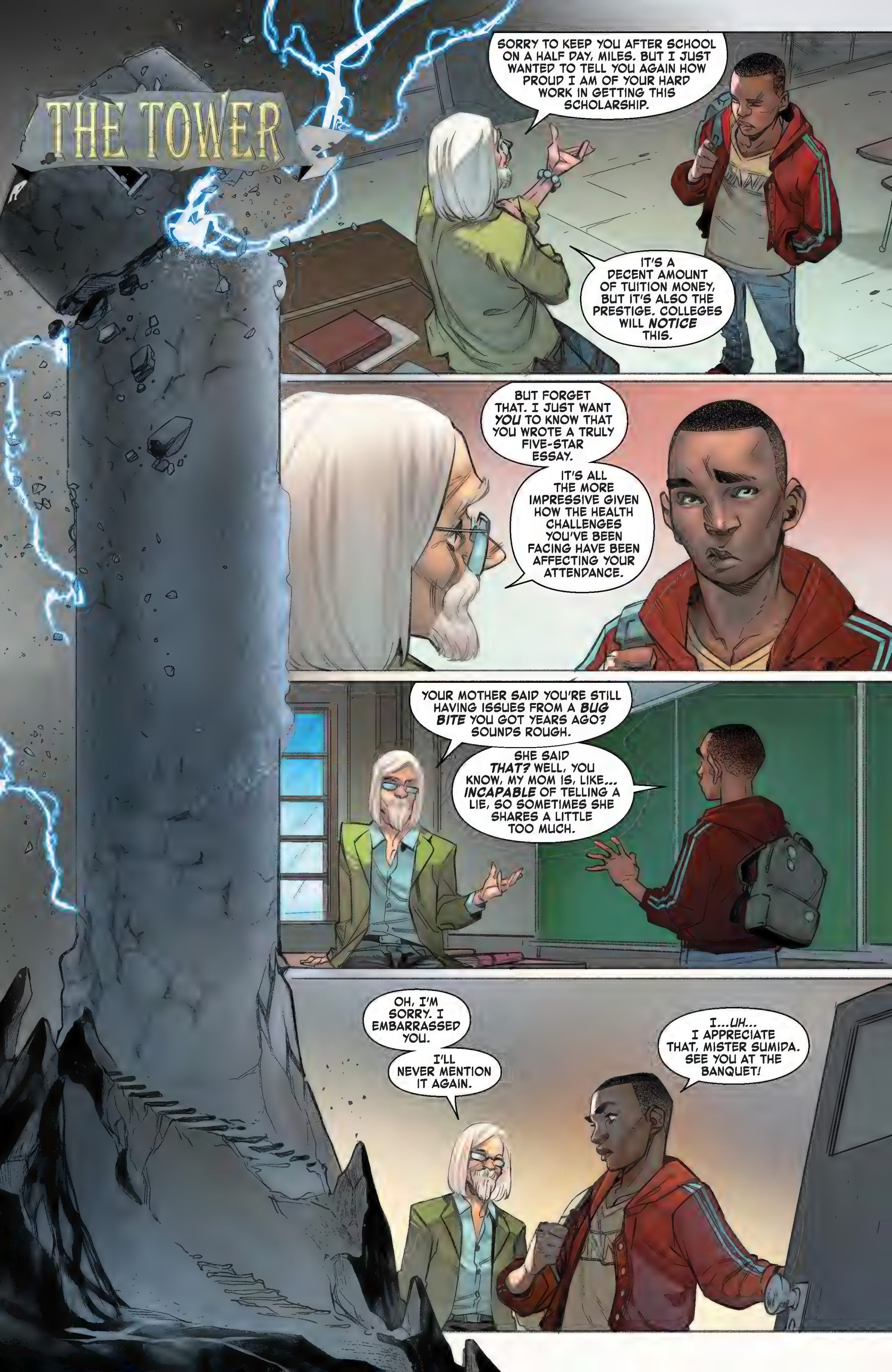

...ABOUT THE FUTURE.
TAROT·CARD·READING
OOH, LOOK, YOU GUYS!
"LET US ZEE VHAT FATE ZEE CARDS HOLD FOR YOU!"
WE SHOULD TOTALLY DO IT!
INITIAL CONSULTATION $100
OKAY, BUT WHO'S GONNA PAY FOR IT, BARBARA?
ALSO, PLEASE NEVER DO THAT ACCENT AGAIN.
A HUNDRED BONES?!
WELL, I GUESS LEARNING THE FUTURE ISN'T *IN* OUR FUTURE. LET'S GO OVER TO--
WAIT!

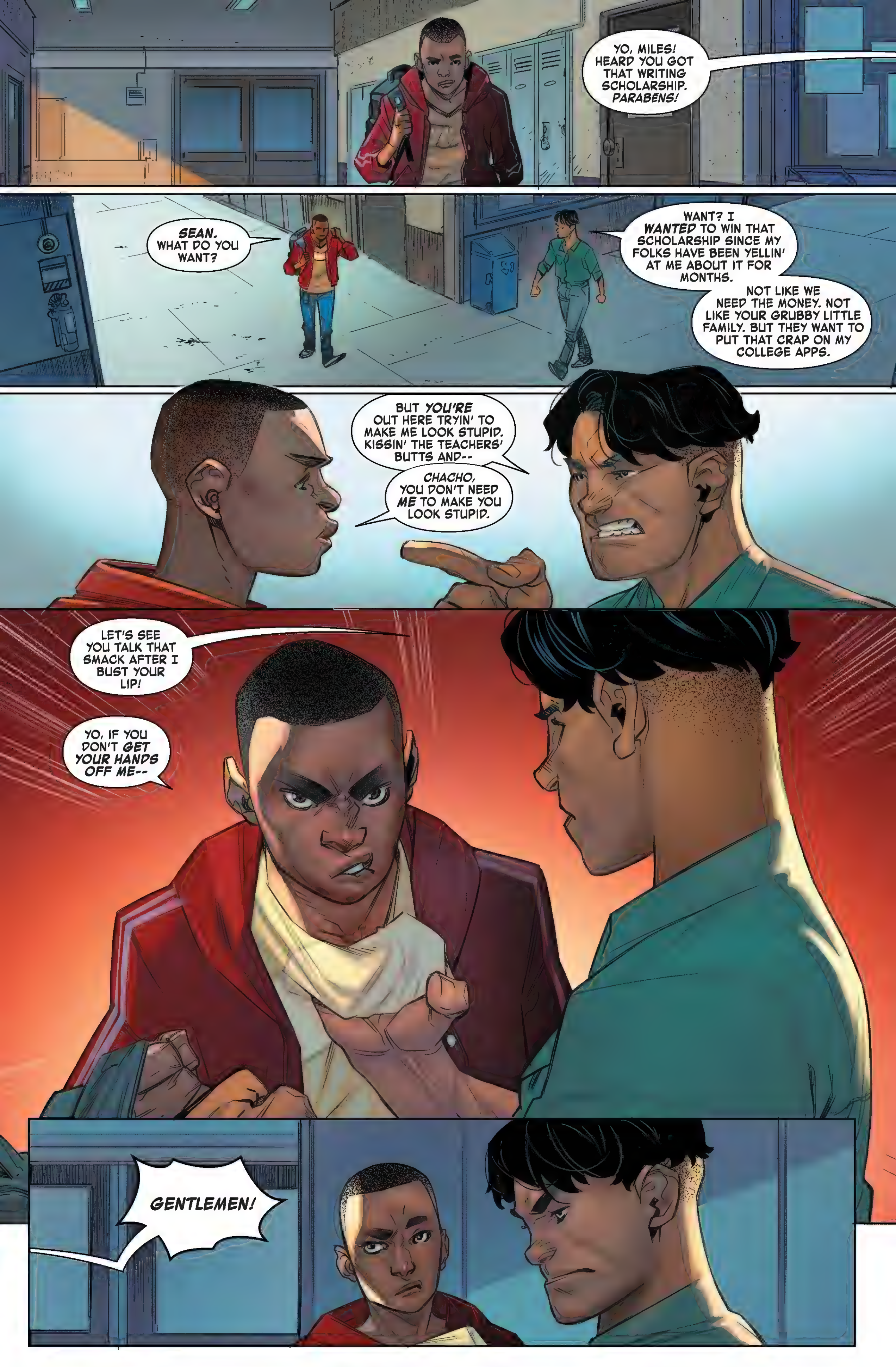

YOUNG MAN! DO YOU SEEK TO KNOW YOUR *FORTUNE?*
PSYCHI
OH! *UH*, WELL, I'D LIKE TO, MA'AM, BUT, *UH*--I'M BROKE.
HMF! DON'T INSULT ME. I AM A SERVANT OF FATE. AND SOME FATES BURN SO BRIGHTLY THEY *DEMAND* TO BE READ BY...
...*MADAME BERLOTTE!*
MADAME BERLOTTE?! NO WAY!
YOU KNOW MY NAME, *PAPOUCHE?*

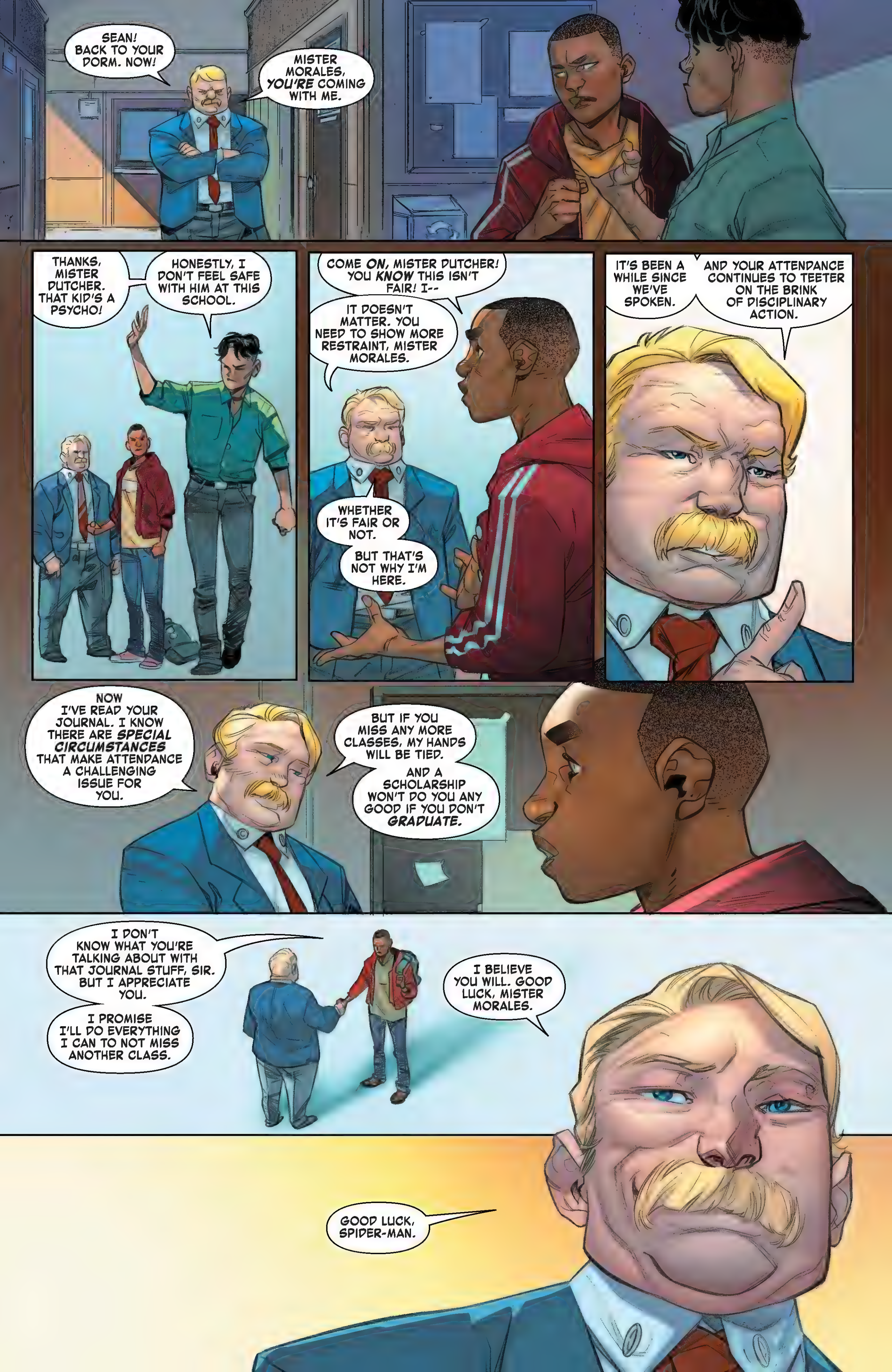

UH, YES, MA'AM. FROM MY GRANME. SHE, UH, SHE SAYS YOU'RE THE REAL DEAL.
YOU'RE JUDGE. ETIENNE'S GRANDSON, NON?
YES, MA'AM. HOW DID YOU--?
WELL, BLESS HER FOR BEING OPEN-MINDED. MOST WOMEN OUR AGE ARE AFRAID OF WHAT I DO. CALL IT "DEVILISH."
THEY PLAY FORTUNE-TELLING GAMES WITH PLAYING CARDS, BUT WHEN SHOWN THE TRUE POWER OF THE TAROT, THEY FLEE.
SEEING THE FUTURE, HUH?
THAT IS THE WRONG WAY TO LOOK AT IT.
THE BOOK OF FATE WAS WRITTEN BEFORE ANY OF US WERE BORN.
THE CARDS JUST LET US TAKE A PEEK AT POSSIBLE PAGES...
NOW-- LET'S SEE WHAT THEY SAY!

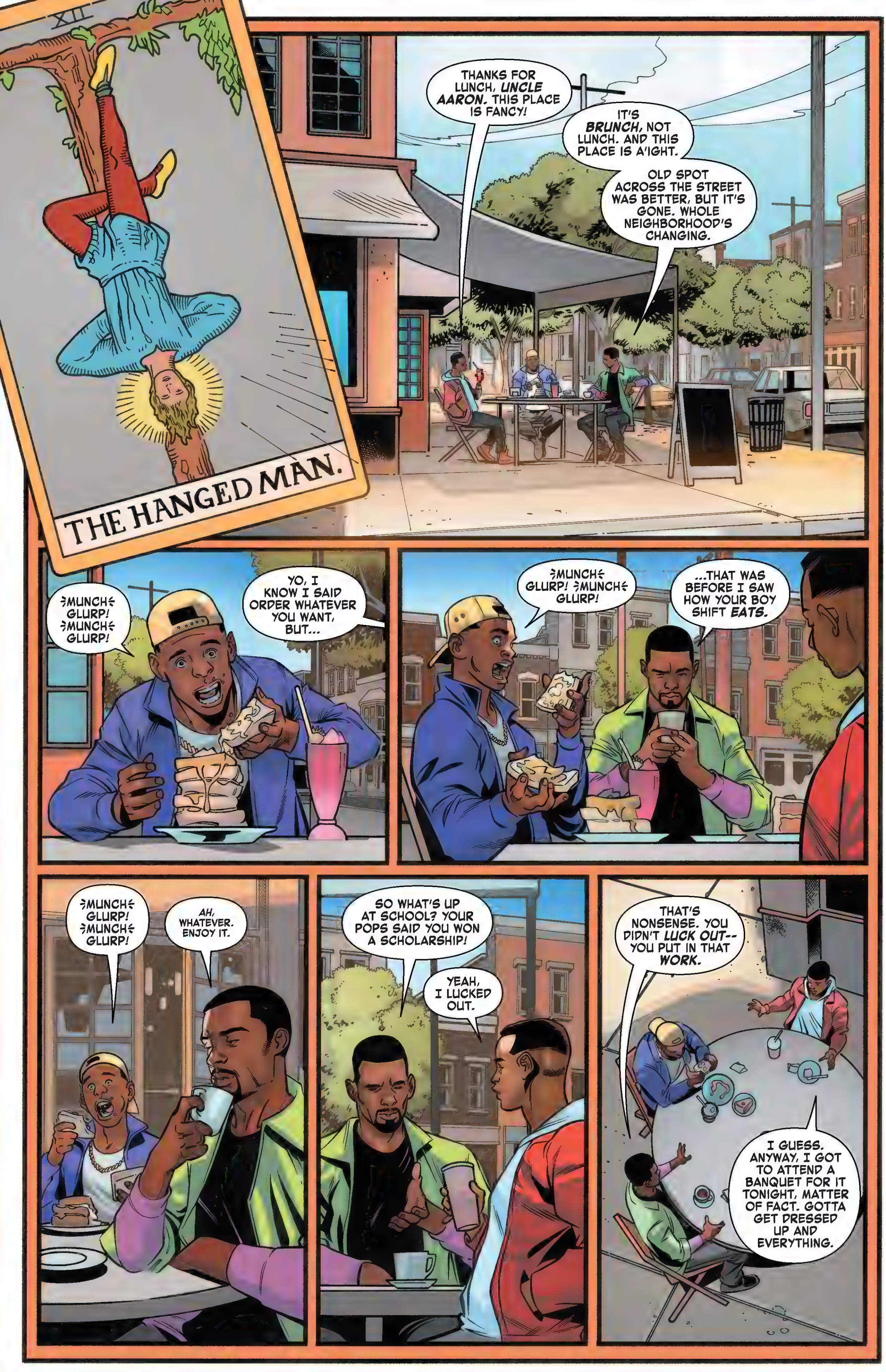

VIII
STRENGTH.
OHMIGOD, SHE'S GONNA DO IT! SHE'S GONNA WALK!
GAAAH!
GO AHEAD, BILLIE, YOU *GOT* THIS!
ALMOST THERE!
YES!
YOU DID IT, MAMI!
GA-BA?

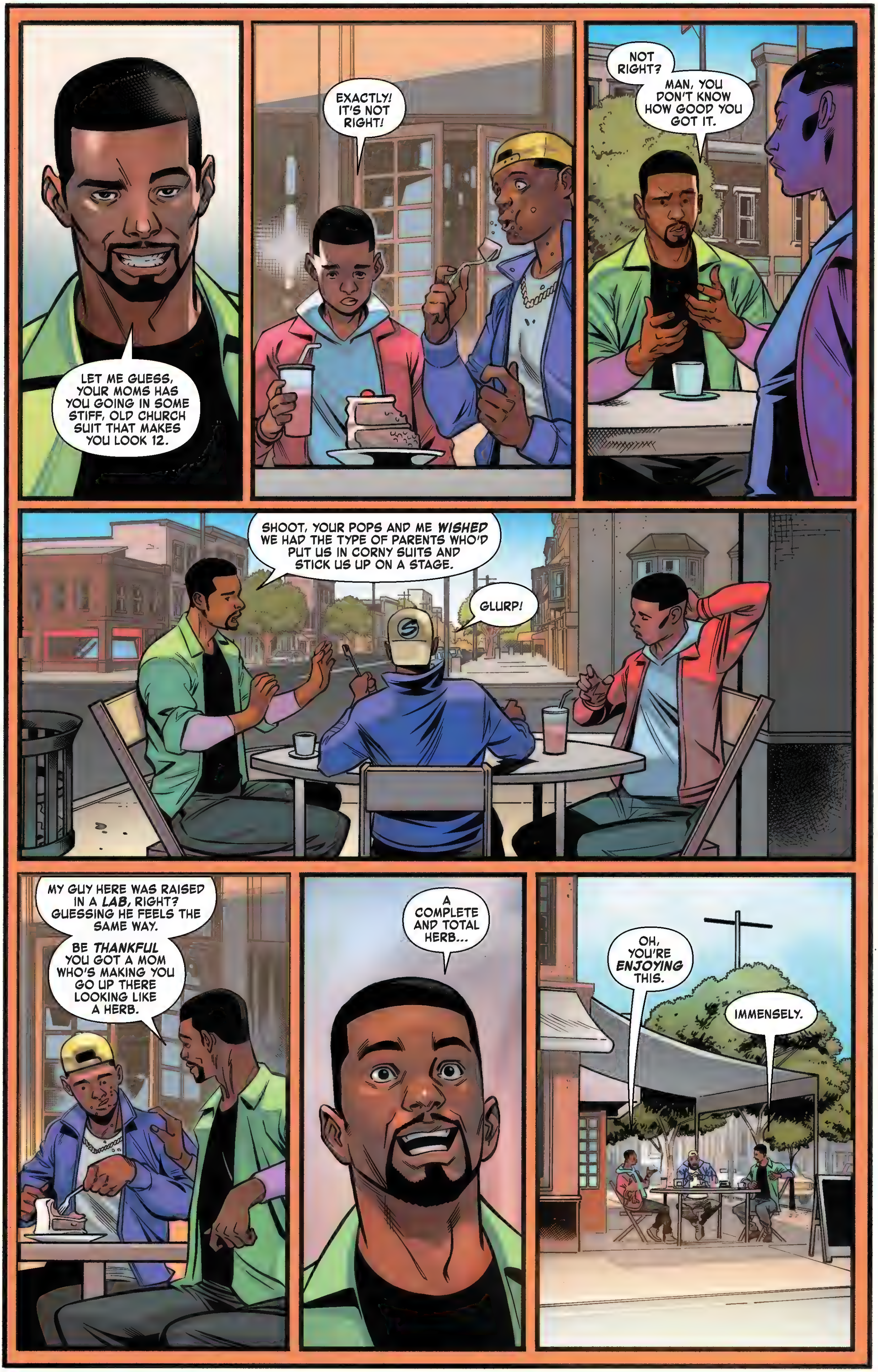

SEE, *THAT'S* HOW YOU START A DAY!
YOU GOT ME HYPED, MAN. LIKE I CAN TAKE ON THE WORLD!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU START BY MAKING SURE YOU REMEMBER TO *TAKE* YOUR SUIT TO SCHOOL?
THE *SCHOLARSHIP BANQUET'S* TONIGHT, AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE TIME TO COME HOME TO CHANGE.
THIS STIFF CHURCH SUIT AGAIN? OOF.
MAKES ME LOOK LIKE I'M 12.
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN? THAT SUIT IS *FRESH!*
YOU JUST DON'T KNOW *STYLE.*
IF YOU SAY SO.
I *SAY* WIPE THAT SOUR LITTLE LOOK OFF YOUR FACE AND GET YOUR BUTT TO SCHOOL.
WE'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT.

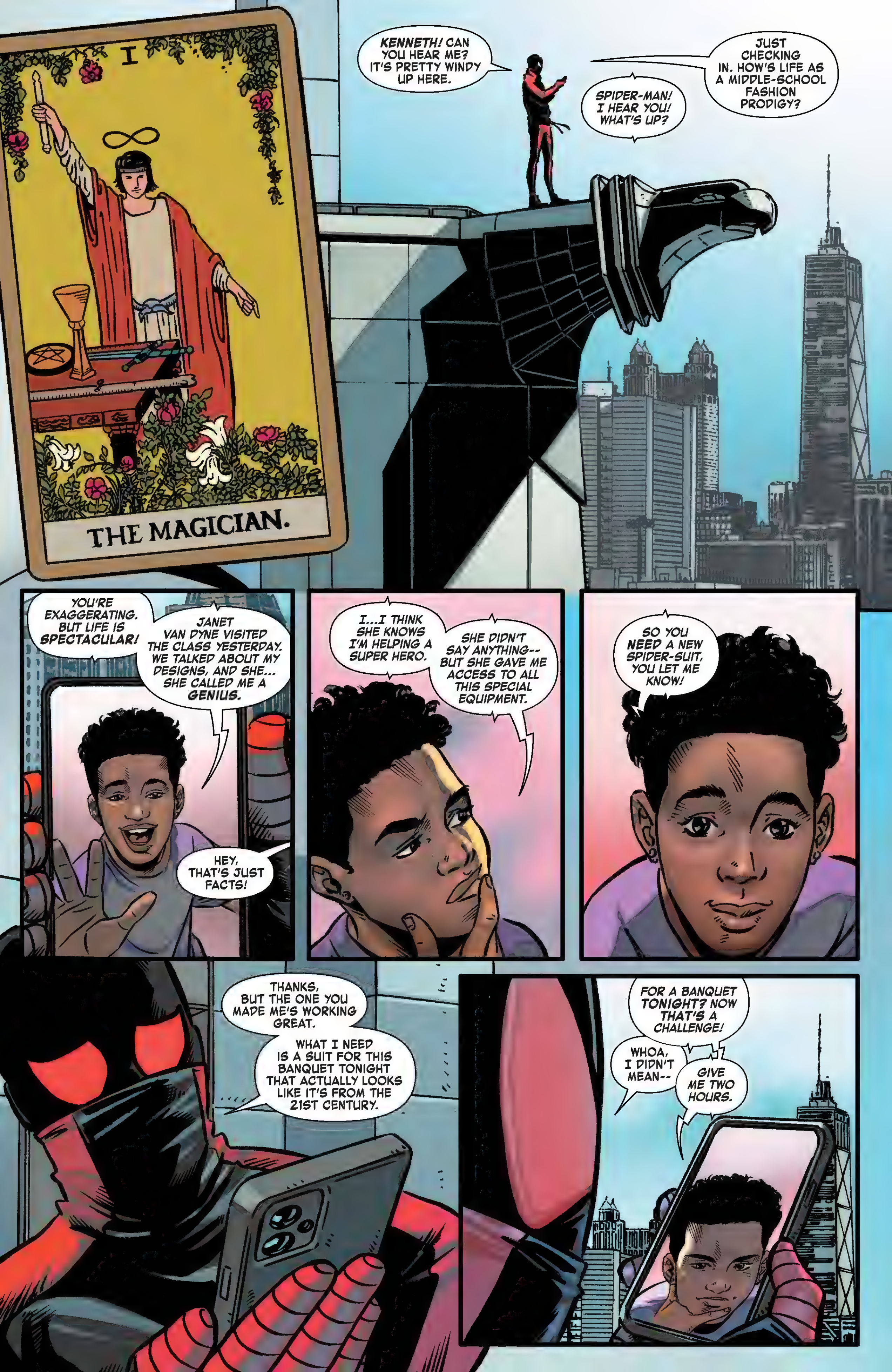

THE TOWER
SORRY TO KEEP YOU AFTER SCHOOL ON A HALF DAY, MILES. BUT I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU AGAIN HOW PROUD I AM OF YOUR HARD WORK IN GETTING THIS SCHOLARSHIP.
IT'S A DECENT AMOUNT OF TUITION MONEY, BUT IT'S ALSO THE PRESTIGE. COLLEGES WILL NOTICE THIS.
BUT FORGET THAT. I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU WROTE A TRULY FIVE-STAR ESSAY.
IT'S ALL THE MORE IMPRESSIVE GIVEN HOW THE HEALTH CHALLENGES YOU'VE BEEN FACING HAVE BEEN AFFECTING YOUR ATTENDANCE.
YOUR MOTHER SAID YOU'RE STILL HAVING ISSUES FROM A BUG BITE YOU GOT YEARS AGO? SOUNDS ROUGH.
SHE SAID THAT? WELL, YOU KNOW, MY MOM IS, LIKE... INCAPABLE OF TELLING A LIE, SO SOMETIMES SHE SHARES A LITTLE TOO MUCH.
OH, I'M SORRY. I EMBARRASSED YOU.
I'LL NEVER MENTION IT AGAIN.
I...UH... I APPRECIATE THAT, MISTER SUMIDA. SEE YOU AT THE BANQUET!

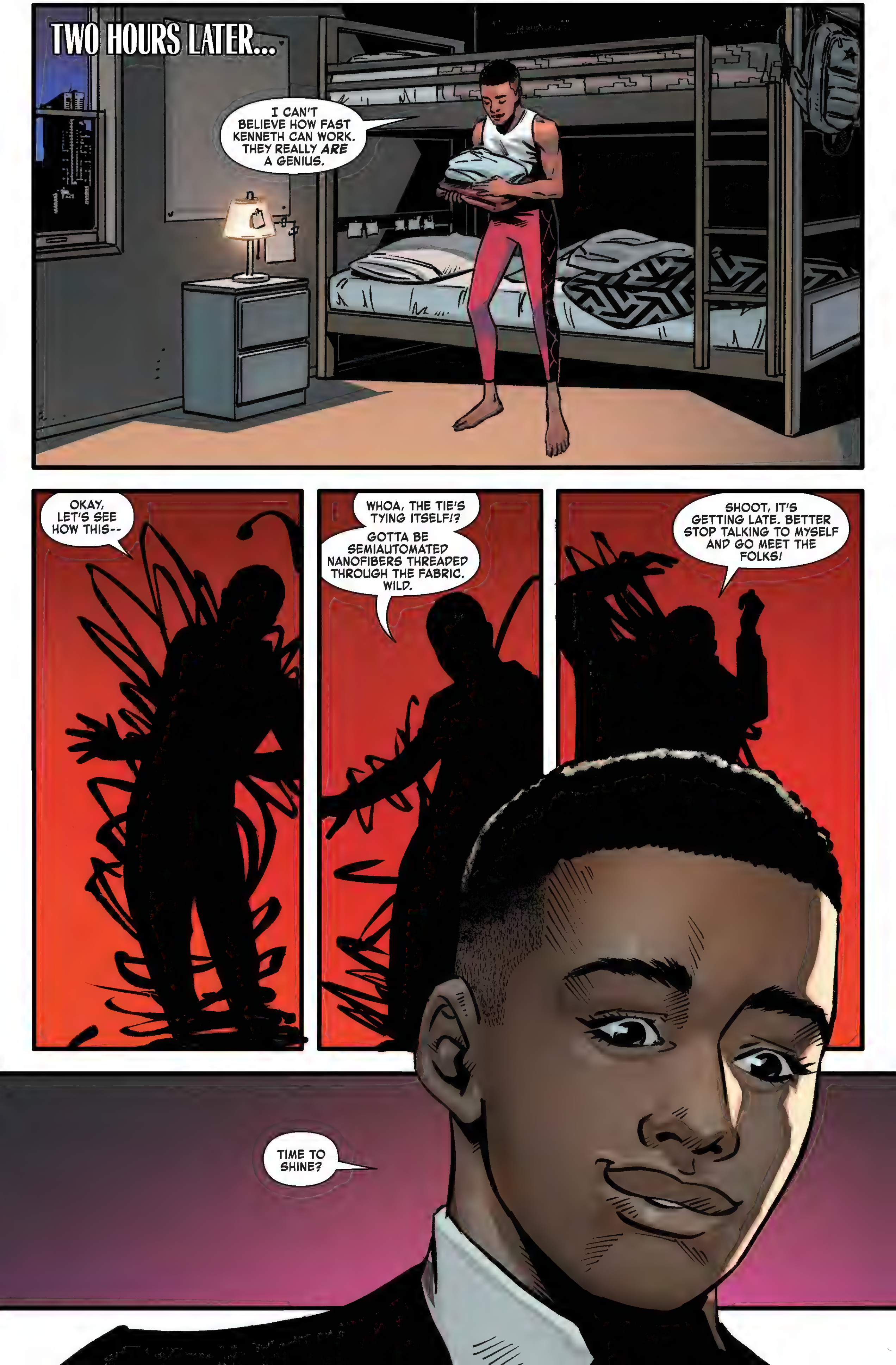

YO, MILES! HEARD YOU GOT THAT WRITING SCHOLARSHIP. *PARABENS!*
SEAN. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WANT? I ***WANTED*** TO WIN THAT SCHOLARSHIP SINCE MY FOLKS HAVE BEEN YELLIN' AT ME ABOUT IT FOR MONTHS.
NOT LIKE WE NEED THE MONEY. NOT LIKE YOUR GRUBBY LITTLE FAMILY. BUT THEY WANT TO PUT THAT CRAP ON MY COLLEGE APPS.
BUT ***YOU'RE*** OUT HERE TRYIN' TO MAKE ME LOOK STUPID. KISSIN' THE TEACHERS' BUTTS AND--
CHACHO, YOU DON'T NEED ***ME*** TO MAKE YOU LOOK STUPID.
LET'S SEE YOU TALK THAT SMACK AFTER I BUST YOUR LIP!
YO, IF YOU DON'T ***GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME--***
GENTLEMEN!

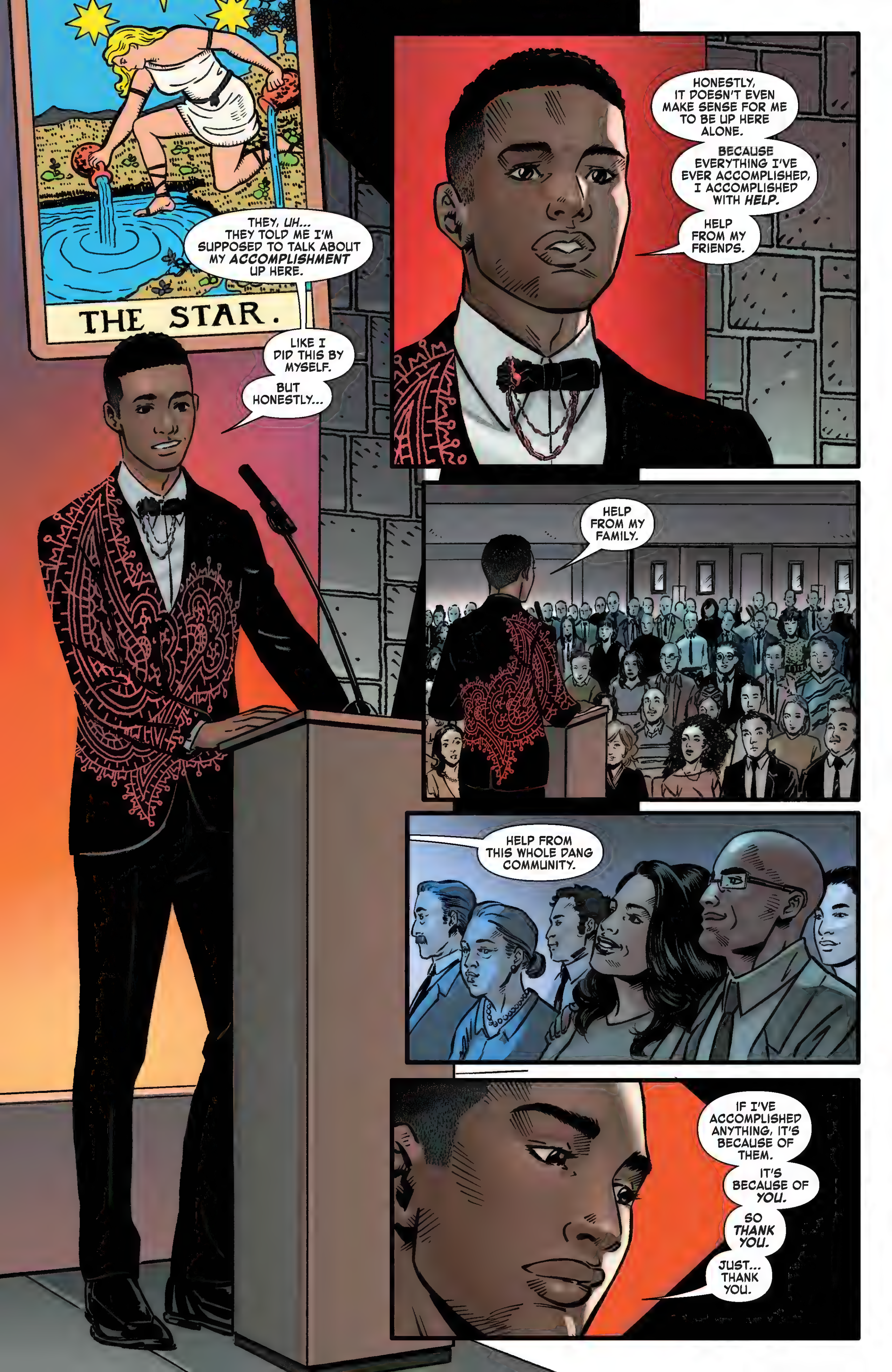

SEAN! BACK TO YOUR DORM. NOW!
MISTER MORALES, *YOU'RE* COMING WITH ME.
THANKS, MISTER DUTCHER. THAT KID'S A PSYCHO!
HONESTLY, I DON'T FEEL SAFE WITH HIM AT THIS SCHOOL.
COME *ON*, MISTER DUTCHER! YOU *KNOW* THIS ISN'T FAIR! I--
IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU NEED TO SHOW MORE RESTRAINT, MISTER MORALES.
WHETHER IT'S FAIR OR NOT.
BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE WE'VE SPOKEN.
AND YOUR ATTENDANCE CONTINUES TO TEETER ON THE BRINK OF DISCIPLINARY ACTION.
NOW I'VE READ YOUR JOURNAL. I KNOW THERE ARE *SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES* THAT MAKE ATTENDANCE A CHALLENGING ISSUE FOR YOU.
BUT IF YOU MISS ANY MORE CLASSES, MY HANDS WILL BE TIED.
AND A SCHOLARSHIP WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD IF YOU DON'T *GRADUATE.*
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT WITH THAT JOURNAL STUFF, SIR. BUT I APPRECIATE YOU.
I PROMISE I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO NOT MISS ANOTHER CLASS.
I BELIEVE YOU WILL. GOOD LUCK, MISTER MORALES.
GOOD LUCK, SPIDER-MAN.

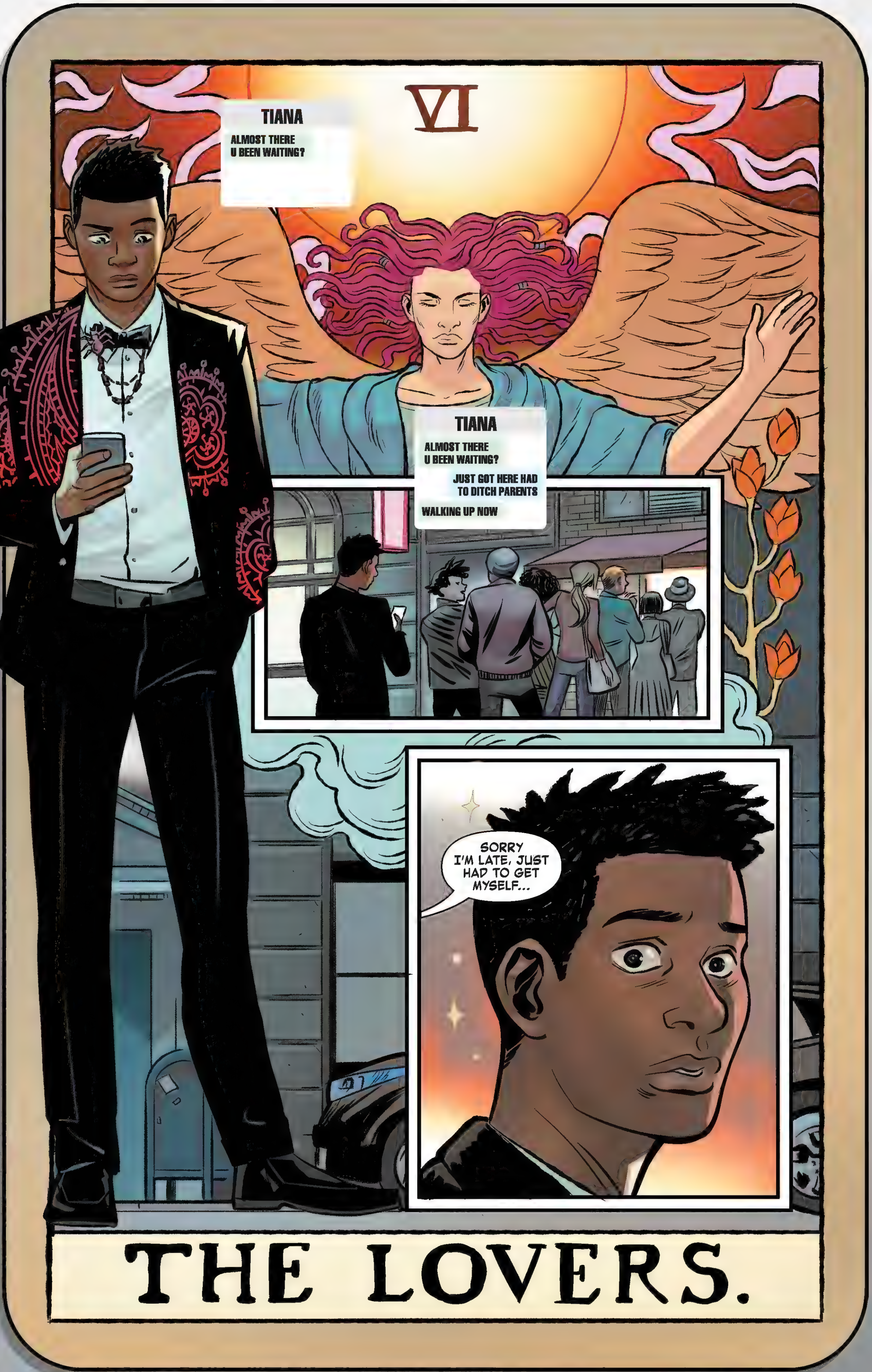

XII
THE HANGED MAN.
THANKS FOR LUNCH, ***UNCLE AARON.*** THIS PLACE IS FANCY!
IT'S ***BRUNCH,*** NOT LUNCH. AND THIS PLACE IS A'IGHT.
OLD SPOT ACROSS THE STREET WAS BETTER, BUT IT'S GONE. WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD'S CHANGING.
⪢MUNCH⪡ GLURP! ⪢MUNCH⪡ GLURP!
YO, I KNOW I SAID ORDER WHATEVER YOU WANT, BUT...
⪢MUNCH⪡ GLURP! ⪢MUNCH⪡ GLURP!
...THAT WAS BEFORE I SAW HOW YOUR BOY SHIFT ***EATS.***
⪢MUNCH⪡ GLURP! ⪢MUNCH⪡ GLURP!
AH, WHATEVER. ENJOY IT.
SO WHAT'S UP AT SCHOOL? YOUR POPS SAID YOU WON A SCHOLARSHIP!
YEAH, I LUCKED OUT.
THAT'S NONSENSE. YOU DIDN'T ***LUCK OUT***-- YOU PUT IN THAT ***WORK.***
I GUESS. ANYWAY, I GOT TO ATTEND A BANQUET FOR IT TONIGHT, MATTER OF FACT. GOTTA GET DRESSED UP AND EVERYTHING.

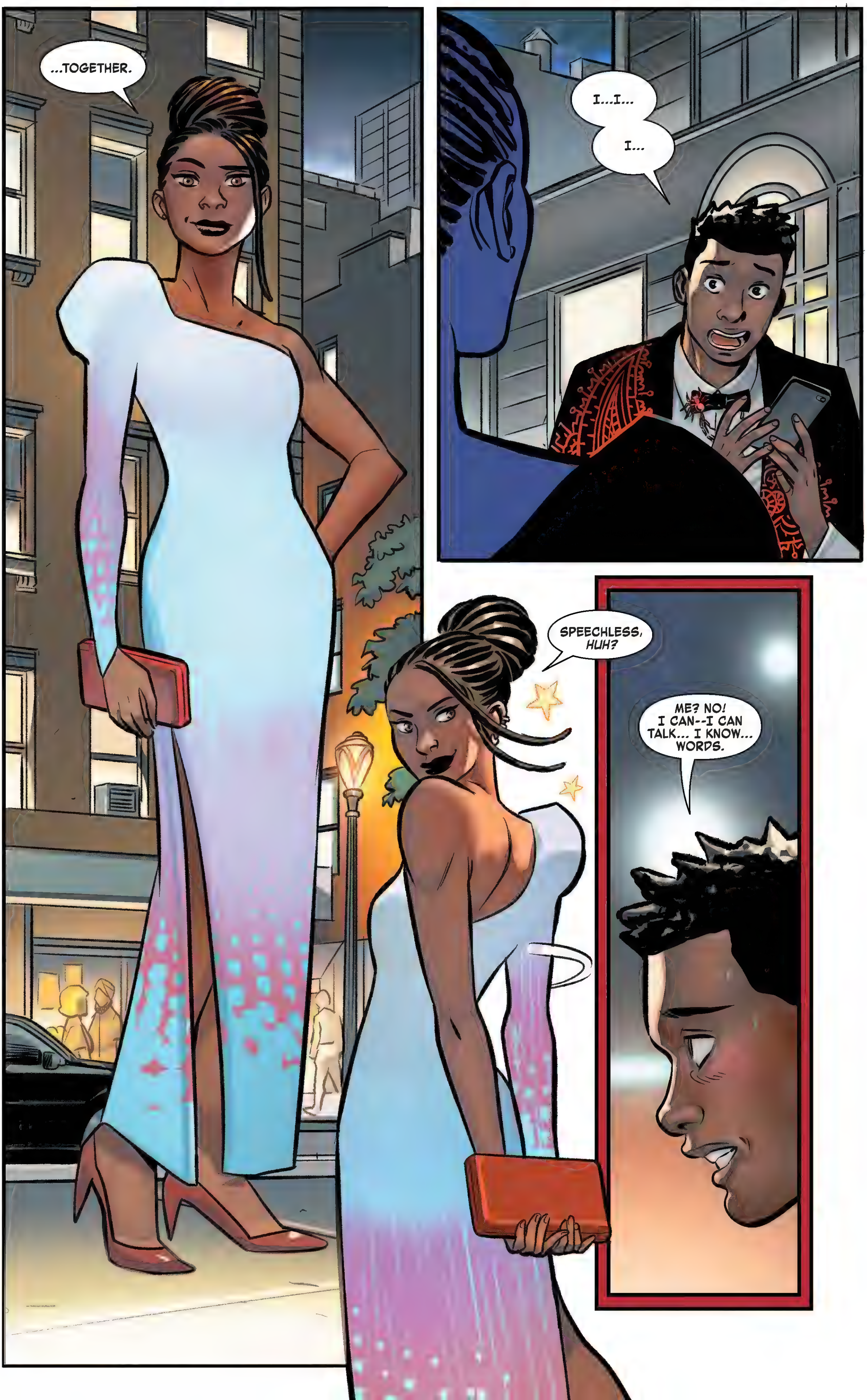

LET ME GUESS, YOUR MOMS HAS YOU GOING IN SOME STIFF, OLD CHURCH SUIT THAT MAKES YOU LOOK 12.
EXACTLY! IT'S NOT RIGHT!
NOT RIGHT?
MAN, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD YOU GOT IT.
SHOOT, YOUR POPS AND ME *WISHED* WE HAD THE TYPE OF PARENTS WHO'D PUT US IN CORNY SUITS AND STICK US UP ON A STAGE.
GLURP!
MY GUY HERE WAS RAISED IN A *LAB*, RIGHT? GUESSING HE FEELS THE SAME WAY.
BE *THANKFUL* YOU GOT A MOM WHO'S MAKING YOU GO UP THERE LOOKING LIKE A HERB.
A COMPLETE AND TOTAL HERB...
OH, YOU'RE *ENJOYING* THIS.
IMMENSELY.

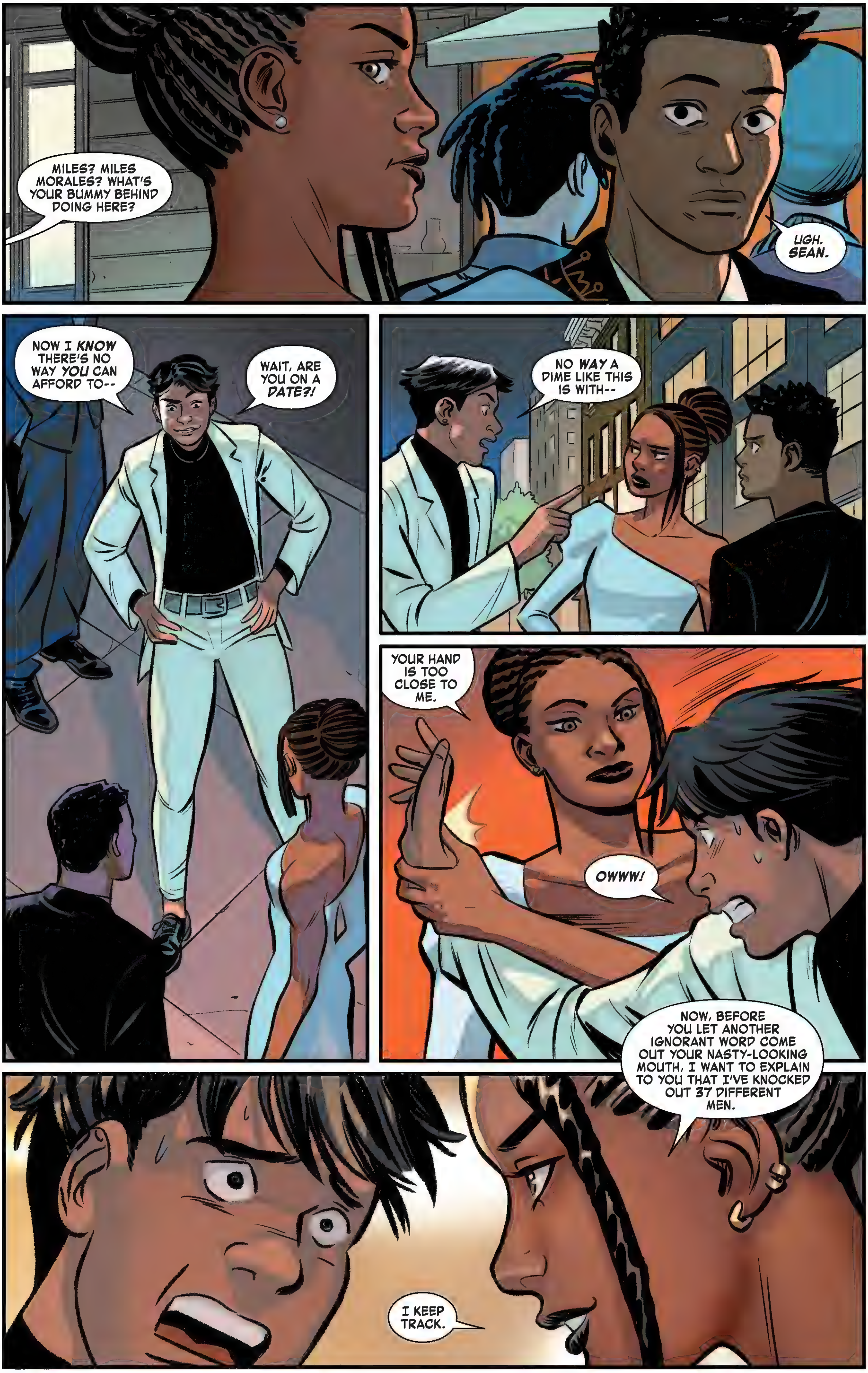

I
THE MAGICIAN.
KENNETH! CAN YOU HEAR ME? IT'S PRETTY WINDY UP HERE.
SPIDER-MAN! I HEAR YOU! WHAT'S UP?
JUST CHECKING IN. HOW'S LIFE AS A MIDDLE-SCHOOL FASHION PRODIGY?
YOU'RE EXAGGERATING. BUT LIFE IS SPECTACULAR!
JANET VAN DYNE VISITED THE CLASS YESTERDAY. WE TALKED ABOUT MY DESIGNS, AND SHE... SHE CALLED ME A GENIUS.
HEY, THAT'S JUST FACTS!
I...I THINK SHE KNOWS I'M HELPING A SUPER HERO.
SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING--BUT SHE GAVE ME ACCESS TO ALL THIS SPECIAL EQUIPMENT.
SO YOU NEED A NEW SPIDER-SUIT, YOU LET ME KNOW!
THANKS, BUT THE ONE YOU MADE ME'S WORKING GREAT.
WHAT I NEED IS A SUIT FOR THIS BANQUET TONIGHT THAT ACTUALLY LOOKS LIKE IT'S FROM THE 21ST CENTURY.
FOR A BANQUET TONIGHT? NOW THAT'S A CHALLENGE!
WHOA, I DIDN'T MEAN--
GIVE ME TWO HOURS.

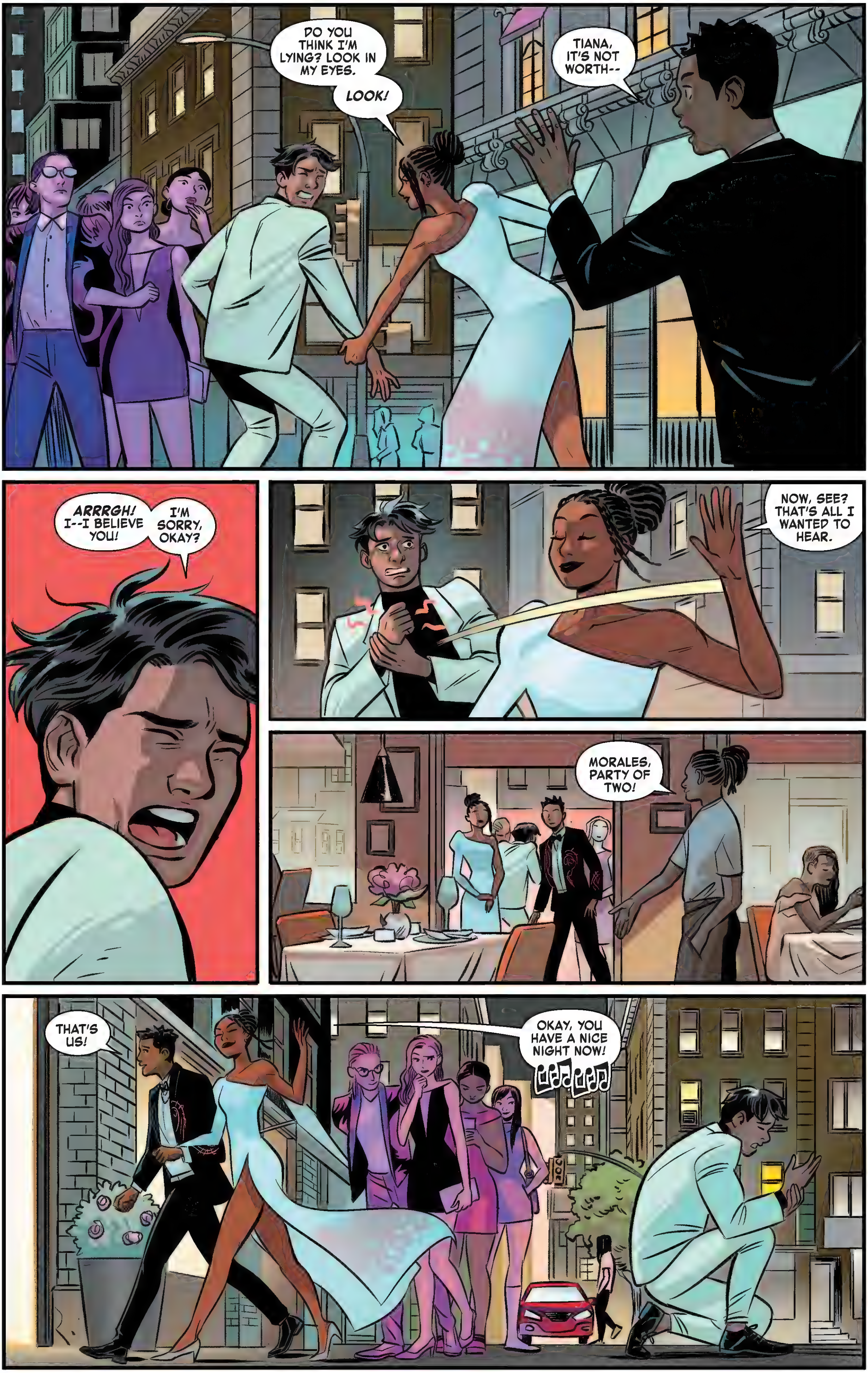

TWO HOURS LATER...
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW FAST KENNETH CAN WORK. THEY REALLY *ARE* A GENIUS.
OKAY, LET'S SEE HOW THIS--
WHOA, THE TIE'S TYING ITSELF!?
GOTTA BE SEMIAUTOMATED NANOFIBERS THREADED THROUGH THE FABRIC. WILD.
SHOOT, IT'S GETTING LATE. BETTER STOP TALKING TO MYSELF AND GO MEET THE FOLKS!
TIME TO SHINE?

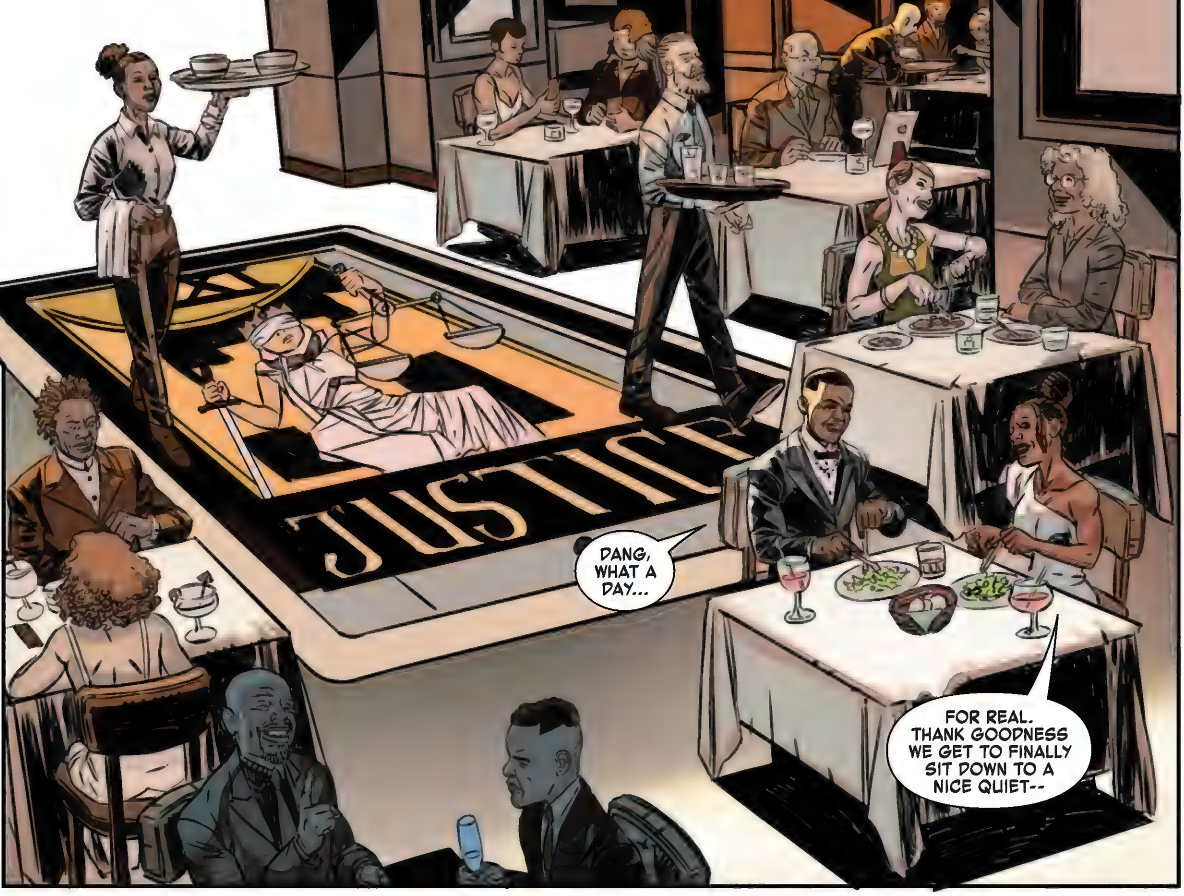

THE STAR.
THEY, *UH*... THEY TOLD ME I'M SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT MY ***ACCOMPLISHMENT*** UP HERE.
LIKE I DID THIS BY MYSELF.
BUT HONESTLY...
HONESTLY, IT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE FOR ME TO BE UP HERE ALONE.
BECAUSE EVERYTHING I'VE EVER ACCOMPLISHED, I ACCOMPLISHED WITH ***HELP.***
HELP FROM MY FRIENDS.
HELP FROM MY FAMILY.
HELP FROM THIS WHOLE DANG COMMUNITY.
IF I'VE ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING, IT'S BECAUSE OF THEM.
IT'S BECAUSE OF ***YOU.***
SO ***THANK YOU.***
JUST... THANK YOU.

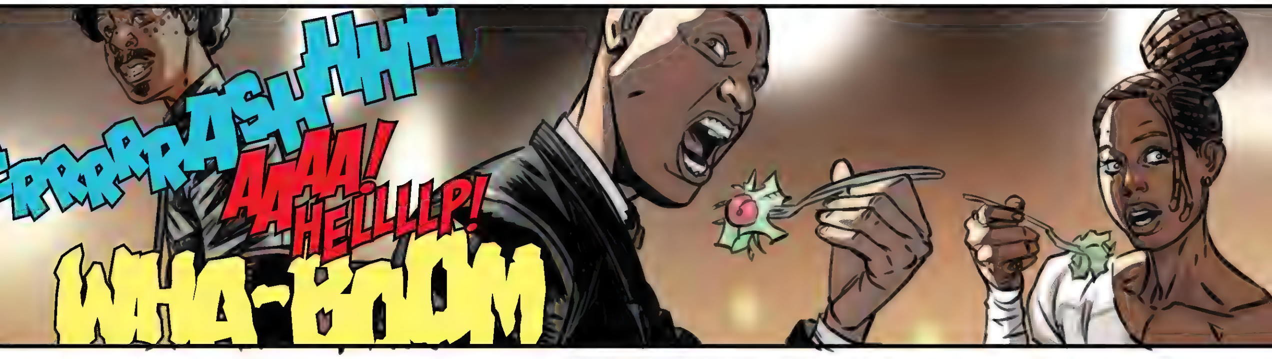

VI
TIANA
ALMOST THERE
U BEEN WAITING?
TIANA
ALMOST THERE
U BEEN WAITING?
JUST GOT HERE HAD TO DITCH PARENTS
WALKING UP NOW
SORRY I'M LATE, JUST HAD TO GET MYSELF...
THE LOVERS.

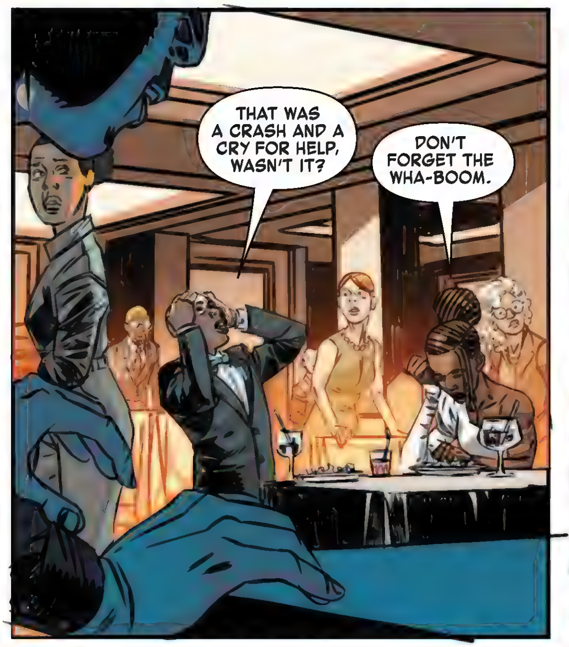

...TOGETHER.
I...I...
I...
SPEECHLESS, HUH?
ME? NO! I CAN--I CAN TALK... I KNOW... WORDS.

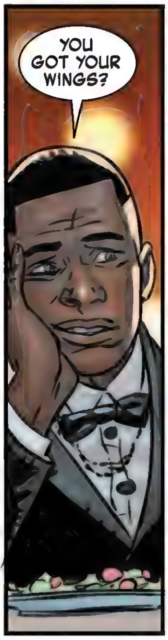

MILES? MILES MORALES? WHAT'S YOUR BUMMY BEHIND DOING HERE?
UGH. SEAN.
NOW I KNOW THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN AFFORD TO--
WAIT, ARE YOU ON A DATE?!
NO WAY A DIME LIKE THIS IS WITH--
YOUR HAND IS TOO CLOSE TO ME.
OWWW!
NOW, BEFORE YOU LET ANOTHER IGNORANT WORD COME OUT YOUR NASTY-LOOKING MOUTH, I WANT TO EXPLAIN TO YOU THAT I'VE KNOCKED OUT 37 DIFFERENT MEN.
I KEEP TRACK.

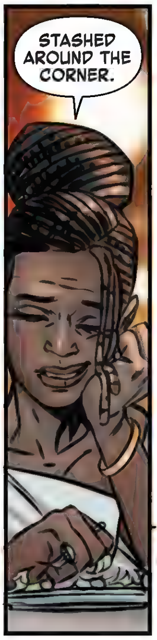

DO YOU THINK I'M LYING? LOOK IN MY EYES.
LOOK!
TIANA, IT'S NOT WORTH--
ARRRGH! I--I BELIEVE YOU!
I'M SORRY, OKAY?
NOW, SEE? THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR.
MORALES, PARTY OF TWO!
THAT'S US!
OKAY, YOU HAVE A NICE NIGHT NOW!

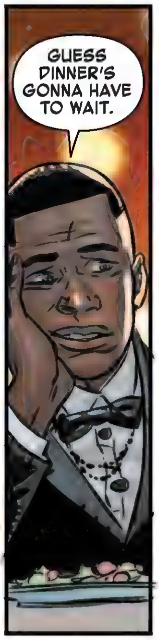

JUSTICE
DANG, WHAT A DAY...
FOR REAL. THANK GOODNESS WE GET TO FINALLY SIT DOWN TO A NICE QUIET--

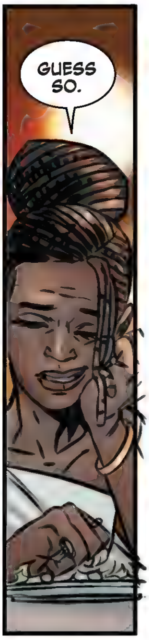

RRRRRASHHHH
AAAA!
HELLLLP!
WHA-BOOM

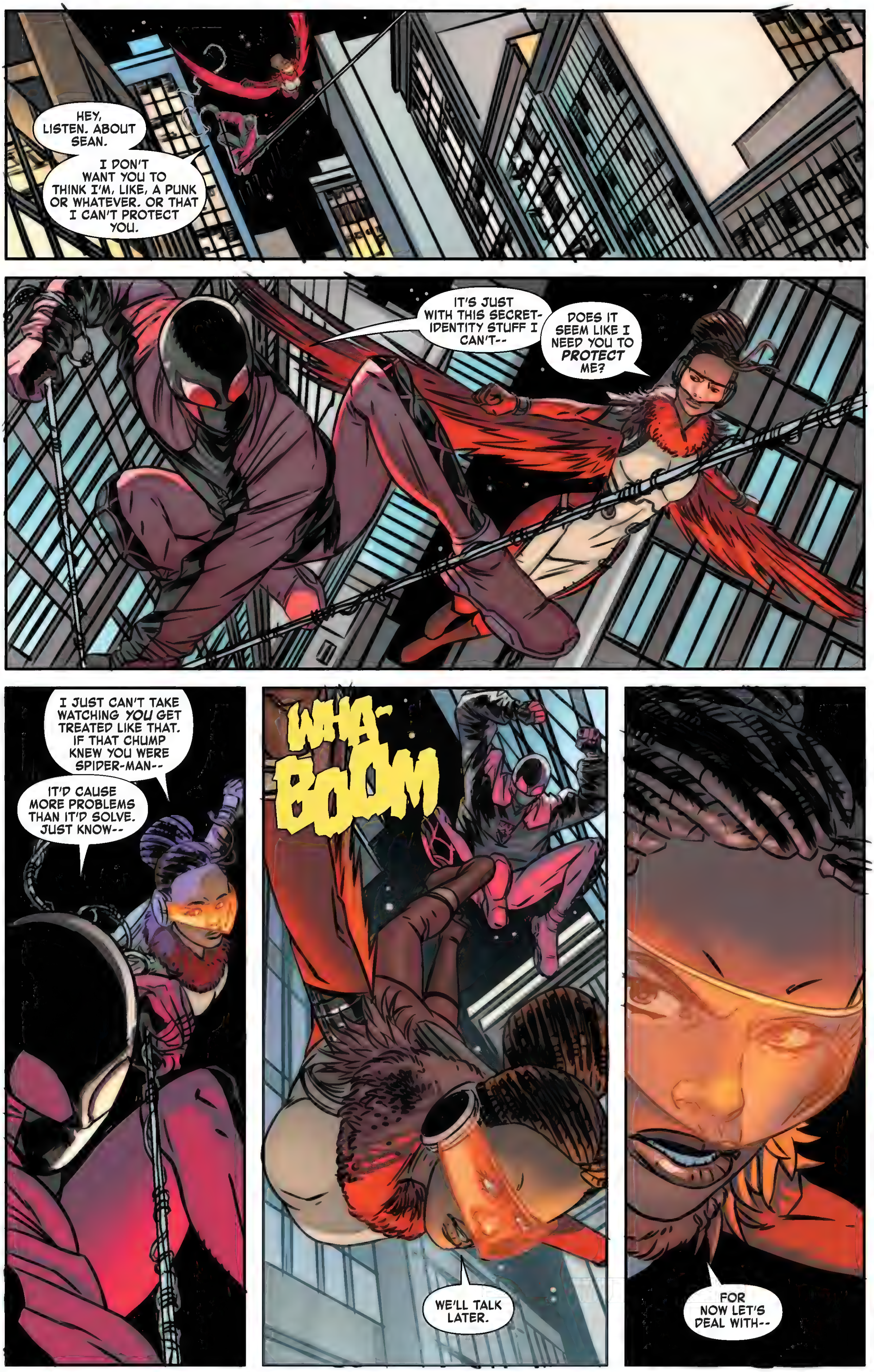

THAT WAS A CRASH AND A CRY FOR HELP, WASN'T IT?
DON'T FORGET THE WHA-BOOM.

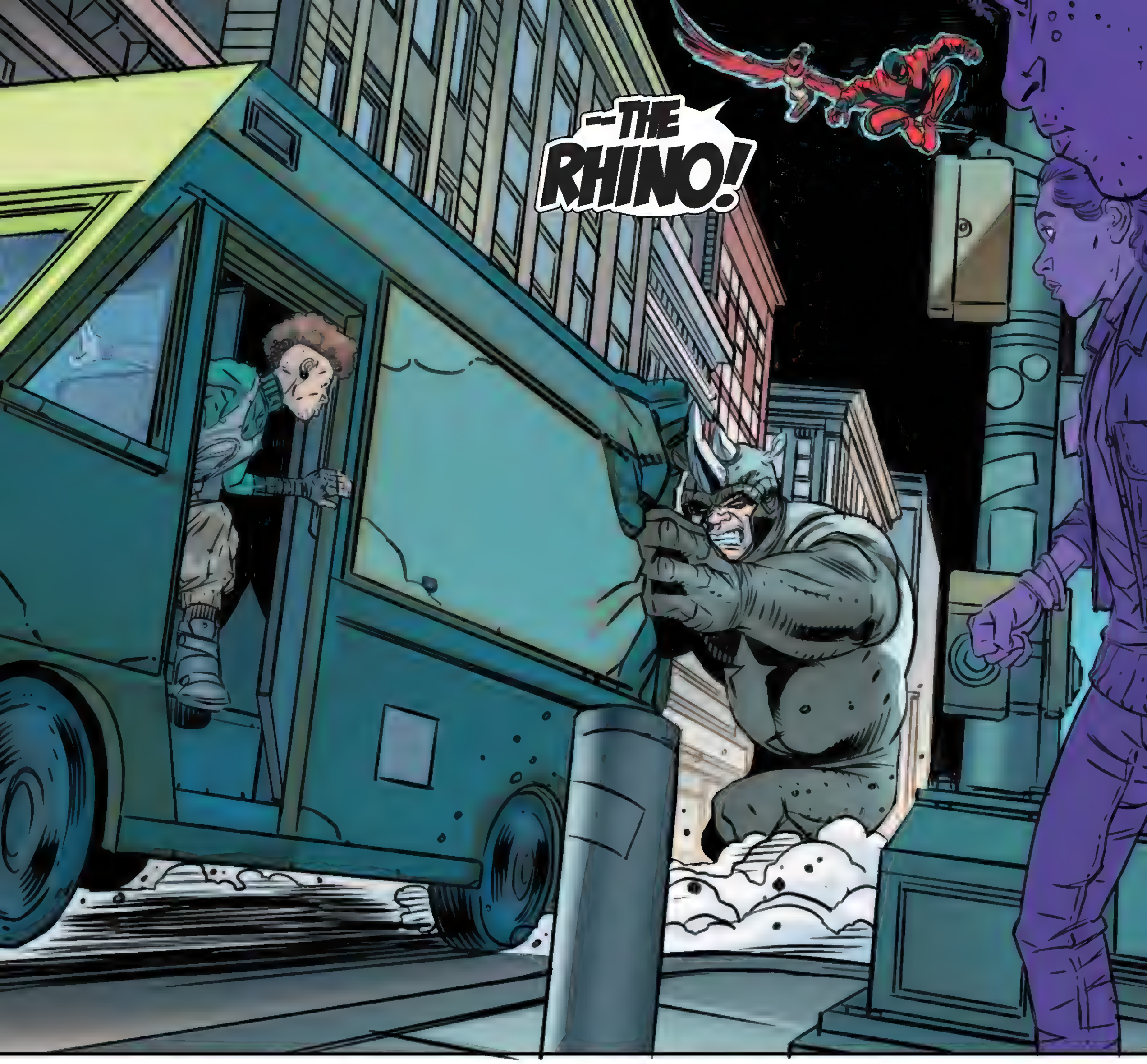

YOU GOT YOUR WINGS?

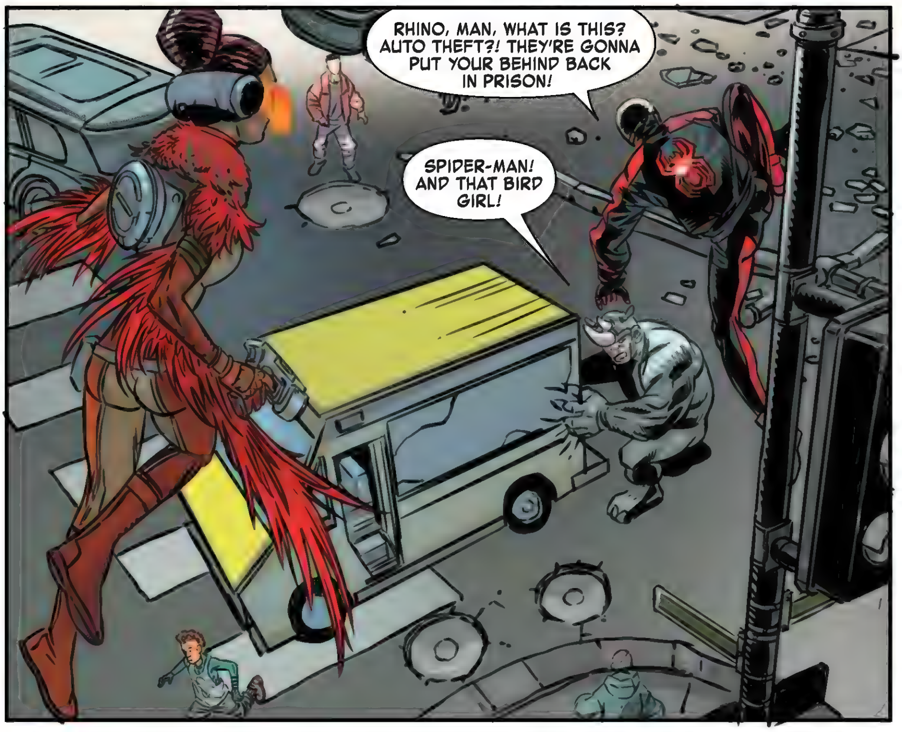

STASHED AROUND THE CORNER.

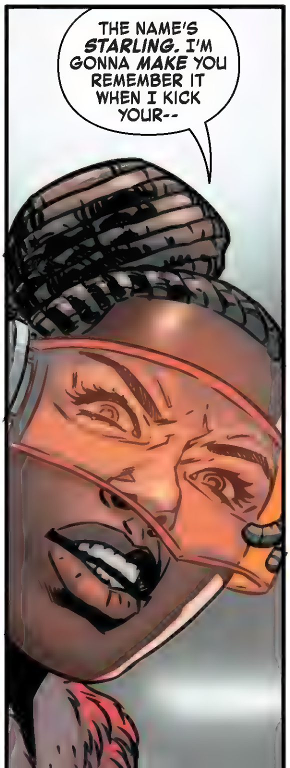

GUESS DINNER'S GONNA HAVE TO WAIT.

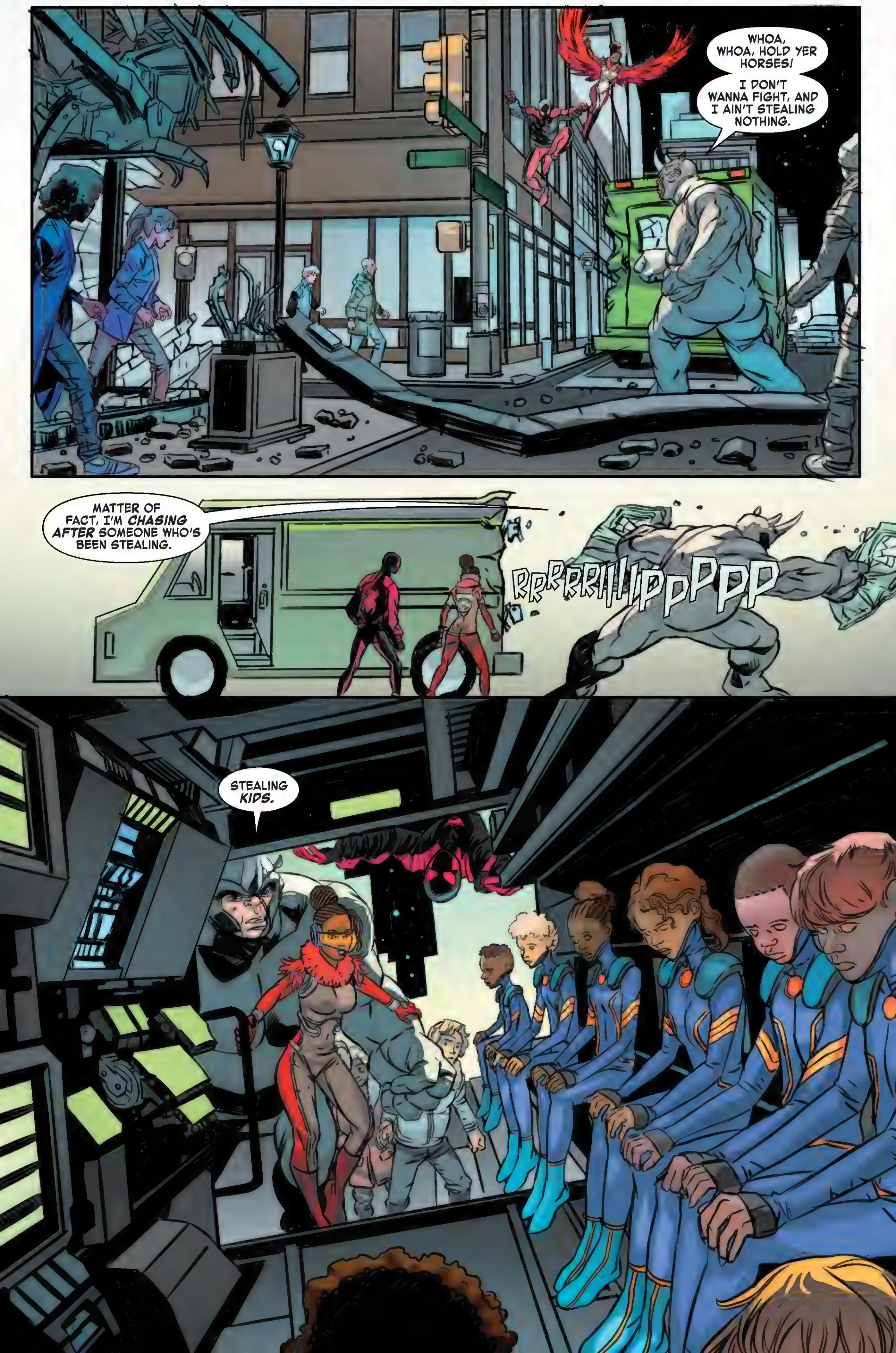

GUESS SO.

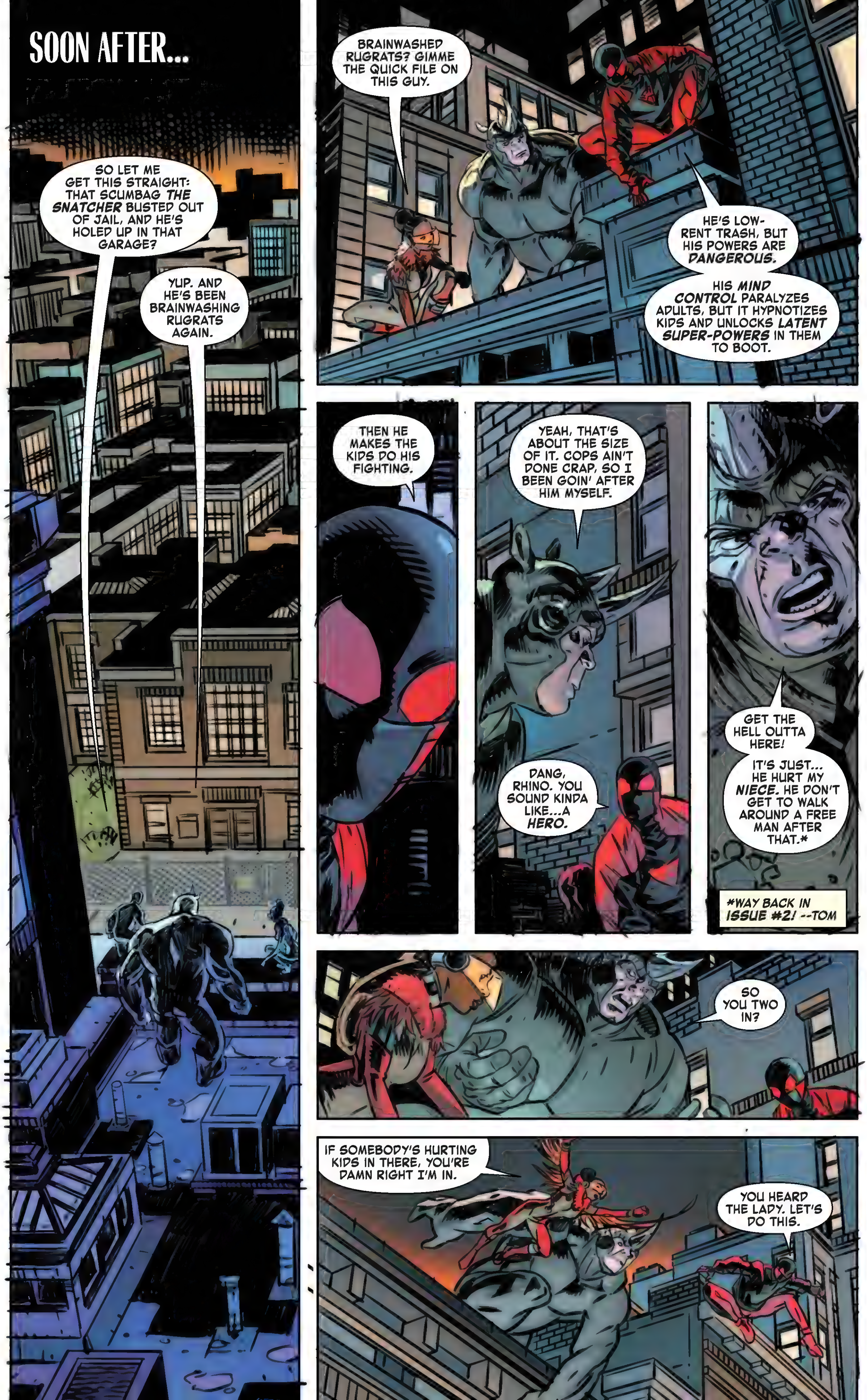

HEY, LISTEN. ABOUT SEAN.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'M, LIKE, A PUNK OR WHATEVER. OR THAT I CAN'T PROTECT YOU.
IT'S JUST WITH THIS SECRET-IDENTITY STUFF I CAN'T--
DOES IT SEEM LIKE I NEED YOU TO *PROTECT* ME?
I JUST CAN'T TAKE WATCHING *YOU* GET TREATED LIKE THAT. IF THAT CHUMP KNEW YOU WERE SPIDER-MAN--
IT'D CAUSE MORE PROBLEMS THAN IT'D SOLVE. JUST KNOW--
WHA-BOOM
WE'LL TALK LATER.
FOR NOW LET'S DEAL WITH--

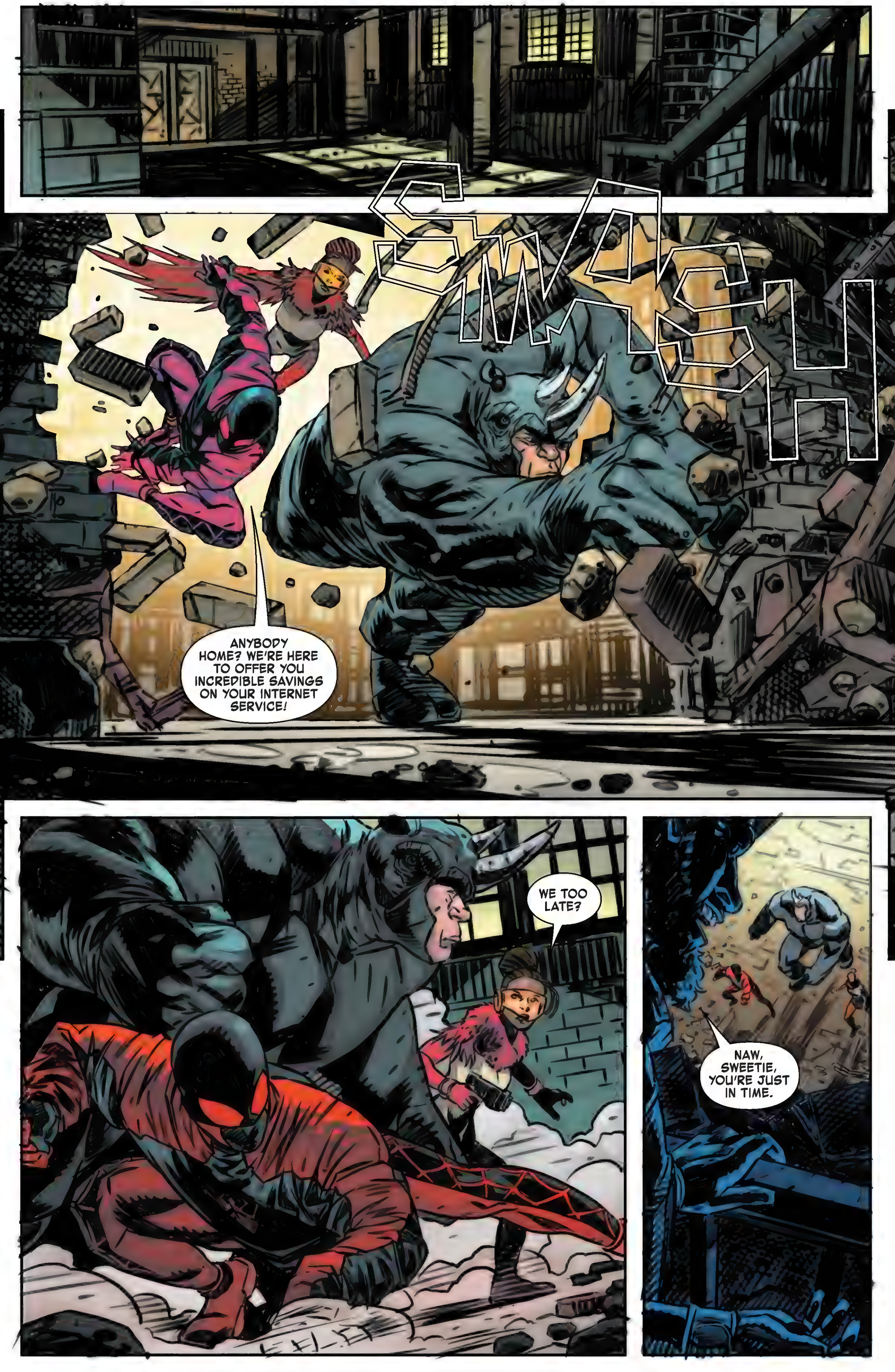

--THE RHINO!

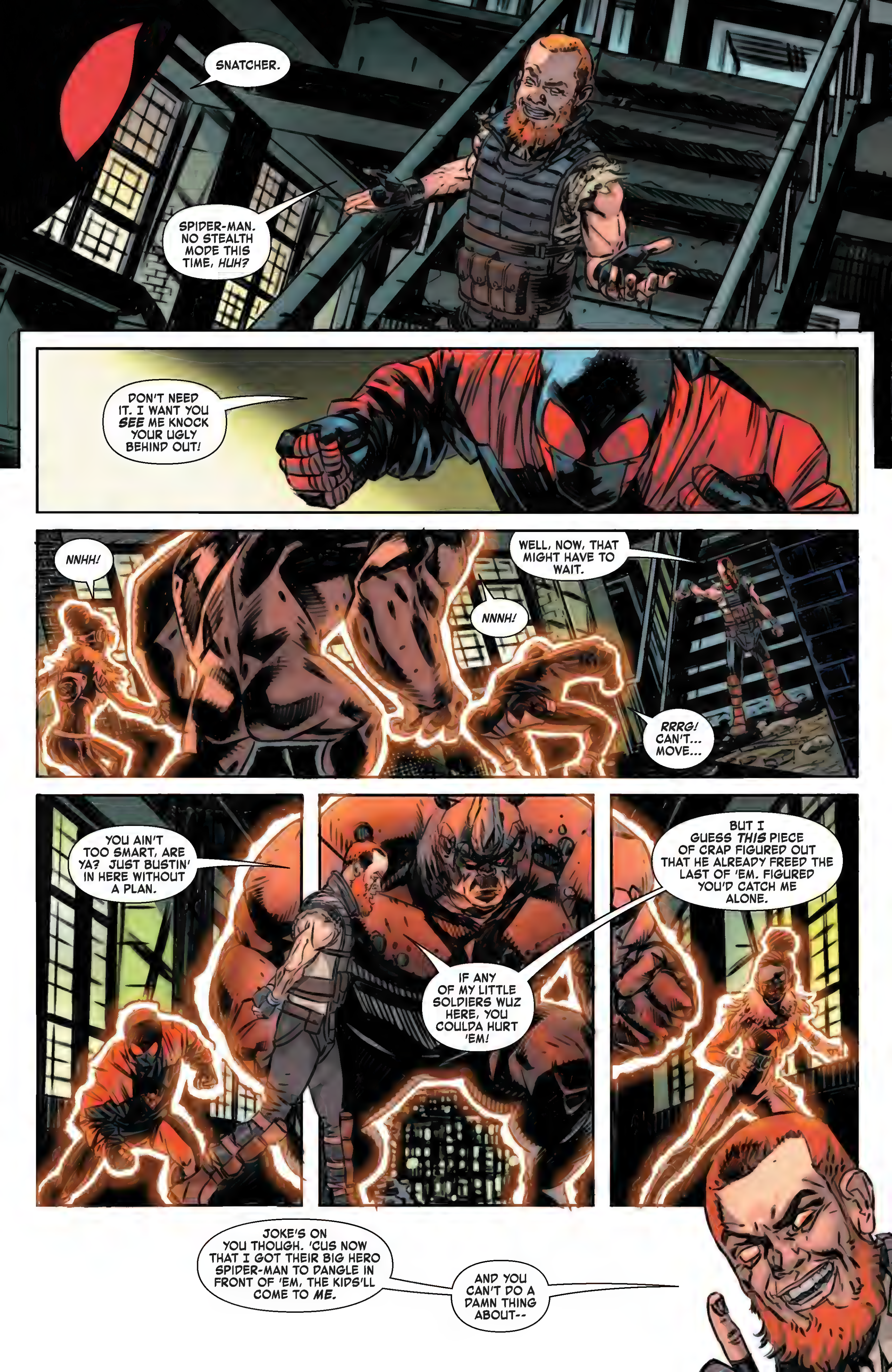

RHINO, MAN, WHAT IS THIS? AUTO THEFT?! THEY'RE GONNA PUT YOUR BEHIND BACK IN PRISON!
SPIDER-MAN! AND THAT BIRD GIRL!

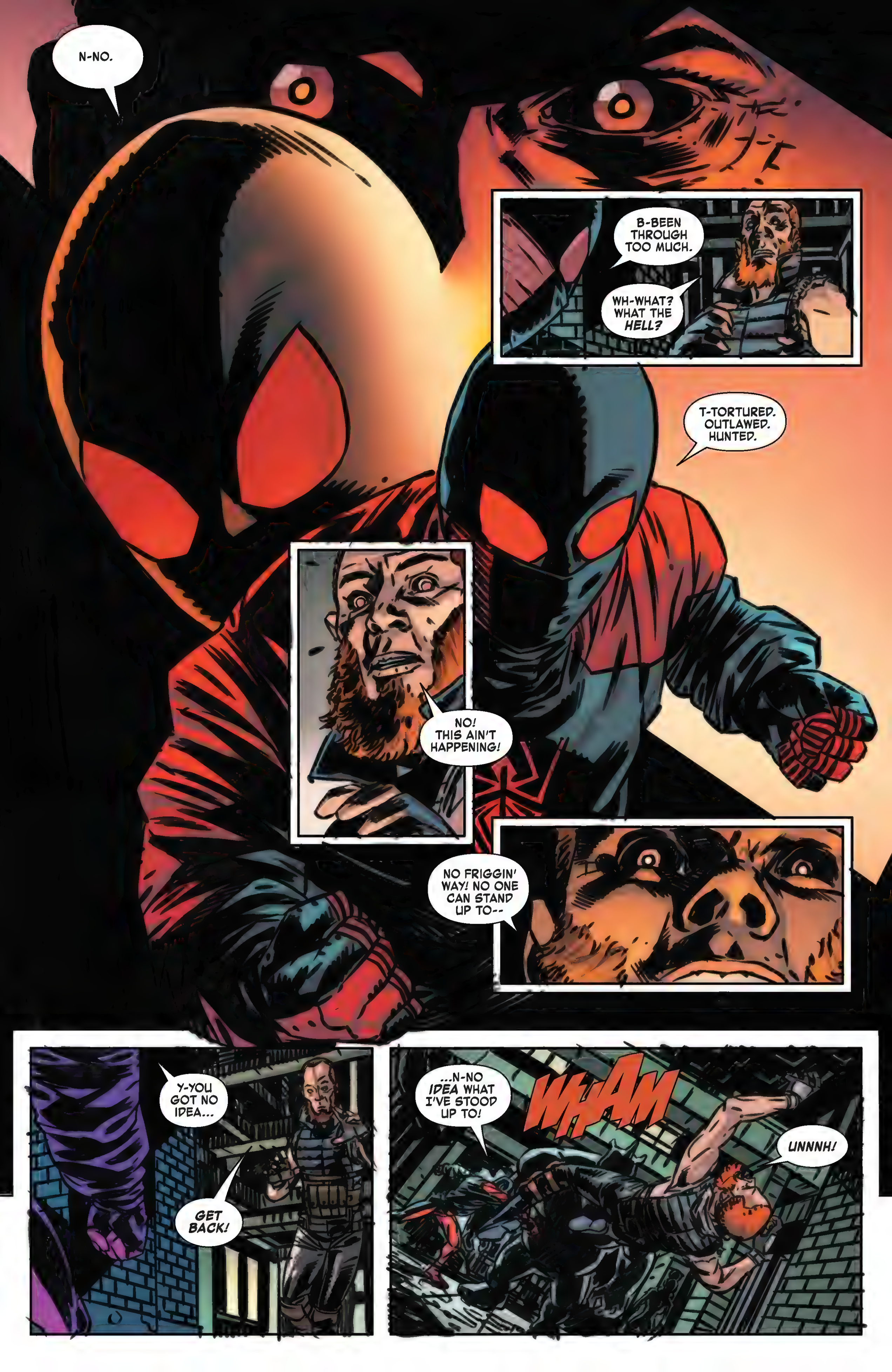

THE NAME'S *STARLING.* I'M GONNA *MAKE* YOU REMEMBER IT WHEN I KICK YOUR--

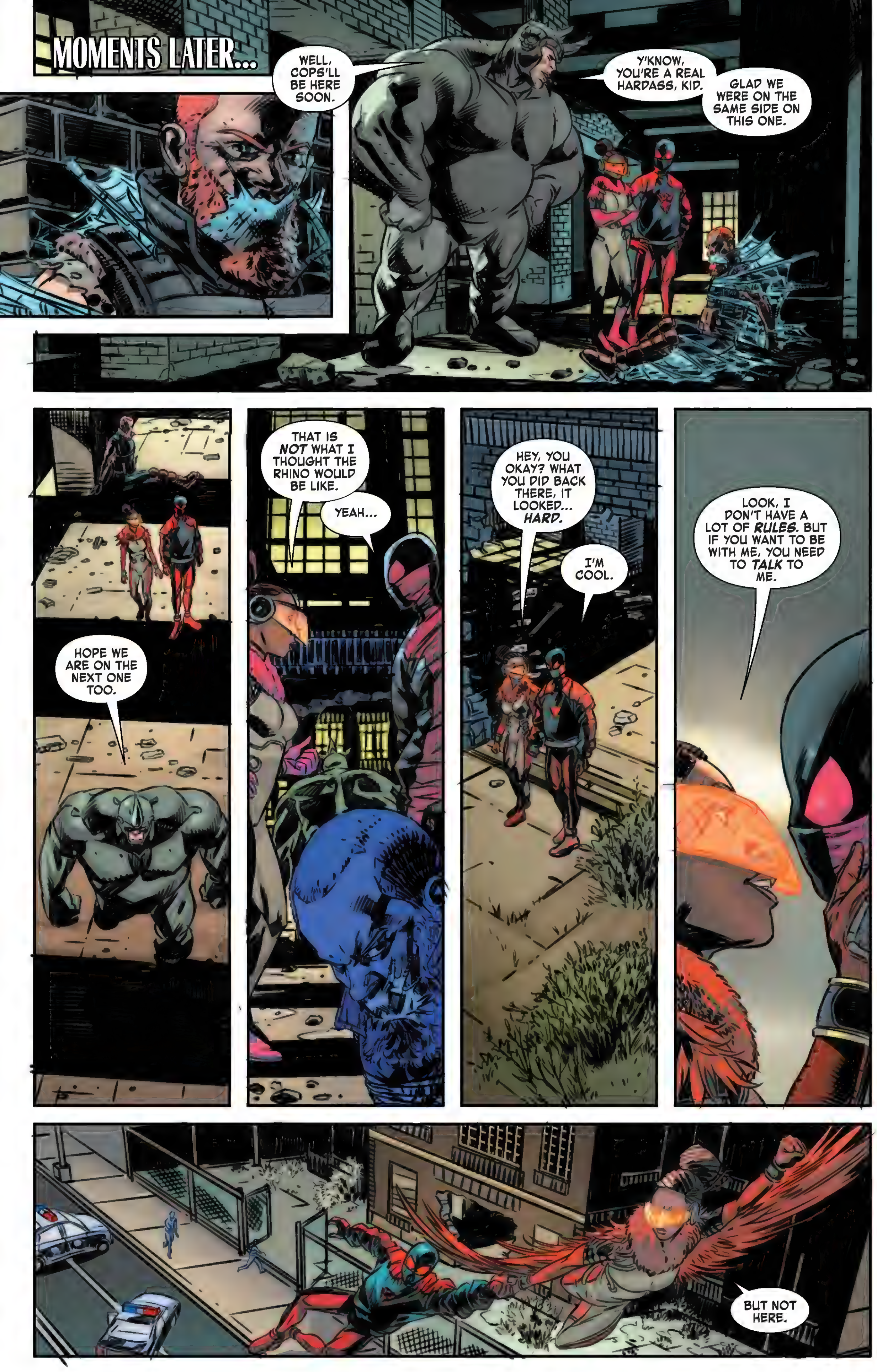

WHOA, WHOA, HOLD YER HORSES!
I DON'T WANNA FIGHT, AND I AIN'T STEALING NOTHING.
MATTER OF FACT, I'M *CHASING AFTER* SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN STEALING.
RRRRRIIIIPPPPPP
STEALING *KIDS*.

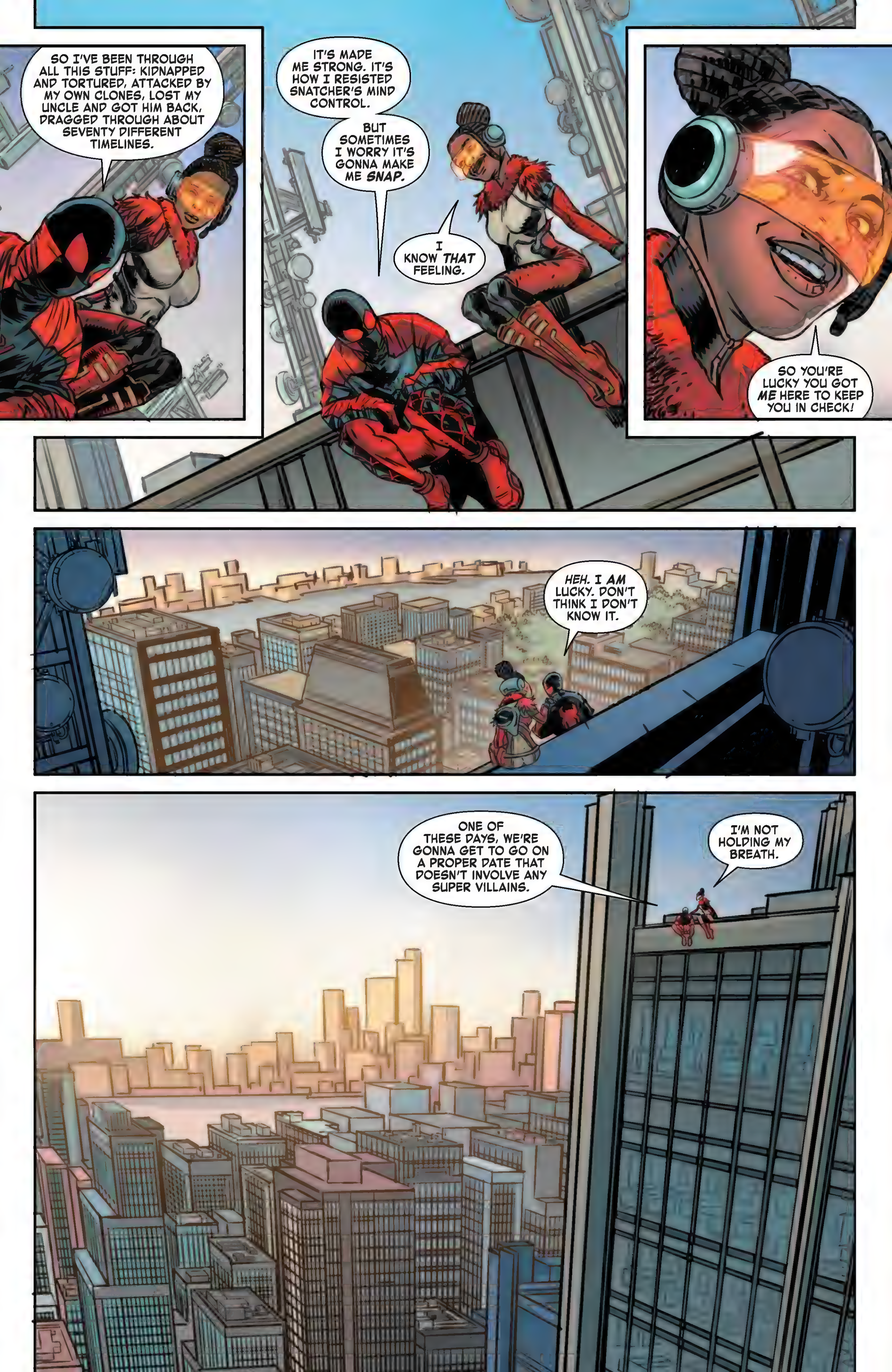

SOON AFTER...
SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT: THAT SCUMBAG *THE SNATCHER* BUSTED OUT OF JAIL, AND HE'S HOLED UP IN THAT GARAGE?
YUP. AND HE'S BEEN BRAINWASHING RUGRATS AGAIN.
BRAINWASHED RUGRATS? GIMME THE QUICK FILE ON THIS GUY.
HE'S LOW-RENT TRASH, BUT HIS POWERS ARE *DANGEROUS.*
HIS *MIND CONTROL* PARALYZES ADULTS, BUT IT HYPNOTIZES KIDS AND UNLOCKS *LATENT SUPER-POWERS* IN THEM TO BOOT.
THEN HE MAKES THE KIDS DO HIS FIGHTING.
YEAH, THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT. COPS AIN'T DONE CRAP, SO I BEEN GOIN' AFTER HIM MYSELF.
DANG, RHINO. YOU SOUND KINDA LIKE...A *HERO.*
GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!
IT'S JUST... HE HURT MY *NIECE.* HE DON'T GET TO WALK AROUND A FREE MAN AFTER THAT.*
*WAY BACK IN ISSUE #2! --TOM
SO YOU TWO IN?
IF SOMEBODY'S HURTING KIDS IN THERE, YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I'M IN.
YOU HEARD THE LADY. LET'S DO THIS.

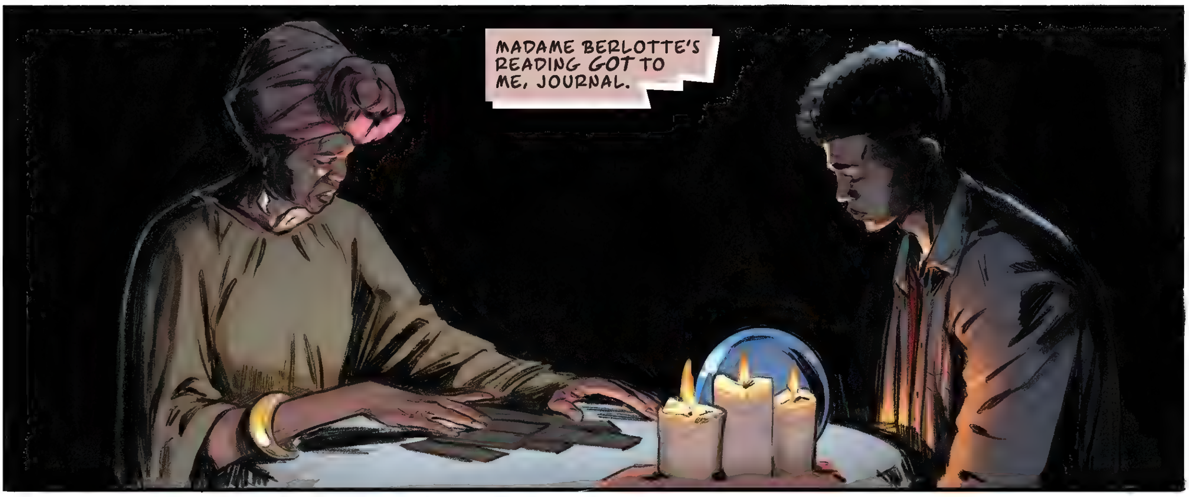

SMASH
ANYBODY HOME? WE'RE HERE TO OFFER YOU INCREDIBLE SAVINGS ON YOUR INTERNET SERVICE!
WE TOO LATE?
NAW, SWEETIE, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME.

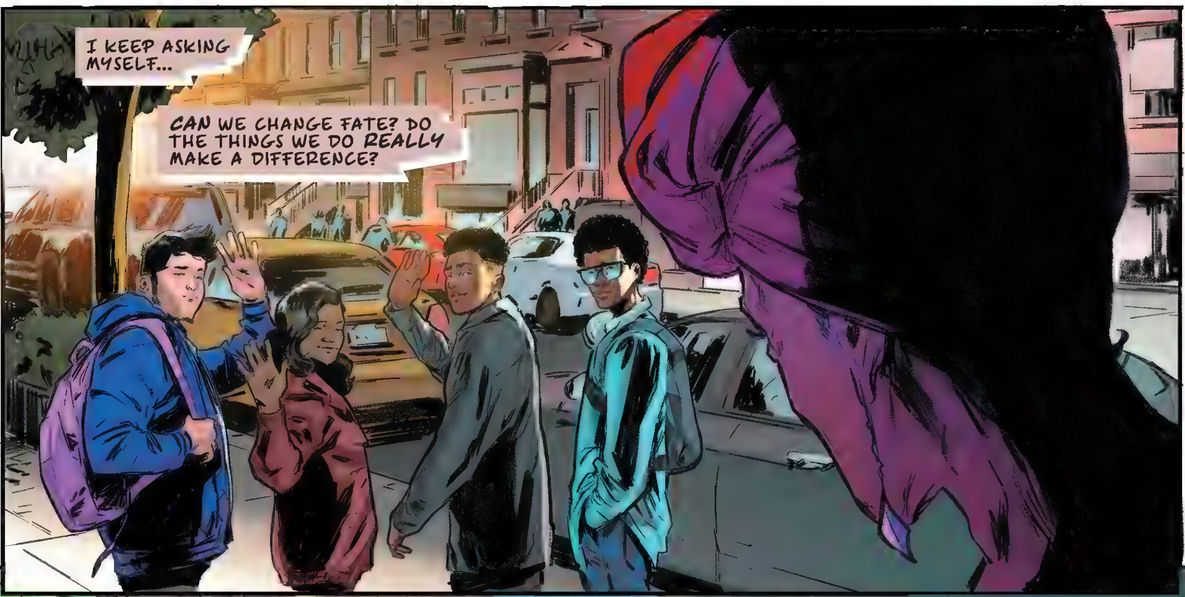

SNATCHER.
SPIDER-MAN. NO STEALTH MODE THIS TIME, *HUH?*
DON'T NEED IT. I WANT YOU ***SEE*** ME KNOCK YOUR UGLY BEHIND OUT!
NNHH!
NNNH!
WELL, NOW, THAT MIGHT HAVE TO WAIT.
RRRG! CAN'T... MOVE...
YOU AIN'T TOO SMART, ARE YA? JUST BUSTIN' IN HERE WITHOUT A PLAN.
IF ANY OF MY LITTLE SOLDIERS WUZ HERE, YOU COULDA HURT 'EM!
BUT I GUESS *THIS* PIECE OF CRAP FIGURED OUT THAT HE ALREADY FREED THE LAST OF 'EM. FIGURED YOU'D CATCH ME ALONE.
JOKE'S ON YOU THOUGH. 'CUS NOW THAT I GOT THEIR BIG HERO SPIDER-MAN TO DANGLE IN FRONT OF 'EM, THE KIDS'LL COME TO *ME.*
AND YOU CAN'T DO A DAMN THING ABOUT--

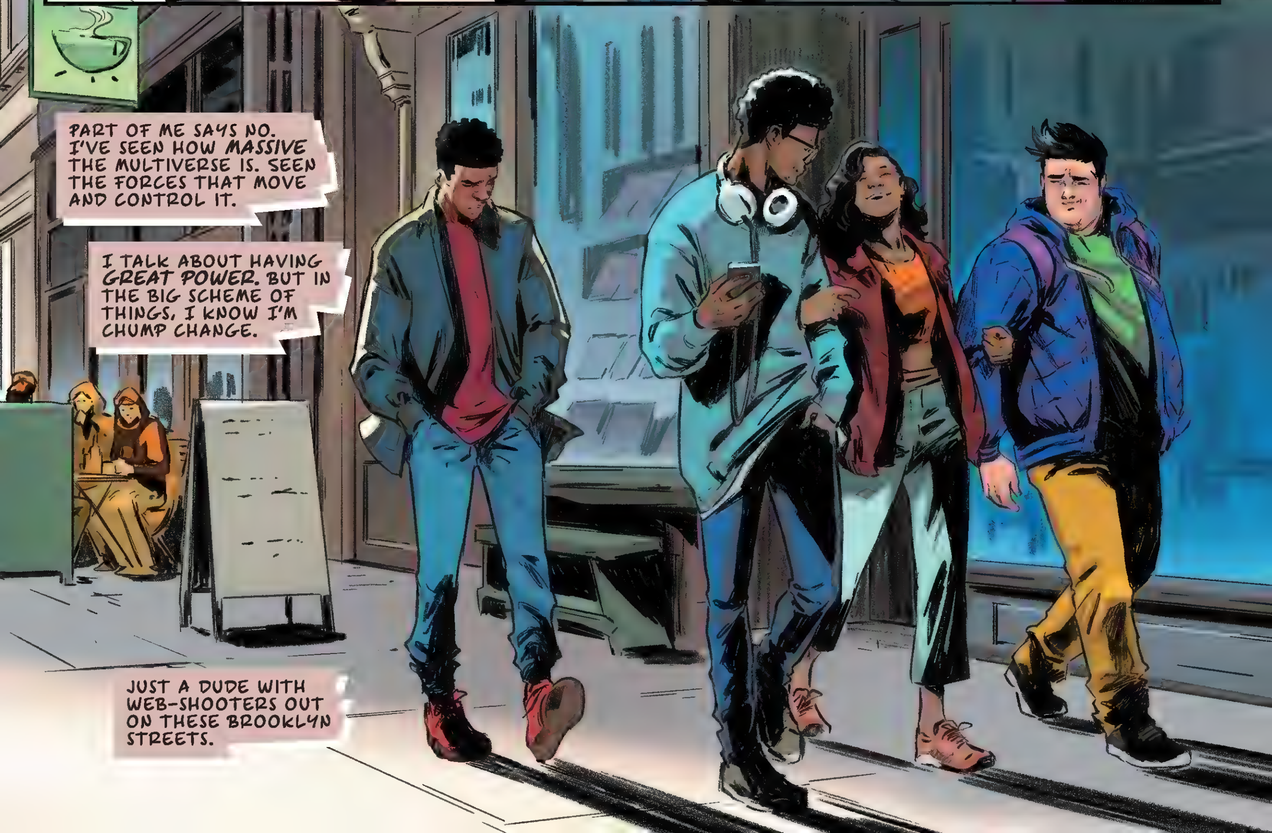

N-NO.
B-BEEN THROUGH TOO MUCH.
WH-WHAT? WHAT THE *HELL?*
T-TORTURED. OUTLAWED. HUNTED.
NO! THIS AIN'T HAPPENING!
NO FRIGGIN' WAY! NO ONE CAN STAND UP TO--
Y-YOU GOT NO IDEA...
GET BACK!
...N-NO *IDEA* WHAT I'VE STOOD UP TO!
WHAM
UNNNH!

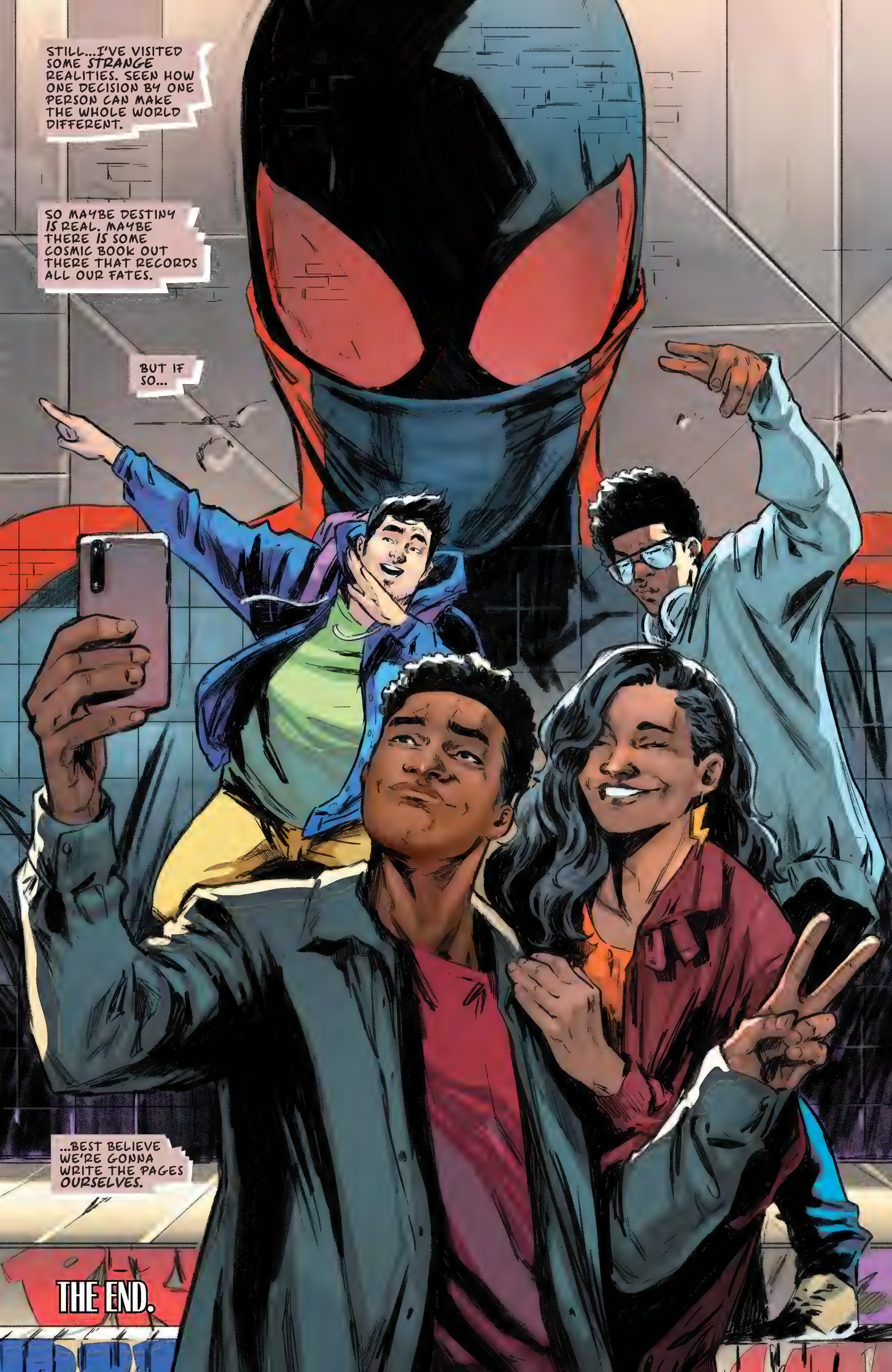

MOMENTS LATER...
WELL, COPS'LL BE HERE SOON.
Y'KNOW, YOU'RE A REAL HARDASS, KID.
GLAD WE WERE ON THE SAME SIDE ON THIS ONE.
HOPE WE ARE ON THE NEXT ONE TOO.
THAT IS *NOT* WHAT I THOUGHT THE RHINO WOULD BE LIKE.
YEAH...
HEY, YOU OKAY? WHAT YOU DID BACK THERE, IT LOOKED... *HARD.*
I'M COOL.
LOOK, I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF *RULES.* BUT IF YOU WANT TO BE WITH ME, YOU NEED TO *TALK* TO ME.
BUT NOT HERE.


SO I'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS STUFF: KIDNAPPED AND TORTURED, ATTACKED BY MY OWN CLONES, LOST MY UNCLE AND GOT HIM BACK, DRAGGED THROUGH ABOUT SEVENTY DIFFERENT TIMELINES.
IT'S MADE ME STRONG. IT'S HOW I RESISTED SNATCHER'S MIND CONTROL.
BUT SOMETIMES I WORRY IT'S GONNA MAKE ME *SNAP.*
I KNOW *THAT* FEELING.
SO YOU'RE LUCKY YOU GOT *ME* HERE TO KEEP YOU IN CHECK!
HEH. I AM LUCKY. DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW IT.
ONE OF THESE DAYS, WE'RE GONNA GET TO GO ON A PROPER DATE THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE ANY SUPER VILLAINS.
I'M NOT HOLDING MY BREATH.


MADAME BERLOTTE'S READING *GOT* TO ME, JOURNAL.


I KEEP ASKING MYSELF...
CAN WE CHANGE FATE? DO THE THINGS WE DO *REALLY* MAKE A DIFFERENCE?


PART OF ME SAYS NO. I'VE SEEN HOW *MASSIVE* THE MULTIVERSE IS. SEEN THE FORCES THAT MOVE AND CONTROL IT.
I TALK ABOUT HAVING *GREAT POWER*. BUT IN THE BIG SCHEME OF THINGS, I KNOW I'M CHUMP CHANGE.
JUST A DUDE WITH WEB-SHOOTERS OUT ON THESE BROOKLYN STREETS.


STILL...I'VE VISITED SOME *STRANGE* REALITIES. SEEN HOW ONE DECISION BY ONE PERSON CAN MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD DIFFERENT.
SO MAYBE DESTINY *IS* REAL. MAYBE THERE *IS* SOME COSMIC BOOK OUT THERE THAT RECORDS ALL OUR FATES.
BUT IF SO...
...BEST BELIEVE WE'RE GONNA WRITE THE PAGES *OURSELVES*.
THE END.

It's always hard to say goodbye. But there are times when one must do so, and this is one such time. Which is a roundabout way of saying: This is my last issue of MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN.

This is a long-planned exit, with the symbolically significant issue #42 having been a target departure for some time now. Thanks to readers supporting the book robustly for dozens of issues, I've been given all the space I need to tell the stories I wanted to tell. A rare enough thing in monthly comics these days. So thank you.

I've been trying to find a way to sum up how I feel right now, but despite being a writer, words fail me. When Marvel asked me to take over writing Miles' main series in 2018, I was thrilled but also intimidated. There's a particular pressure that comes from tackling a much-beloved but newly minted hero. But I really believe iconic super heroes become icons by having their stories told from many angles by different sorts of people. So I took my shot. In the many, many months since, I've put more of my time and energy into MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN than any other project I've ever been a part of. I tried to make it a book about family and community. About coming back from trauma and helping others to do the same. About what responsibility means in our world today. And, *uh*, about beef patties and gloopy clones. For nearly four years, this book was the center of my creative and professional life.

Obviously, there are a lot of powerful feelings involved in wrapping a work like this. Chief among them is gratitude. Toward Miles' creators Brian Michael Bendis and Sara Pichelli. Toward my amazing collaborators, in particular Nick Lowe, Javier Garrón, Carmen Carnero, Christopher Allen, David Curiel, Cory Petit, Marco D'Alfonso, Patrick O'Keefe, and Taurin Clarke.

But most of all, I feel gratitude toward the incredible community of Miles fans and readers I've met--both virtually and in person--along the way. At local signings, at big conventions, at online Q&As, in random conversation--when you talk about Miles Morales, people's faces light up. And I love them all--the old-school Marvel heads, the kids who only picked up the comic because of the *Into the Spider-Verse* movie, the cosplayers (shout out to Khalid Brooks), the playlist makers, the fan artists, the theorists (okay, the theorists are a little scary, but I still love you). Working on a character as beloved as Miles--a hero who rallies all of these folks together--makes you keenly aware that the character's story is bigger than you.

And part of that awareness is knowing when to let go. It's about that time. My relationship with Miles isn't exactly parental--others created him and raised him in his early years. But because of the amount of time we've spent together (and, ahem, given my age), I feel almost like an uncle. I won't spoil what's next for him. But know that I am very protective of this young man. And that I can say with confidence that there is VERY exciting Miles news coming, the sort that makes me geeked for the direction Brooklyn's own Spider-Man is heading.

Miles Morales is here to stay. You guys are gonna be thrilled to see where he goes next. And for my part, it's been an honor and a privilege doing my little bit to help him get where he is today.

Saladin Ahmed

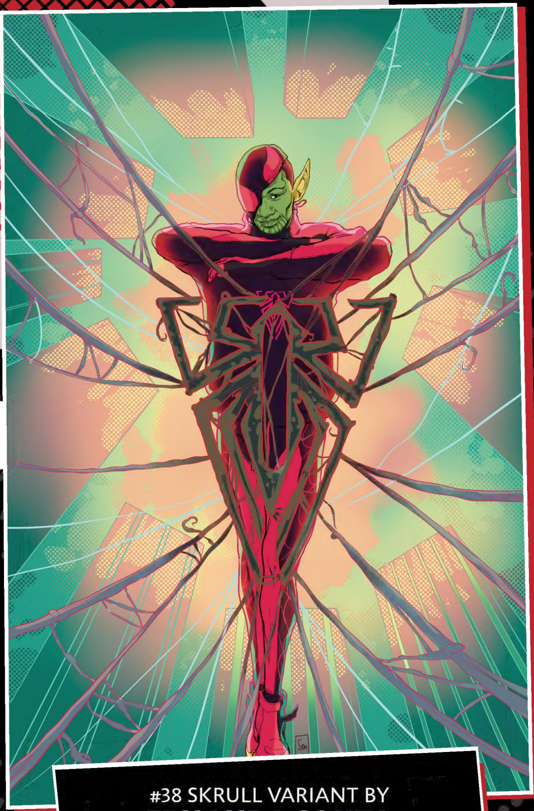
Web-Heads!

Spidey-Office Associate Editor Tommy G. here to say on behalf of myself and Editor/Spidey Mastermind/evil genius Nick Lowe: THANK YOU, SALADIN! And thank you to each and every collaborator we've had the pleasure to work with on this series, from our proofreading team to the bullpen and everyone in between, including Kathleen Wisneski, Lindsey Cohick, and Shannon Andrews Ballesteros, who all contributed immensely on the book before me.

I came in a bit late and mostly just caught and rode this wild wave into the shore, but it has been an absolute dream come true and an honor to work on a Miles Morales series. I first grew to love Spider-Man through the '90s cartoon. That love soon became an obsession. I tracked down all the back issues I could find, memorized every page of *Spider-Man: The Ultimate Guide*, endlessly quoted the Sam Raimi films, and dressed as Spidey for more than a few Halloween trick-or-treat adventures. ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN blew me away, and I was ecstatic over Miles' initial introduction and story in the Ultimate Universe. On my walk from Grand Central to the Marvel office to start my very first day as an assistant editor, I imagined the streets of New York populated with the colorful, endearing heroes and villains from the most important stories of my youth, including a web-slinging Pete and Miles, following me every step of the way.

I must echo Saladin's sentiment: Miles has been and will continue to be in the best of hands--yours, the community of fans and readers. We will continue to work our hardest to bring you the most compelling and heartfelt Spider-Man stories we possibly can. I can't say much, but I can promise you that Miles Morales is returning in a brand-new ongoing series under the guidance of the best new team in comics in just a few months! I've never been more excited for a comic in my entire life! It simply cannot be missed! So stay tuned for more and please stay safe!

Tommy G.



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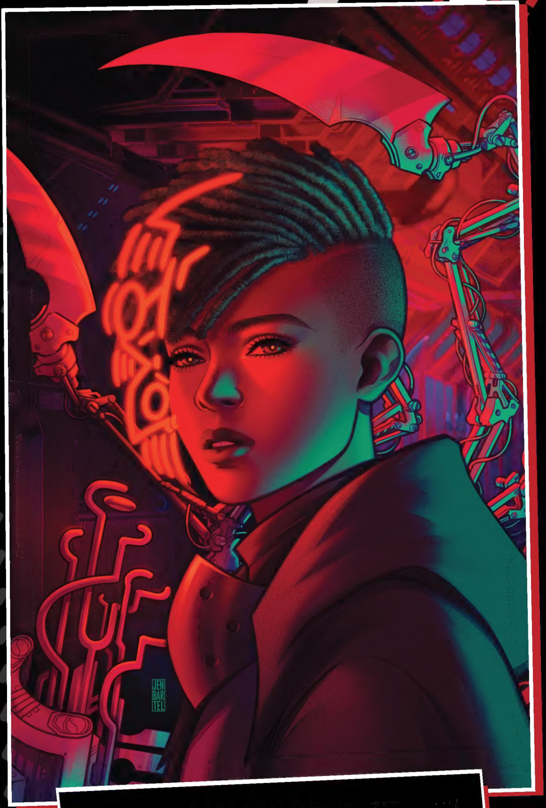

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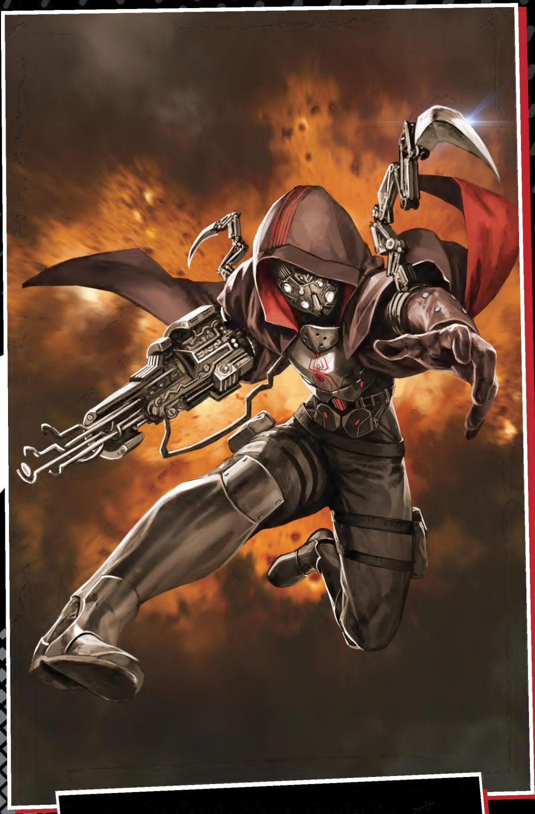

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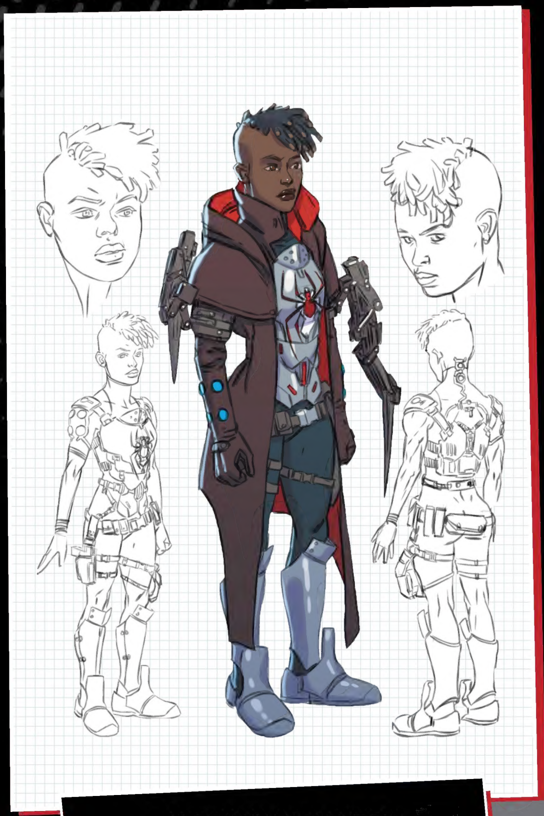

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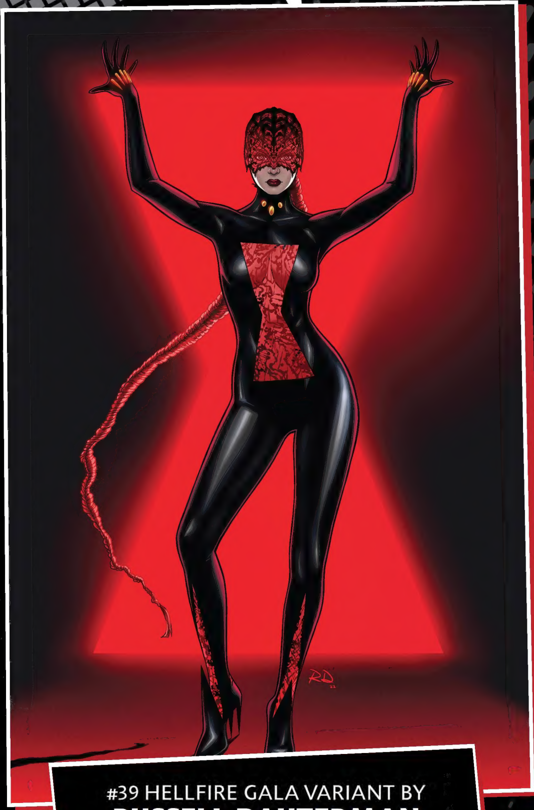

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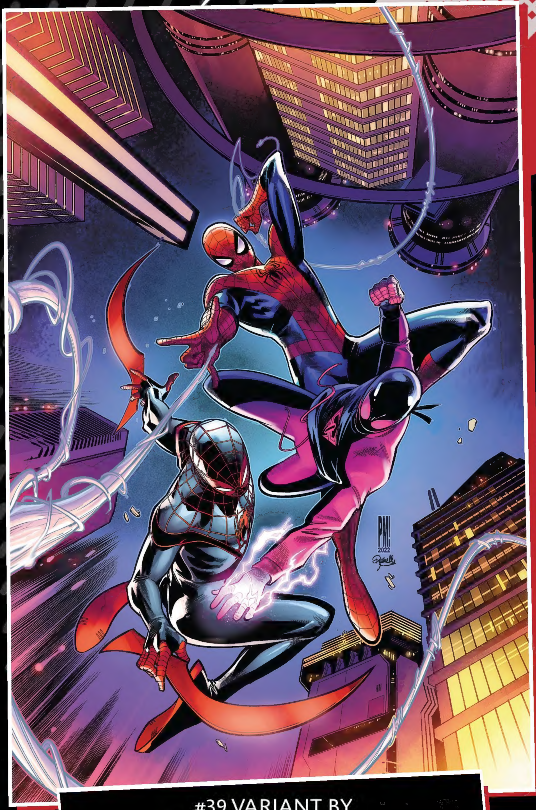

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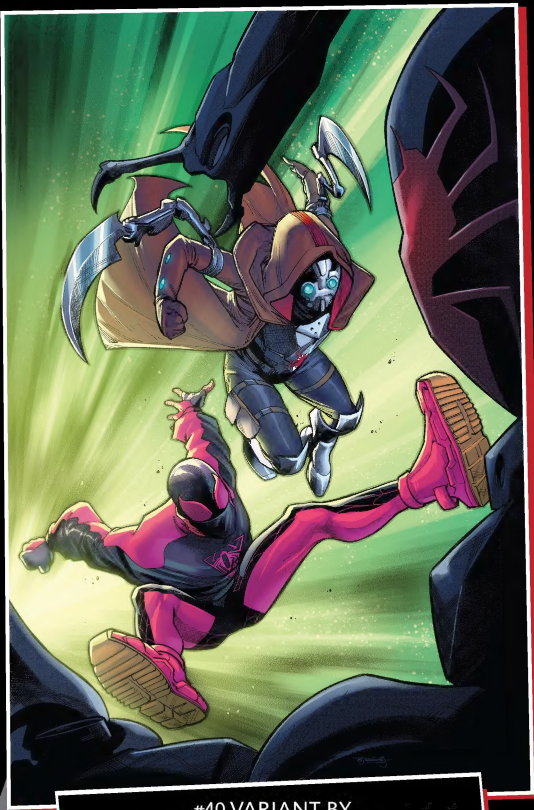

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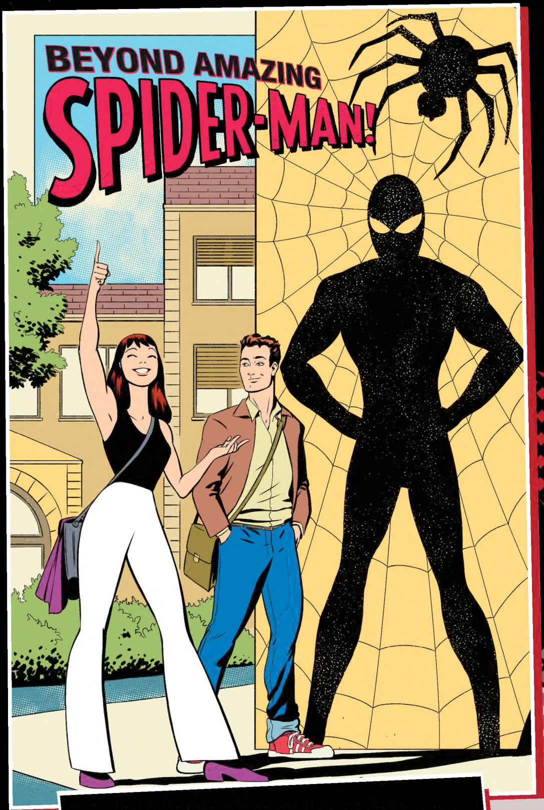
BEYOND AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN!

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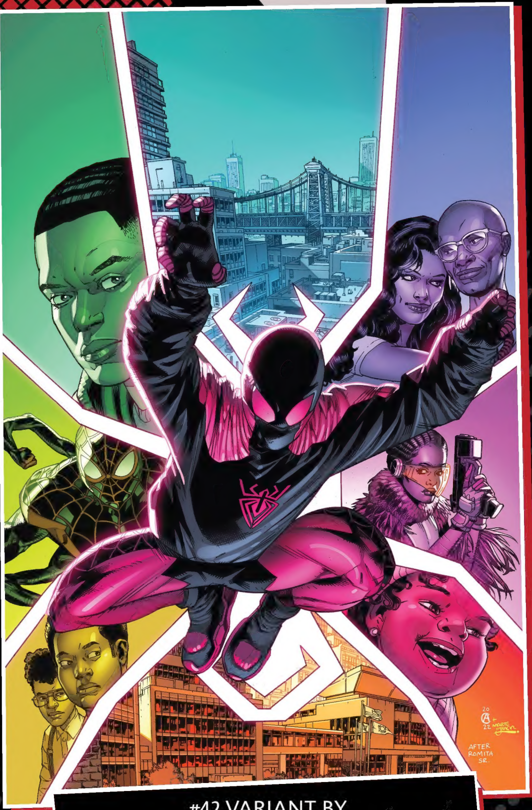
AFTER ROMITA SR.

#42 VARIANT BY
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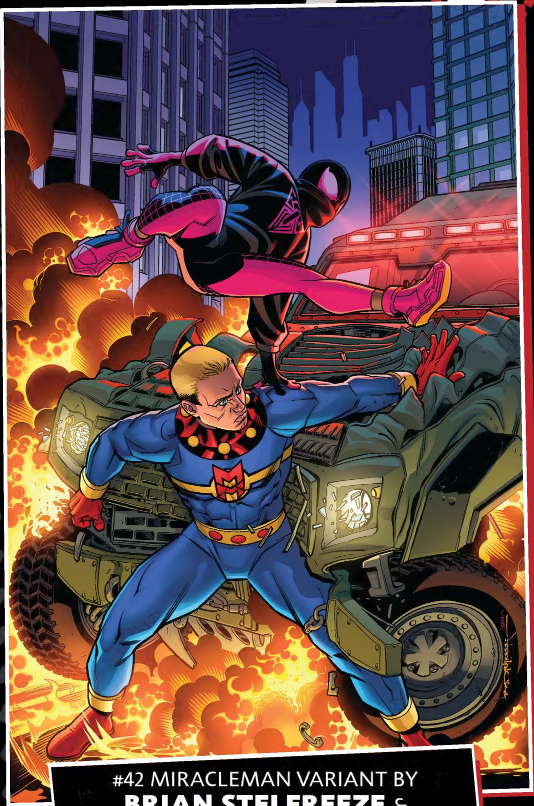

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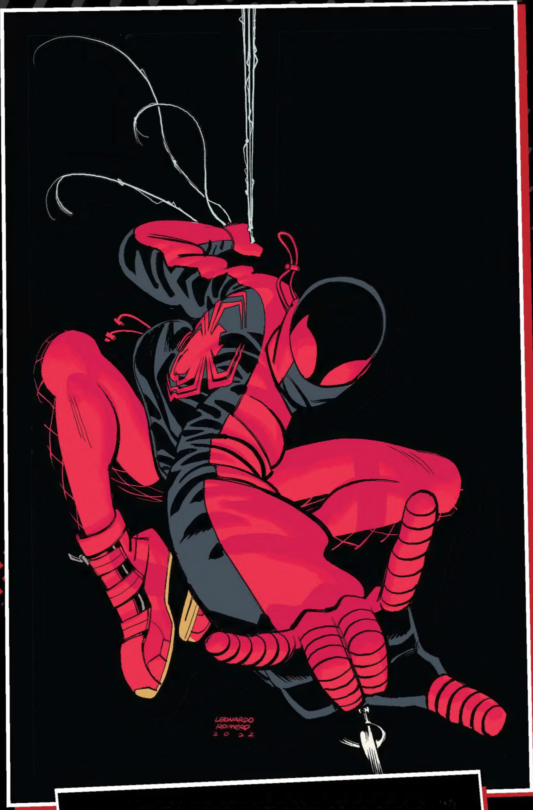
LEONARDO ROMERO 2022

#42 COMMUNITY VARIANT BY
LEONARDO ROMERO

"Ahmed's work with the character has proven that he has a tremendous grasp on Morales as a character." – ComicBook.com

MILES MORALES AND SHIFT EMBARK ON *AN INTERDIMENSIONAL QUEST!*

PREPARE TO DISCOVER a horrific timeline where Miles' clone Selim rules with an iron fist! The only thing standing in the way of this evil Spider-Man's oppressive regime is a rebellion led by some familiar faces: General Ganke Lee and a very grown-up and extremely badass Capitán Billie Morales! But who else from Miles' family is out there? And what is he prepared to sacrifice to save the ones he loves? The Miles and Shift who set out on this journey through the Multiverse aren't going to be the same people who come back. Why is that? Ask Ultimatum!

COLLECTING ***MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN #37-42*** BY SALADIN AHMED, CHRIS ALLEN, ALBERTO FOCHE, ALITHA E. MARTINEZ, CARMEN CARNERO, IG GUARA, NATACHA BUSTOS, PACO MEDINA, PARIS ALLEYNE, OREN JUNIOR, JOSÉ MARZAN JR., DAVID CURIEL AND BRIAN REBER.